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THE SERPENT AS A SYMBOL.*

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It has been a theme of much curious speculation why folk-lore and nursery tales, abounding as they do with apparent absurdities, nevertheless keep their place so tenaciously in general favor. Cinderella and her wonderful transformation, Jack and the Bean-stalk, Blue Beard with his Chamber of Horrors are as much in demand as ever they were. The attempts to supplant them by a literature that might be regarded as more wholesome, have hardly met with success commensurate with such a purpose. Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen have endeavored this with other stories having many similar characteristics; but while their productions may compare favorably with those of Æsop and Pilpay, they are not as acceptable as the quaint old tales of the nursery and kitchen-fire. There is a charm in the ballad of the Cow jumping over the Moon which surpasses all their attractions.

These old tales are suited to some human condition, to some human requirement profounder in its nature than simply the faculty of wonder or imagination. There is a life in the curious relations which keeps them fresh in heart and thought. They have meanings that are more and extend further than mere moralizing. The childish instinct which is native to us all has some sense of this and lays hold of it with a tenacity born from the soul itself. In each of these tales there is human experience at the core, and to that which is human everything human in us is ready to respond. Minds with

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a quick intuitive vision apperceive realities, even though these may be disguised to the external faculties.

As the expression of spiritual and intellectual growth worship is a profounder study than any other in human history. It originates from the interior life, and engages all the nobler powers of our nature. It has been less affected, perhaps, than other of our pursuits by influences that were superlatively external. Even those of its symbols which have been outgrown and left behind as vulgar superstitions are, nevertheless, venerable from their earlier mystic import and association. The old myths and allegories have still preserved somewhat of the aroma which pious devotion found delightful and nourishing. The various stages of former thought and experience have an importance which we cannot wisely overlook. Forms of religion and civilization which are diverse from our later ways may by no means be justly stigmatized as barbarous.

Language is itself a framework of symbols and metaphors. The words which we use in daily intercourse are only sounds which have become accepted to denote thoughts and ideas. Such terms as *ripple*, *murmur*, *roar*, *crash*, *rattle*, *hush*, bear a certain resemblance to the meanings which they are employed to convey. The animals hold communications with others of their kind by sounds and gestures which are understood at once. The human races, however, are not so limited. They have brought into use a vast number of sounds to express conventional meanings, and these are variously apportioned among the different languages. Nor did they stop with these, but invented written characters to signify sounds, and the numeral figures, one, two, three, four, and the letters and signs of algebra to denote specific numbers and combinations. Man is thus superior to the animals because he can talk; using words as symbols of thoughts and written signs as symbols of words. In all his culture, symbology has been his necessary instrument and auxiliary; and as all culture in the past has been vitally interblended with religion, the same fact exists in regard to worship. All forms of worship have been characterized by corresponding symbolism.

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Human beings have always cherished the notion of immortality. The present life was regarded as a drama in which the individual took part. Death was looked upon as the dropping of the curtain at the end of the performance, and a forsaking of the theatre to go away to the real life of the Eternal World. It was considered as a great mystery that opened the way to the understanding of every other mystery.

When the head of a family or of a people died, he was believed to be remaining still alive, and able to help and protect those over whom he had presided. The tomb was consecrated accordingly as the "long home," the Abode of the Ages, at which the disbodied soul was housed. It was a sanctuary at which worship was celebrated to the occupant. There was also a family altar in every house, and a family hearth-fire was kept aglow for the rites of the ancestors. Offering and funeral repasts were brought to nourish and propitiate those who were dead. "All must honor the mighty dead," says the Pythian oracle to Solon; "all must revere the chiefs of the country who are now living beneath the earth."

Every man's house was more than his castle. It was his sanctuary, which the foot of a stranger might not profane; every repast was a holy communion, every burial-place a sacred precinct for religious rites. The tombs were temples.

This is the worship which still exists in China, and in a great part of India, and it accounts for the deep horror and resentment of the population at the intrusion of foreigners and their wanton profaning of what was esteemed most sacred in life.

It is natural that such a worship would have its appropriate symbols. The eidôlon, image or picture of the guardian ancestors and divinities would be preserved and venerated. Several of these would be in the family shrines. We may trace from this custom the modern practice of decorating houses with busts and pictures. The temples also were furnished with symbolic figures representing divine personages and guardians. These were sometimes in human form, but often in the shape of other objects. The worshiper be-

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lieved that somewhat of the essential substance and quality of the divinity was present in the symbol. This has been called fetish worship, and accounted barbarous; and the current modern notions and perhaps "superstitions" in regard to wedding rings and keepsakes are very much of the same character. The forms of thinking may change, but the things continue.

In this way the several peoples of former times had their religious emblems and ceremonies, occult rites, initiations and Sacred Mysteries. Their myths related to these, and the folk-lore and fairy tales of different countries have existed till our time because they were closely interblended with them. Skeptics have derided these as fit only to amuse children; and sciolists have hotly denounced those whom they denominated idolaters as blindly worshiping stocks and stones instead of the living Supreme Being. The illiterate and uninstructed may not have been as intelligent in their homage as might be desired. Besides, every worship has its sinister as well as its holier side, because of human infirmity, and beholders contemplate only what they have eyes for seeing. Nevertheless, the symbols and figures which have abounded in the different worships, even those which have been stigmatized as ugly and unseemly, were regarded with profound veneration as denoting the most sublime truth of all—the kinship of mankind to Divinity. "Everything is true, natural, significant," says Max Müller, "if we enter with a reverent spirit into the meaning of ancient art and ancient language."

With such a sentiment, ancient peoples, esteeming the vital warmth to be intimately connected with the mainsprings of our existence, adopted fire as the leading symbol of everything divine. It was adored as figuring or embodying the principle first receptive of the divine energy, and as imparting it universally as the vehicle of life. It was so esteemed when glowing in sanctuaries and hallowed shrines. The "eternal fire" was the only symbol of the Divine Being in the temple at Tyre, where Melkarth-Herakles was the Baal or tutelary god. It was also upon the altar in the Temple

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of Jerusalem, and consecrated women kept it incessantly burning at the shrines of Vesta at Rome, of Hertha in Germany and of Brigit in Ireland and Scandinavia.

Philosophy sanctioned the conception. "We call the principle of existence by the name of Hestia or fire," says Plato in the *Kratylos;* "and they who did this in ancient times doubtless worshiped Hestia above all the gods." In all the world-religions the Supreme Being, whether Indra, Ahura-Mazda, Zeus or the Jehovah of the secret shrine, was described by the sentence: "God is a consuming fire."

The human being was believed to be of the same divine substance. "Our souls are fire," says Phurnutos. The Chaldæan *Oracles* declare the same thing more specifically:

"Self-produced, untaught, without mother, unshaken—
A name not even to be comprised in a word, DWELLING IN FIRE—
This is God: and we his messengers, are a slight portion of God."

This Eternal Fire, "father of gods and men," was represented by numerous emblems. Among these were the pointed turret, the obelisk and monumental pillar, the rude stone set on end and anointed, and also by candles burning in churches, and the torch at weddings and funerals.

The Serpent was a living symbol of the same significance. As the Sacred Fire typifies the soul and life pulsating in the body, and also the Great Soul and Intelligence by which is constituted the order and necessity of the universe—so the writhing animal figured the fire and what the fire denoted. "For," says Sankhuniathón, "the serpent was held to be the most spirit-like and fire-like of all reptiles, moving as it does propelled by its breath and taking a spiral direction as rapidly as it chose; for which reason it was employed in the Sacred Rites and Initiations."

It represented a wonderful variety of characters. Among these were the sun in the heaven, the planets, the circle of the zodiac, the universe and its Creator. It was the symbol of intelligence and

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became the badge or designation of teachers who surpass others in wisdom. Kings, families and peoples, like the Nagas of India, had the name or totem of the serpent, and star-gazers placed it under various forms among the signs and constellations. It was evidently a kind of memorizer to keep in mind religious myths and usages.

"Among all peoples that hold the gods in veneration," says Justin, "the Serpent is the Great Symbol and Mystery." Repulsive as the animal may be to many, and incredible as the statement may seem, the sacred object has been "in every age, in every clime adored." It has been the revered dweller in temples and sacred groves, receiving the honors without dividing them with the tutelary genius of the place. Whatever the ancient faith whose mysteries we explore, the serpent appears prominent among its symbols. Primitive races acknowledged the sacred animal as their Great Father and Benefactor, paying homage to him in that character. Our American aborigines cherished the Rattlesnake; the Egyptians venerated the Royal Asp and the Hindus still make offerings at stated periods to the Hooded Cobra. The Emperor of China sits upon the Dragon Throne. In ancient Babylon, the Great Red Dragon, the fiery seven-headed serpent of prehistoric Akkad, with ten horns or rays of flame surrounding, was borne on a standard before the armies.*

In Asia Minor and Greece Æsculapius, the god of fire and of the art of healing, was represented by the figure of a serpent—often on a pole or staff, or like Hermes, by two serpents peculiarly placed on the caduceus. The eyes, it was fabled, would charm to sleep, and the breath give life, health and joy to human beings. Not only in the Eastern world, but among the native tribes of both Americas, the art of the physician was signified by the figure of a snake.

*After the Medo-Persian conquest the serpent became an object of abhorrence. The writer of the *Apocalypse* accordingly personifies the detested Roman Imperial Power as "the Dragon, that archaic serpent, which is also called the Devil and the Satan that misleads the whole inhabited (Roman) world."

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In short, the Serpent was revered as guardian of everything most precious, whether of esoteric knowledge, of the alphabet, of holy rites, of the spirits of the dead, of beneficial arts, or of treasures hid in the earth.

Twice we find the symbolic animal prominent in the Bible—once as an emblem and once as an intelligent actor in religious allegory. When King Hezekiah undertook to revolutionize the worship in his dominions, it is recorded that he broke in pieces the Brazen Serpent to which the Israelites had burned incense and paid homage from their earliest history. It was afterward explained that an insurrection had been made aforetime against the authority of Moses which was suppressed by "fiery serpents—" his fellow-clansmen, the Levites or Serpent-tribe. Moses afterward placed upon a standard a copper serpent. This was a symbol familiar to the Semitic population of Northern Egypt; and we are told that all who had taken part in the revolt were permitted to live upon paying homage to the sacred effigy. This serpent was commemorated as the sign or symbol of safety, and was honored by religious rites.

The other example is the story of the Garden of Eden. This memorable relation exhibits many evidences of the tampering of copyists, but still retains a resemblance to the Zoroastrian legends of the primitive Aryan Home-Country and the Paradise of Yima. A careful reading "between the lines" will reveal the serpent in this case to have been no treacherous adversary, but an actual benefactor. There had been a restriction placed upon those dwelling in the garden, forbidding them to eat of the Tree of Knowledge as they would then "surely die." It is not necessary to suppose prohibition was made by the Supreme Being, the very God, but rather by a personage superior in rank to his associates; perhaps a chief priest or pontiff assuming the title and authority of God. It was a frequent practice in ancient times for priests to give oracles and commands as the spokesmen of Divinity. The personage in this case appears to have been a man who refreshed himself by "walking in the garden in the cool of the day." The Serpent, or

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individual so denoted, was bold to dispute him. They would not die, he declared; and God knew that if they should eat of the tree their eyes would be opened and they would be as gods, intelligent, knowing good and evil. What he affirmed, the account sets forth as being actually true. Instead of dying they were assured of consequences of another kind, such as were incident in adult life. The Lord God said: "Behold the man is as one of us knowing good and evil." He was accordingly driven from the garden.*

This story is capable of many interpretations. It evidently prefigures an experience which every person of full age undergoes, "who have their senses exercised to discern good and evil," as the mere child does not. The Tree of Knowledge is thus the Tree of Human Life.

What has been aptly termed "the trail of the serpent" may be traced round the world. Only in a period comparatively recent was it associated with any conception of evil. In the book of *Isaiah*, the prophet describes his own receiving of mantic authority. He saw the Divinity on a high throne in the air, as the gods Assur and Ahura-Mazda are represented in ancient Persian and Assyrian sculptures. With him were seraphs, each with six wings. A seraph is a fiery serpent of the desert, according to the Hebrew lexicons, such as were copied by the Brazen Serpent of Moses.

In Egypt, every divinity of note appears to have had a serpent as his symbol. The image of the Royal Asp was always on the crown of the monarch and the head-band of the priest, to indicate them as vice-gerents of the Deity. The tradition of Kleopatra was evidently founded on this fact. We may not suppose that she was done to death by an asp. She had caused the pshent or double

*Upon a tablet in a church in France, was formerly a singular engraving. There was the figure of a tree with a vine twined around it laden with fruit, and animals at the foot. On one side stood a Grecian god holding a baton or thunderbolt, and on the other Pallas-Athena with her serpent (see Herodotus). The attempt to incorporate this with the symbolism of the Bible was shown by the legend in old Hebrew characters surrounding the whole: "The woman saw that the tree was good for food and delightful to the view, and a tree to be desired to make one intelligent."

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crown of Egypt surmounted by the sacred image, to be placed upon her head, as her protest to the Roman conqueror at the supreme moment that she had not been dethroned. Even in death she was queen.

Change of rulers often made changes in religious customs. Thus in earlier Egypt the god Seth was long worshiped as a beneficent divinity. There was also a powerful nation, the Khitans or Hittites, occupying Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia, who revered a god with similar appellation. After a long period, the Assyrians annihilated the Hittite dominion, and new dynasties superseded the worshipers of Seth in Egypt. The fate of the conquered fell upon their divinities. In Egypt, Seth and his serpent Hof were transformed into Evil Powers; and after the coming of the Jewish colony from Babylon we find him in their religious system with the name of Satan, while Baalzebul, the Phoenician Æsculapius, was changed to the prince of evil demons and malignant diseases. The temple of Æsculapius in Pergamos, which was widely celebrated, was now called the Throne of Satan.*

The Aryan tribes of Upper Asia appear to have been foremost in indicating the serpent as the representative of Evil. In the fargards of the *Vendidad*, Ahura-Mazda discourses of having established the Aryan Home-Country, and its desolation by Araman the Adversary, who sent to it a serpent and winter, "the work of devas." Also Yima had ruled a thousand years in Paradise when Zahák, the three-headed Serpent-King, overcame him, thus destroying truth and goodness among men.

In Vedic India, after a long conflict, the aboriginal worship, with the Takshak religion of the Skythic invaders, restored the Serpent to somewhat of the former distinction. A contrast of the two Aryan peoples was thus accentuated more distinctly than before. In the Eranian scheme, Zahák invades and destroys the Paradise of Yima; and in the later Hindu books, Takshak or Tahak "the king of the Serpents," is one form of Yama, the Lord of the

Revelation ii, 13.

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world of the dead. Indeed, the belief is entertained in India that serpents are the souls of deceased persons, and hence that they and their king are to be revered and propitiated. In modern India, the hooded snake is still a favorite divinity, and in many districts every family has one.

The Mahrata women go every year at regular periods to the snake's hole, join hands and dance around it, somewhat after the fashions of the Witches' Dance of European story. They chant songs and prostrate themselves, praying to the divine being for whatever they may ardently desire. There are pictures of serpents in the houses, which are honored by offerings. The living snake is venerated everywhere, but they have only a sculptured image in the temples.

There were anciently fierce conflicts between the native serpent-worshiping races and the Aryan invaders. Yet, after many centuries, the Buddhists in Northern India became votaries of the Naga and the other Indians acceded to the Serpent-Myths. Hence Vishnu, the Brahman god, is represented as lying in a boat upon a couch consisting of folds of the World-Serpent Ananta; while from his navel springs the mystic lotus, and from its cup Brahma, the Creator, is born. Krishna, likewise, who is only Vishnu reincarnated to redeem the world once more, is pictured in the coils of the serpent Kalaya; he, treading upon the serpent's head and the serpent biting his foot.

Siva or Mahâ Deva was adopted into the Brahman scheme from the aboriginal tribes. Some ethnologists consider these races as Æthiopian, and Sir Hyde Clarke has traced the name of this divinity or some name resembling it, all over the world, even into Africa and America. He is honored as Creator, Destroyer, Regenerator, Father of Life and Upholder of all things. One mode of representing him is as a human figure with a serpent twining around his arm. He is substantially the same divinity that was worshiped in Western countries under different names, as Bacchus, Sabazios, Seth, Seb, Kronos; and thus the phallic symbolism and serpent-rites of all the world had their centre in Siva-worship and the *Sakteya*.

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Buddhism had its beginning in Northern India with a Naga or serpent-worshiping race. Trees, however, were the first symbolic objects esteemed by the new sect; the pepal, of which the offshoots constitute a complete grove, being the most distinguished. For many years before the present era, Buddhist kings ruled over India, and we find the early legends commemorated by symbolic figures of the Tree and Serpent. The Great Teacher himself discarded such things, but they afterward regained their former place. It seems to be a characteristic of every faith and scheme of doctrine, whether religious, philosophic, scientific, or political, that the newer belief becomes intermingled and amalgamated, if not overlaid altogether, by the older.

China has had its Holy Serpent and Imperial Dragon Throne; and the Khitan and Mongol tribes carried an effigy of the red or fiery serpent on their military standards, as did the Assyrians and Egyptians of old. Indeed, if we may accept the opinion of Quatrefages, the serpent-symbol was originally adopted from their country.

Herodotos relates the legend that Hercules went into Skythia, or the ancient Sarmatia, the region beyond the river Danube, and was there entertained in a cave or grotto-temple by a maiden whose body in the upper part resembled the figure of a woman, and below was that of a snake. Her progeny from this alliance became kings of the territory extending from the region of the Baltic to the heart of Northern Asia. Whatever the interpretation which we give this myth, the worship which this serpent-mother represented was maintained there even down to very modern times. It even became interblended with the later Christianity. In Poland, serpents and trees were venerated together, but the Samogitians revered the serpent alone. Every landholder kept a snake in the corner of his house, feeding it and rendering it homage. If ever there came any misfortune to him he was quick to impute it to some negligence in his serving.

The worship was kept up in Lithunia as late as the fifteenth century. Prague offered sacrifices to numerous guardian serpents;

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and in Livonia, clear down to the Middle Ages, the most beautiful captives were immolated to these divinities. The same cult existed in Norway in 1555, and in Finland and Esthonia, down to the limits of the nineteenth century. The cradles of the "Caucasian race," whether they were in Europe or Asia, were in regions thus hallowed by serpent-rites.

The number seven had a peculiar importance with the ancient peoples. It was probably by reason of some association with astrologic notions. In archaic Akkad, in Assyria and in India the effigy of the Sacred Serpent had seven heads. A peculiar sanctity was attached to the fact that the planets, including the sun and moon, were seven in number. In the early cuneiform tablets, thousands of years before the present era, we learn that the seventh day of the week was regarded as having a peculiar sacredness. The priests of Apollo at Delphi celebrated it with chanting of hymns and prayers. Bastian relates a similar thing of the Raja Naga or Serpent-king of Kambodia. "Every seventh day," says he, "the mighty Raja Naga issues forth from his palace, and having ascended a high mountain, pours out his soul in ardent prayer." In Assyria, each seventh day in the month had its own divinities. The first was sacred to Merodakh and his consort Zir-banit; the second to Nergal and Belta; the third to Sin, the moon-god, and Shamas, the Sun-god; the fourth to Hea and Nergal. On the eve of the Sabbath the king made a sacrifice, and lifting up his hand, adored in the high place of his god. It was "a holy day, a Sabbath for the Ruler of the nations." He might not eat sodden flesh or cooked food, change his clothes, put on new clothes, drive in his chariot, sit as an administrator of justice, take medicine, or make a measured square.

The general notion regarded the serpent as an embodied or symbolized ancestor that was to be venerated in that character and propitiated. This has been significantly the case in the American continent. The Rattlesnake was styled the Great Father, the progenitor of the human race impersonated, and was also revered as representing the sun, the fire, and especially the lightning. The

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Shawnees denominate thunder the Voice of the Great Snake, and an Ojibwa described the lightning as an immense serpent darting from the mouth of the Manito. The Moki Indians of Arizona hold a Snake-dance every two years, to propitiate the Divine Father, in order that he may send abundance of rain.

The Iroquois of New York had the tradition of a horned snake that issued from the lakes, and devastated the country till the hero Heno transfixed him with a thunderbolt. The Algonkins described him as dwelling in Lake Manito, or Spirit Lake, and surrounded by malevolent beings of similar form, that harassed all who failed to make propitiatory offerings. Finally there arose the hero Manabazho, the "Great Light." He came to the rescue of a kinsman who had been made a prisoner. The Demon flooded the whole region with water, but the hero built a raft and saved the human race. He then drove the adversary to his retreat, and transfixed him with an arrow. Then flaying off his skin, the conqueror made of it a garment and buckler. Thus armed, he attacked the remaining enemies and drove them to the South. Immediately the beaver, otter and muskrat came to his help and restored soil to the Northern region.

Myths like these are probably history in allegory. The drama of Isis and Osiris apparently relates to the subjugation of Egypt by the shepherd or Menti, and their expulsion. The story of the Iroquois is susceptible to an analogous interpretation. They have traditions that their hunting grounds were formerly in the West. They confederated with Algonkin tribes against the Alligewis, a people occupying the region between the Mississippi and the Alleghanies, and finally drove them down the river never to return. The Toltecs of Mexico have a corresponding tradition that their ancestors dwelt in the distant Northwest, and were dispossessed by a confederation of savages. This may seem to indicate them to have been the people known as the Mound-Builders. The teocallis and artificial high places of Mexico have significant analogies to the mounds of the valley of the Mississippi. The Mound-Builders, so far as we are able

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to judge, had serpents and other animals for symbols of worship.

Quetzal-Cohuatl the "Fair-God" of Cholula was a Toltec divinity, and his name was represented by the figure of a feathered massasauga. This was a phonetic symbol, the paroquet being styled *quetzal*, and the rattlesnake *cohuatl*. The great temple of the Aztecs at the city of Mexico was called the "House of the Serpents," and it is affirmed that innumerable rattlesnakes were battened there with the blood of human victims.

The Appalachian nations in the Southern States were also worshipers of fire and sacred trees, and believers in the divine and oracular powers of the Horned Serpent. The terms *manito* and *oki*, which are for some inexplicable reason rendered "medicine," always signify, as that word originally did, whatever is beyond the common province of Nature. It is true, however, that the Brazilian and other American aborigines labeled their remedies with the figure of a snake, as did the physicians of Greece and Asia Minor, in honor of their serpent-divinities, Apollo and Æsculapius.

The Caribs and other tribes of Venezuela and the West Indies cherished opinions like the others. They regarded the waters of the ocean as being the primeval chaos, and hence the abode of the Evil Spirit. The Creator was the Good Spirit. He brought the light, and was manifest as the swift lightning, which they named "the Serpent of the Sky," believing it to be the source of all that exists.*

The Spanish conquerors noted few evidences of the Ophite symbol in Peru. Yet the residence of the Inca Huyana Capac was named "The Place of the Serpents," and there was found the likeness of a snake over the entrance of a ruined temple near Lake Titicaca. The Chimus, a people of Southern Peru, employed many symbols in their worship, of which the Serpent was among the most con-

*The Salem Witchcraft of 1692 appears to have had its inception in Caribrites. Mr. Parris, at whose house the uncanny manifestations began, had been a trader in the West Indies. He brought away the slaves John and Tituba, with whom the peculiar abnormal actions of his children were connected. Enough transpired at the examinations to show that they were well acquainted with the Voudou arts in vogue with Southern negroes.

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spicuous. J. G. Müller had no doubt that that country was devoted to Ophiolatry.

Africa seems to maintain the same cult in its grossest forms, and as it existed in very remote times. At Whydah the serpent-divinity bears the honored title of "the Chief Bliss of mortal beings." He has a thousand wives, or women who have been devoted to him by a special religious consecration. Some of them are reputed to have become such by having been "touched by the snake," and they are said to have on their bodies a peculiar mark resulting from this contact.*

Most of these snake-wives are girls that were vowed to him before their birth, or soon after. They are marked by a special tattoo, and fulfil specific offices like the nautch-girls and devidasis of India and the magdalens or temple-women of ancient Syria and Palestine. Similar customs have existed in other regions of the Dark Continent, except where eradicated by the Moslems. "From Liberia to Benguela," says Sir John Lubbock, "the serpent is the Chief God." Bruce also affirmed that the Shangallas of Abyssinia are serpent-worshipers.

The term *ob* or *obeah*, which is applied to ministrants of this cult, is also given to persons of a similar character in the Bible. This may be an evidence of a common race and origin. Saul, the first king of Israel, is recorded as visiting a Baaless or priestess of Ob at En-Dor. This last term is a compound word signifying a fountain of water and a circle; and both these were necessary at a shrine of the aboriginal worship in Western Asia.

Grecian mythology contained many accounts of hero-gods overcoming inimical serpent-divinities, and succeeding to their honors, and sometimes even to their snaky forms. Kadmos, the Oriental or Ancient One, was said to have killed a serpent near a sacred fountain and to have been afterward changed into a serpent himself. The women of Elea, when celebrating the rites of Bacchus,

*The mother of Octavianus Cæsar was said to have such a mark, and he was sometimes, like Alexander of Macedonia, supposed to have been actually a son of the Divine Serpent.

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were wont to invoke him to come to them as a bull or a lion in flames of fire, or as a many-headed serpent. This peculiar chant suggests this relation of the allegory of Herakles, who was reputed to have overcome adversaries in those forms; among them, the lion of Nemea, the Hydra of Lerna, the Minotaurian Bull from Kreta, the serpent-dog Kerberos of the underworld, the Queen of the Amazons of Asia Minor, and others. In a similar category we may include the exploits of Theseus, the eponymous hero of Athens. He represented the Ionian and Herakles the Dorian tribes, conquering the older Pelasgic populations, putting an end to their sacerdotal governments, and thus establishing in place of the older Greece a new Hellas with the Kronian Zeus and his "younger gods" for its divinities.

The earlier centuries of the present era appear to have been characterized by only a very gradual transition in religious matters. There was, in many particulars, a close resemblance in customs. The tonsure of the priest was common to several religions. The cup of the Holy Supper was analogous to the cup of water given to the comrade or soldier of Mithras at the Initiations, and likewise to the cup of the Agathodæmon that concluded the repasts at the Sacred Festivals. As the Christian communities emerged into distinct form, the serpent was retained as a religious symbol. The Rev. Mr. Deane acknowledges unequivocally that neither in Egypt nor Phœnicia did the worship fly before the faith of advancing Christianity. Tertullian, who flourished at that period, affirmed that the Serpent was venerated as equal or equivalent to the Christ —in other words, it was regarded as the Logos or Divine Light become embodied in the flesh as an inhabitant of the earth.

The cities of Asia Minor in which the "Seven Churches" of the book of *Revelation* had their seats, were hot-beds of the Serpent-cult; and Mr. James Fergusson considered this as far from being an accidental coincidence. "The presence of such a form of faith," says he, "may have influenced the spread of Christianity in those cities to an extent not hitherto suspected." This supposition seems

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to be confirmed by the fact that the several worships were alike characterized by pilgrimages, protracted religious services, the chanting of hymns and prayers, enthusiastic frenzy and other emotional excitement, hypnotic visions, mantic divining and kindred peculiarities.

Epiphanios, a competent, but hardly a trustworthy writer, describes the Holy Supper as it was celebrated by the Markosian community to which he had belonged. A tame serpent was kept in an ark or coffer, and when the rite took place a loaf of bread was placed upon the altar. A hymn was then chanted, and the snake, coming from his receptacle coiled round the bread, and after a few moments went back. The consecration being thus complete, the bread was broken in pieces and distributed to the communicants.*

It had been the practice from earliest time to wear charms and amulets of various kinds to ward off disease and evil influences. This was approved by physicians like Hippokrates, Galen and others of distinguished merit. The new sectaries employed them wherever Gnostic doctrines had been promulgated. Gems were worn, sometimes bearing the omega or the name Iaô, the secret appellation of Divinity, or the term Abrasax or Abraxas—the Ineffable Name. † The figure of the Agathodæmon or Neph, the Egyptian serpent-divinity, had been for ages engraved on gems which were employed for similar purposes. It was now adopted by the new religionists, and the head of a bird or lion taken from the Mithraic symbolism placed upon it. There were various modifications of these forms, but the serpent was characteristic in them all. The Supreme Force, the Primal Being, was signified.

The Gnostics were more scholarly and intellectual than the other Christians, and their doctrines and allegories were often too recon-

*Very similar to this account is the description by Vergil of the sacrifice made by Æneas at the tomb or shrine of his father Anchises. Bowls of wine milk and blood were poured out upon the ground. Then came a huge snake from the shrine moving in the seven mystic coils. It glided to the altar, tasted of the libations, and afterward returned to its lair.

†See *Revelation* ii, 17.

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dite to be easily understood. Their religion is described by Clement as consisting in a perpetual attention to the soul, and an intercourse with Deity as the fountain of universal love.

After Christianity became the State religion it abounded with legends of conflict with serpents in various places. The Emperor Charlemagne built a church over the den of a serpent at Zurich. One Christian hero was described as having slain the serpent of Æsculapius at Epidavros. The story of St. George and the Dragon is a fiction of similar character. It was the custom in France for many centuries to carry the effigy of a snake or saurian in processions. The Rogations and other festivals were instituted on purpose to commemorate such achievements. The prominent churches had each its own dragon and legend. There were the Gargouille of Rouen, the Wyvern of Larré, the dragon of the island of St. Batz, which St. Paul drowned in the sea, the Tarasque of Tarascon, that was strangled with St. Martha's garter, the Graoulli of Metz that St. Clement overcame, and many others.

Then, too, we have the legend of St. Patrick banishing the snakes from Ireland. Nevertheless, they can hardly be said to have been thus banished, for there are a few harmless varieties still existing in the island. Besides that, if it was the peculiar worship that was signified by the legend, the old crosses still remaining there, as well as those of other countries, have the symbolic figures of serpents coiled around them. That there ever was such an individual as St. Patrick may be considered as doubtful. *Pater*, or father, is a title of priests, and of this term the name *Patricius* or Patrick is a derivative; so that every priest might be styled Patrick. Pater Liber, also, was the designation of the Roman Bacchus, and this divinity had his annual festival on the seventeenth day of March. Many of the pagan gods of Rome and Greece were metamorphosed into saints of the Calendar, thus serving to enable the religion which they represented to merge into the new Christianity without much friction or innovation. In this way Bacchus reappeared as St. Denys in France, St. Cosmo in Naples, and even as St. Bacchus and

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St. Dionysius, with rites and offerings that were sometimes very peculiar.

Thus has the serpent, with its accompanying ceremonial and observances, the Sabbath, the Holy Repast, the procession and pilgrimage, from remote antiquity, been common alike at the shrine of Bel-Merodakh, in the temples of Egypt, the wilderness of Sinai, the Grove of Epidavros, the hut of the Sarmatian, among the aborigines of America, the natives of Africa, and the Naga tribes of the Far East. We find it even in the Gospels as an acceptable similitude. There is an injunction to be wise or wary as serpents, and also the significant declaration: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the Wilderness, so ought the son of man to be lifted up—that every one having faith in him may have life eternal."

The serpent-form is the most beautiful, and among the most primitive of the animal kingdom. It is foremost in having a vertebrate column; and all vertebrated animals, clear to the human race, are apparently so many outcomes and differentiations of this original figure. The lizard tribes are serpents with visible organs. The feline races are everywhere admired for their litheness and grace; they please from their serpent-resemblances. Our own divine-human form exhibits the likeness. No wonder is it that the ancestral man has been described as a serpent. Several of the African tribes call the alimentary canal a snake. The brain and spinal cord have a serpentine figure and analogy. The Gnostic divinity Abraxas, was represented with a radiated head and serpent-body, as if like man in the image of God. Disguise the fact as we may, blink over it too, the tendency of all perfect motion is to the spiral form, and indicates the serpentine trend in all Nature.

Hence, from primeval times, the Serpent has been regarded with awe and veneration, and there have been ascribed to it attributes of life and recondite wisdom, and the power of healing. Thus arose the notion that all human kind sprung from a serpent, and that the Intelligence that presides over the sun was the Serpent-Father. As by a common instinct the Serpent has been revered as the parental

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type of all things; and so, as symbols are necessary for the viewing of all ideas, this one symbol has been employed to denote every faculty, function and essential attribute of our existence, whether physical, psychic or spiritual.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M.D.

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MANIFESTATION.

OPERATION VERSUS EVOLUTION.

BY DOCTOR GEORGE W. CAREY.

In a lecture recently delivered by Prof. Jordan, President of Stanford University, the statement was made that there is indubitable proof that a high civilization existed in the valley of the Euphrates at least forty thousand years ago.

Recent research has made plain the fact that man as highly civilized as he is to-day has existed on the earth in a past so far away that even imagination fails to follow the backward trail.

When Babylon and Ninevah were in their glory, men in China were giving names to the stars, mapping the heavens and calculating eclipses. Thousands of years before Moses led the Hebrew children out of bondage, men with wonderful intellects in Yucatan were building aqueducts, bridges and temples that to-day mock at the cheap structures that emphasize our commercial civilization.

The Pyramids of Cheops were not reared by "Primitive Men," and the proof accumulates that they were built sixty thousand years ago. The awful Sphinx was not materialized and set down in Egypt's sands to gaze into eternity by "Men a little removed from the Ape."

God, Universal Spirit or Infinite Intelligence, is not a prentice-hand that must first "Express in low forms of life" in protoplasm, jelly-fish and saurian, horse and monkey in order to learn how to manifest through the organism of man.

The word Evolution means to unwind or unfold. There must first be winding up or involving before there is anything to unwind or evolve. It certainly requires as much foresight or intelligence to wind up forms as to unwind them. Men speaking from the evolutionary concept say "the Acorn contains an Oak tree;" this is equivalent to the assertion, "A brick or plank contains a house."

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The acorn is a bit of condensed oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, mineral salts, etc. It is the beginning of an oak tree. When it is placed in the earth a negative pole, or matrix, the minerals from the earth attract the aerial elements by affinity; through this operation—life chemistry—the atoms or molecules composing what is known as atmosphere condense or precipitate and at the command, word, of Infinite Mind build up the fibre and structure of tree, bark, branches, leaves, flowers, seeds and fruit. And so with a blade of grass; it is manifested by intelligence. What we see is only substance.

If universal mind, or Intelligence knows anything it knows all things. If it does (operates) anything it does all things. If it is omniscient it does not learn by experience but constantly operates according to desire or will.

The human brain does not think, does not "secrete thoughts as the liver secretes bile," as affirmed by the evolutionist. The brain is a material structure, an organism composed of aerial elements, condensed or precipitated, and the mineral salts of iron, sodium, lime, potassium, magnesium and silica contained in food stuffs and which are always in evidence in the ashes of animal tissue after incineration. These organic substances, organized from the molecules or atoms of matter in solution, air and ether, are subject to eternal change at the will or word of Intelligence, while Intelligence (or God) is the same, "yesterday, to-day and forever."

A piano does not secrete, or evolve or unfold music; there is no music in a piano, but music can be expressed on or through the mechanism of a piano by the Intelligence operating through the musician's organism. Thus we see that Infinite Life, Eternal Life or God, and not a low germ of life, operates through the organism of the jelly-fish, or snail, and through the brain of Pythagorus, Socrates, Buddha, Plato or Emerson. This concept enables us to see that there is no evolution from a lower to a higher plane; we see all as perfect on its own plane and for the pur-

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pose it accomplishes. The universe must be perfect, for a machine is no better than its weakest part. Everything we see, feel or taste, or in any manner sense, is perfect, but all expressions are different in their notes, vibrations or modes of motion. A serpent is as perfect, therefore as good, as a man. Man is an evil thing to the serpent's consciousness as truly as a serpent is an evil thing to man's consciousness. Neither is evil; they are different expressions or variations of the "Play of the Infinite."

Then let us give the "New Name" unto all we perceive, *i. e.*, "The operation of Wisdom."

Wisdom—all there is—simply operates, manifests, expresses, forms or creates. This is Being in whose consciousness is Joy forevermore. One has but to read the newspapers of the day to realize how writers unconsciously admit the fallacy of Evolution from a lower to a higher condition.

Here are a few quotations from our dailies:

"The Roman gentlemen of the year one was much better clothed, fed, housed and educated than the American or English gentlemen in the year 1801."

One can but wonder what the Roman gentlemen's education embraced if our ancestors of a few thousand years ago were hairy apes.

Again:—"The roads of the Greeks and Romans were as far superior to ours as Van Ness Avenue is to a Missouri muddy road. And as to baths we do not even approach them," etc.

Again:—"The Militia of Pennsylvania swoop down on the national Capital during the inauguration ceremonies every four years and loot the City. They strip negroes to nakedness and compel them to run through the streets and have been known to strip the clothing from women and toss them in blankets. They demolish fruit stands, drink saloons dry and do not pay a cent, and they whip the police to a standstill. After they depart from the sacked City, claims to the amount of tens of thousands of dollars pour in and it is a debatable question whether the gov-

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ernment should pay them or the State of Pennsylvania."

And this:—"The allied armies in China have been guilty of barbarism equal to anything recorded in history."

If the race is constantly evolving to higher standards and loftier conceptions why send young men and women to Rome and Florence to study the "Old Masters"?

If man has evolved up from the "lower forms of life" (?) why has he spent so much time, money, and brain energy in trying to do what these lower forms do.

The eagle must wonder, as it watches man's failure to perfect his flying machine, how long it will be before he evolves up to the science of the birds, *i. e.*, the science of flying.

Man is now taking his first lessons in condensing (not compressing or liquifying) air while through unnumbered ages the spider has performed the miracle without first attending a school of chemistry.

The evidences and witnesses of the wisdom of men on earth hundreds of thousands of years ago confront the scientific investigator at every turn. Here the Rossetta Stone, and there the Inscribed Cylinder of Arioch or Statue of Gudea, King of Chaldea. Prophecies, inscribed on Cuniform tablets of Clay, foretelling the building of the Pyramids are brought to light by the excavator and the history of the Chinese Empire, running back in links of an unbroken chain for one hundred and fifty thousand years, forever refute the theory of the "Descent of Man." Side by side with the Ancient Asiatics who knew all that we to-day know, dwelt the Crystal, the Cell, the Jelly-fish and Saurian. Side by side with the masons who could build arches of stone in ancient Yucatan that mock at Time's ravages, lived and wrought the ant operating in its Co-operative Commonwealth still the dream of men. Side by side with the cave men and cannibal dwells the Spider whose operation in aerial elements is the despair of Chemistry. And when Solomon's golden-spired temple illuminated the Holy City, or the temple of Babel grew towards the clouds,

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or the Mound Builders recorded their history in rock and soil, the eagle and the dove calmly floated in the air and wondered when men would evolve to their plane of science. They are wondering still.

Exponents of the evolutionary theory never tire in quoting Prof. Huxley. One who had not read the writings of this eminent scientist would be led to believe by the statements of his followers that he had positive views on the great question of force and matter. Following is an extract from a letter written by Prof. Huxley to Charles Kingsley, May 22d, 1863. From the published letters of Huxley by his son, Leonard.

"I don't know whether Matter is anything distinct from Force. I don't know that atoms are anything but pure myths—'Cogito ergo sum' is to my mind a ridiculous piece of bad logic, all I can say at any time being 'Cogito.' The Latin form I hold to be preferable to the English 'I think,' because the latter asserts the existence of an Ego—about which the bundle of phenomena at present addressing you knows nothing. I believe in Hamilton, Mansell, and Herbert Spencer, so long as they are destructive, and I laugh at their beards as soon as they try to spin their own cobwebs.

"Is this basis of ignorance broad enough for you? If you, theologian, can find as firm footing as I, man of science, do on this foundation of minus naught—there will be naught to fear for our ever diverging.

"For, you see, I am quite ready to admit your doctrine that souls secrete bodies as I am the opposite one that bodies secrete souls—simply because I deny the possibility of obtaining any evidence as to the truth and falsehood of either hypothesis. My fundamental axiom of speculative philosophy is that *materialism and spiritualism are opposite poles of the same absurdity*—the absurdity of imagining that we know anything about either spirit or matter.

"Cabanis and Berkeley (I speak of them simply as types of schools) are both asses, the only difference being that one is a black donkey and the other a white one.

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"This universe is, I conceive, like to a great game being played out, and we poor mortals are allowed to take a hand. By great good fortune the wiser among us have made out some few of the rules of the game, as at present played. We call them "Laws of Nature," and honor them because we find that if we obey them we win something for our pains. The cards are our theories and hypotheses, the tricks our experimental verifications. But what sane man would endeavor to solve this problem; given the rules of a game and the winnings, to find whether the cards are made of pasteboard or gold-leaf? Yet the problem of the metaphysicians is to my mind no saner."

Let those who think that Huxley conclusively proved that matter "contains the power and potency of all forms of life" take what comfort they can from the above statement.

In closing I will make three fundamental statements of the science of Being.

A—Man is soul and operates in, on or through a body, not wholly its own but a "Temple of the living God." Thus the science of Being explains the involuntary action of breathing, circulation of blood, assimilation or combustion of food and the cellular operations going on in the chemistry of life's processes.

The soul is not an individual, *i. e.*, separated from all force and matter or standing alone, but it is a thought, attribute or word of God "Made flesh" while it is in one of God's temples, or part of the One Soul, the Infinite.

While asleep in matter, before the resurrection through recognition that we are spirit or soul now, man says, "My Soul," as if body or matter could speak. But with the "New Birth"—understanding—comes the consciousness that it is the soul that speaks.

B—Man being soul, it follows that he has always existed. How many times the One Soul may have clothed a certain thought with flesh, matters not, so far as the point aimed at in this writing is concerned.

C—Flesh is condensed air. Chemistry, the court of last resort,

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has fully demonstrated this important fact. Air does not grow old and die. Water is not old becase it chances to remain solid in ice form for seventy years, nor is it mortal or corruptible because it can be melted. "When the Sleepers awaken" and the consciousness of Being in the present manifests in the flesh, becoming in the future will fade from the thoughts of dwellers on the earth. Then will we "be transformed by the renewing of our minds."

May we not then hope for the fulfillment of Markham's prophecy in "The Desire of Nations?"

"Earth will go back to her lost youth,
And life grow deep and wonderful as truth,
When the wise King out of the nearing Heaven comes
To break the spell of long Milleniums—
To build with song again
The broken hope of men—
To hush and heroize the world,
Beneath the flag of brotherhood unfurled."

GEORGE W. CAREY.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE TRINITY.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

Since the primeval man was forced to fear the superhuman, in the raging of the elements, the mind of man has sought vainly, an intuition of the Idea of the Spirit that rules all.

The Hebrews grasped the idea of Unity, of Monotheism, and in the simplicity of their belief, there is much more to obtain credence, than in the incomprehensive tangle of dualisms and tritheisms. Yet all through the Hebrew theology there runs a vein of semi-polytheism, a mystic adoration of angels and archangels, a mysterious and innumerable host of heaven, also a dualism of Jahveh and Satan. Throughout the Psalms, Prophets and Talmud, there are many veiled references to these mysterious beings, and Christianity has assumed that many of these passages refer to the Hypostases or persons of the Trinity.

The Iranians saw two elements of divinity in the Universe and their theology partook of a dualism of good and evil, in eternal conflict. The many blendings of opposites, dualisms of contrasts in the laws of nature, all seem to token a di-theism of opposing yet dual forces—an *I* and a *Not I*, a Being and a Not-Being, a Law and a Not-Law, a Good and a Not-Good. Conditions force upon man the ideas of justice, recompense and punishment and in this system, it is a dualism that presents itself as the immutable condition of the Universe.

As to the triune idea, no one can trace its origin; we know that the Egyptians conceived of a trinity, of which the Theban was Amen-ra, Maut and Khousu, while the Hindoo conceived of a Creator, Preserver and Destroyer. The Babylonian worship was to Anu, an abstract idea of Deity, Hea the God of the under-world and Bel—the demiurgus, or Lord of the visible universe. These conceptions, however, contain more tri-theism than unity. Plato,

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by some called "Moses atticising," conceived of a system undoubtedly more closely resembling the Christian Trinity than any other. He assumed a triad of Supreme God (*Πατήρ*) a divine understanding (*λόγος* or *Σοφία*) and a world-soul. Though many assert this is the origin of the Logos doctrine, yet it notably lacks the ideas of unity and personality expressed in the Nicene creed.

Philo, an Alexandrian Jew, contemporary with, but probably not conscious of Christ's advent or teachings accepted the Platonic trinity. The Jews, dreading the mere mention of the awful name Jehovah, often designated Him by His attributes. Philo taking up the Greek cult blended it with these Hebrew expressions—"Word," "Wisdom," "Lord," etc., and personified Plato's Logos as the expected Messiah. Plato did not personify his abstract Logos while Philo did. Philo represented Him as a created being, yet creator of the worlds; an intermediate between God and his children. Thus the Platonism of Philo was, in the main, very similar to the heresy condemned at Nicæa, 325 A. D. Philo said, "This sensible world is the junior son of God; the senior is the Idea or Logos." "God is not to be grasped by human knowledge, but the *Word* is."

From its very inception, the Christian Church believed in the divinity of Christ. The disciples who walked and talked with Christ kept this impression above all others. The great question of the world's salvation and the kingdom of heaven overshadowed all else. No doubt some of the disciples may have had tritheistic ideas as well as trinitarian. They had little time to philosophize on the nature of God's substance; His mercy sufficed.

As the Church advanced (though still persecuted), the proselitizing influence reached the hearts of many of the Grecian philosophers and then the metaphysical minds began to search for the secret of the mystery. The word *Triad* was first used in about the middle of the second century in reference to the Christian Godhead. While the abstract word had been employed in the philosophy of Plato, yet it was not until this time that the mystic

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unity gave it an ambiguity that incented the whole Christian world to solve the mystery.

Various creeds had been promulgated before the full meaning of the word Trinity had been established. Irenæus in Gaul 170 A. D., Tertullian in Northern Africa 200, Origen in Alexandria 230, Cyprian in Carthage 250 and Novatian in Rome, 250, all submitted creeds to their churches that their communicants might have a plain statement of their belief and confession; but these creeds contained no phrase of express unity and the confessor might be orthodox and yet be unitarian or tritheistic.

Many different sects, from the middle of the first century held various conceptions of the character of Christ. The Docetic belief was that Christ's advent was merely a phantasm, a deception of God. The Manicheaus, the Ebionites and all the various Gnostics, each held a different idea of the person of the Saviour—some believed him to be merely human, some, wholly divine, others that he was but a spiritual manifestation of the Deity, and very few of the early sects professed what we to-day would call an Athanasian belief in the Trinity. The general belief was in three distinct substances or Beings, or in only one Person, or two, but not in a unity of the Three.

The sect that first commanded the attention of the Church Fathers and caused them to build their doctrine around the theology or Logos doctrine of John, was the Monarchians or Unitarians. They were first called the Alogi. Theodotus, however, was the first to give the theory a systematic exposition. He denied Christ's divinity and claimed that Jesus was influenced by the Holy Spirit just as others were. Tertullian called Praxeas the first Patripassian, because he denied the Godhead of the Three; according to Praxeas, the One God became incarnate in Christ voluntarily; the flesh, he called the Son and the Son thus enveloped the Father; Christ was at the same time Father and Word. When Praxeas was accused by Tertullian of having crucified the Father, he referred him to Isaiah 45:5, John 10:30 and 14:9.

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Sabellius believed in the Three, but as different manifestations of the One God. He held the essence of the Monad Father evolved Himself in the Son and Spirit; while Pope Calistus I., 218–223, called trinitarians ditheists, saying "The Father took flesh, made it God and uniting it to Himself becoming one God, and therefore cannot be two." Paul of Samosata believed the Logos merely a power of God, more developed in Christ than in any other human prophet, evolving through its help, his divinity and thus becoming by his own effort the Saviour of the world. It was the opposition to these Monarchian theories that developed the tritheism of the Arians and compelled the Church to promulgate the Nicene creed of the Trinity.

Arius, a preslyter of Alexandria, was the originator of a theory which, in the early part of the fourth century, was generally accepted by the laity of the whole Christian Church, and even many years after the council of Nicæa, about 361, was almost universally accepted. Arius believed that there was one God, who was truly God and God alone, uncreated, unoriginate, alone everlasting, eternal and unchangeable forever. At one time, He was the Sole Essence, all else was non-existent. Before all the ages and the worlds, Christ was created by the Father, the first of all creatures and all things, but not as other creatures. His glory was immeasurably above the archangels, who worshipped him. He was perfect God, but of a substance like the Father's, but not the same, therefore not one with the Father; the only begotten Son, the Saviour of the world; perfect visible image of invisible Deity, but not Supreme.

This doctrine aroused the fiery spirit of Athanasius a very young but brilliant ecclesiast of Alexandria, and the influence of the Arian heresy was brought to the attention of the Bishops. The emperor Constantine, endeavoring to concilliate both factions called a council at Nicæa 325, to forever make plain the authorized belief of the Church and anathematize all other heresies. It was wise to call a convention in the incipiency of the heresy while

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all the Bishops accepted the Eternal Logos doctrine of John.

Athanasius, though only twenty-nine, assumed at the very beginning, the leadership of the session, both in offensive operations against Arianism and in defending the unity of the Trinity. Arius asserted that "Christ is not God by Nature, but merely by Adoption and Participation." Athanasius replied by quoting Isaiah 40:28, "The everlasting God, the Lord Creator of the ends of the earth." When Athanasius said "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was God," Arius finished the quotation, "And the Word was *with* God," laying special emphasis on "with." In quoting Hebrews 1:3, "The express image of His Person," and John 8:58, "Before Abraham was, I am," Athanasius did not controvert Arius. Arius had as much foundation for his belief as Athanasius could find in the Old Testament in justification of his own. In all of Athanasius' authorities, there was a subtle mystery, which Arius could as well use himself. Thus nothing in Jeremiah 1:5, even if applicable to Christ could establish his coeternity with God; nor would Hebrews 13:8 "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever" be asserted by Athanasius with more vehemence than by Arius.

Thus Arius, by agreeing to so much, was considered deceptive in what he did believe. Yet when Athanasius cited Isaiah 7:14, why should Arius object? Many of us to-day will think that Athanasius anticipated Arius in quoting Hebrews 1:3, "When he had by himself purged our sins, he sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, being made so much better than the angels, as he hath, by inheritance, obtained a more excellent name than they." Athansius declared the foundation of the Trinity in John 14:10, "I am in the Father and the Father in me." To this Arius could not voluntarily subscribe, as he maintained that the Logos was *homoeusion*, like in substance, but not *homoousion*, the same substance, and here the controversy waged the fiercest. There was only the dfference of one letter, yet on that one letter depended the belief in the unity of the Trinity.

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Athanasius asserted that Christ was "Very God of very God;" "The Father is God; the Son is God; and the Holy Ghost is God, and yet there are not three Gods but one God." " 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' "

Arius could not answer Hebrews 10:11, "Creations shall perish," and if created, then Christ shall perish, except to say, "Then all men shall perish." Nor could he reply to Athanasius' citation of John 1:3, "All things were made by him and without him was not anything made that was made," except to feebly assert that Christ was the First Creation and all else was the second creation. While Arius could reconcile his belief to Genesis 1:26, "Let *us* make man," Proverbs 8:27–30, "When he prepared the heavens, I was there" * * * "I was by him, disposing and adjusting as a Master Workman;" yet there were some extracts that Athanasius could not confute, Isaiah 45:8, "Salvation have I brought forth. I have created it;" Isaiah 45:11, "Thus saith the Holy One of Israel and His Maker." Arius maintained that *Son* implied birth, the only-begotten then had an origin of existence; therefore once the Son was not; therefore He is created out of nothing. Some of Arius texts were Proverbs 8:22; Matthew 19:17; 20:23; Mark 13:32; John 5:19; 18:28; 1 Cor. 15:28; Col. 1:15; Hebrews 1:5; Romans 1:4.

Of the 318 Bishops at the Council of Nicæa, 325 A. D., but five or six were with Arius and these were compelled to publicly recant, while Arius was banished. Though since, the Creed of this Council has been declared infallible, it was not until the fifth century that the heresy of Arianism was effectually stamped out. The Athanasian Creed is now almost universally accepted by all Christian denominations, with very few exceptions, but to show that it was not always so, a short account of the rise and fall of Arianism follows.

In 326, Athanasius was elected Bishop of Alexandria; two years after, Eusebius was in favor with Constantine and two years later Constantine recalled Arius from exile, but Athanasius declined to restore to Arius the communion of the Church. In 334, sixty

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Bishops, the Council of Cæsarea, condemned Athanasius who refused to attend. In 335, at the Council of Tyre and Jerusalem, Athanasius and Arius were both admitted. Athanasius was deposed from the See of Alexandria and Constantine banished him to Treves.

The Council of Constantinople, in 336, recognized Arius and on the same day that he was to take communion, he died. His opponents claimed his death a miraculous punishment, although Gibbon suggests that those who press the narrative of his death might find that orthodox saints contributed more efficaciously with poison (his bowels suddenly bursted) than by their prayers to rid themselves of their most formidable rival.

In 337 Constantine died. Constantius, a semi-Arian, became Emperor of the East and Constans, an orthodox Christian, Emperor of the West. The following year saw Athanasius recalled from exile. The Council of Alexandria, 340, defended Athanasius and the Council of Rome the following year proclaimed him innocent. In the same year the Council of Antioch, over ninety Bishops, superseded Athanasius with an Arian, condemned consubstantialists and adopted a great many creeds antagonistic to the Nicene.

In 345, at the Council of Antioch, the word *homoousion* was suppressed in the Macrostich Creed, while in 347, the Council of Sardicia vindicated Athanasius. The Council of Sirmium, 351, dropped the all-important controversial word *homoousion* and the Council of Arles, two years later, condemned Athanasius, while only one Bishop stood up for Nicene Creed and was banished for so doing. In 355, at the Council of Milan, three hundred Bishops of the West, almost unanimously condemned Athanasius. In 357–359, Arians and Semi-Arians drew up creeds at Sirmium. In 357, Hosius, the President of the Council of Nicæa, held communion with Arians. In the same year Liberius, the Pope, condemned Athanasius. In 357, the Creed of Ancyra against *homoousion* was signed by Liberius. In 358, Liberius signed the Third Sirmium Creed (Semi-Arian). The Council of Constantinople, 359,

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and the Council of Antioch, 360, were both anti-Athanasian. Jerome, in 361, said "Nearly all the churches of the world, under the pretence of peace and of the Emperor, are polluted with the communion of Arians." The edict of the Council of Constantinople, 381, however, killed Arianism forever.

During the fourth century, almost every city and village of Christendom was either a fortress of Arianism or Trinitarianism. It was not an uncommon occurrence for a stranger to be halted and challenged as to his belief, whereupon, after a short discussion, the mob would divide and a pitched battle would ensue.

With all these varying assumptions of Councils, the Christian of the twentieth century, though mainly believing in the Athanasian Creed, may well believe as he interprets; that Christ is very God of very God, one with the Father, that the Godhead is One in Trinity and Trinity in Unity, or as we wish. But if we assume that there is efficacy in Christ's life and death and that He is divine, it would be judicious to believe that Christ is not a created being, but co-eternal with the Father, not of like substance with the Father, but the same substance, He in the Father and the Father in Him. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

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WILD HYACINTH.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

Was it the reflection of the sapphire sky seen through the budding branches of the trees overhead, or was it in reality a living carpet of flowers, spreading through the wood on every side, tingeing the glades and winding tree-girt glens with an all-pervading blush of the deepest royal blue?

A fairy land, a transformation scene, burst into life by the magic touch of spring!

The soft young wind rustled through the early foliage, and sweeping over the billowy floral sea, set the hyacinth bells a-ringing in a thousand joyous chimes, and murmured gently to the dark boughs looking so elegantly slender against the skyey background, till, bursting with exuberant delight, they sprouted profusely at the sigh of his tender breath.

A chorus of birds filled the air as they flew hither and thither in search of materials for the building of their little homes, each singing happily to his chosen mate of the great joys yet to come.

A time of youth and spring, a time of love and the mating of Nature's loveliest and best.

"Who are those strange creatures?" inquired a little bird of her mate, as a youth and maiden entered the glade and passed side by side through the winding labyrinth of bloom.

"Mortals," replied her companion, hopping to a higher bough that he might the better view the strange pair; for seldom was the solitude and privacy of the woods disturbed.

"Mortals," he continued; "they seem very happy, and look with appreciating eyes upon our woodland glen; perhaps they also are planning out their future days."

"Yes," replied she, "they certainly do look very happy."

"Ah," her companion continued, flying down again, "I wonder

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if they can hear the hyacinth bells: they say these mortals are very deaf and very blind."

"O, surely they can hear the chimes the fairy fays are ringing. Hark how joyously they peal, and yet they have no nests to build, no eggs to lay, and no little ones to rear."

"We know not of their happiness, but that they are happy is very certain. What constitutes their joy, I cannot say—unless it is the flooding of the sunshine, the soft kisses of the wind, or the gentle falling of the twilight dew."

"Perhaps 'tis all," replied his little wife; and as the deep blue billows bowed before the fanning breeze, peal after peal of their rich bell-notes rang out.

"How softly the wind is blowing; how gently and tenderly it stirs the cluster of my bells; they sway before him, but they hardly tremble to his touch—I have to shake them into sound!"

So sang a tiny fay sitting on one of the blue petals of her hyacinth blossoms.

"Yes," answered another, swaying from his bending stem, "the wind is soft, the sunshine warm; my bells, well washed in dew are rich and sweet; the world is very beautiful, and I am very happy."

"They say the world is not so beautiful outside our fairy dell."

"So I have heard; a bullfinch told me. He says the world is great with cities in whose dusty, flowerless streets are stones and dirt and barrenness. The dwellings of men, he says, are dark, heavy and gloomy; sickness and death full oft invade them; brightness and sunshine in their overcrowded alleys are a luxury and a rarity."

"How can he tell these things?"

"He was once among them, confined within the glittering bars of a prison-house hung in the window of one of these dwellings."

"And he escaped?"

"Yes, he escaped, and after awhile, refound his woodland home."

"Poor mortals! how delightful a breath and sight of us must be to them in their dusty, cheerless homes."

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"Well, yes, they value us, I have heard it said; we brighten their darkness and help to pierce their blind despair."

At this moment there came in sight the two mortals who had astonished the simple little hen-bird; and one of them, chancing to notice in particular the very hyacinth who had so kindly spoken, stooped, and quite unconscious of the tender-hearted little fay, with a smile of admiration, plucked the flower, placed it with many others in the bunch she held in her hand, and passed on, leaving the little fay's comrade trembling with fright and grief. He had lost his play-fellow—she had passed out of his life; her faint cry of pain as her stalk had snapped asunder smote his ear long after her farewell sigh had died away upon the breeze.

Recovering from her fright, the little stolen blossom began to look about her. She was being carried past fields and trees out into the brilliant sunshine. The two mortals were laughing and talking together, and occasionally paused to gather a stray flower or leaf to swell their already overcharged bouquet.

The sun was bright, the way was long and dusty, and the hand that held the flowers was hot and close. The poor little fay felt suffocated, the stiff stalk of her bell-cluster grew limp, the petals of her blossoms drooped, and she hung her head and wept.

Presently the clasp around her stem relaxed, and she felt herself gradually slipping away out of its pressure. At last she dropped, unnoticed, on the sidewalk of the street, for by this time they had entered the town and left the country behind them. The pair passed on and were soon out of sight, while the poor little fay lay with her drooping bells upon the hot, dry sidewalk, with the scorching rays of the sun beating down mercilessly upon her unsheltered and unprotected head.

She grew fainter and fainter; limper and limper grew her stem and lower and lower sank her fading blossoms, when, ah! steps approached, someone stooped and picked up the fallen hyacinth, and, screening it from the fierce glare beneath his tattered coat, carried it swiftly and joyfully away.

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When once again she opened her eyes, she found herself lying on a rough wooden bench, while a little ragged urchin was filling a broken jar with water. This done, he placed the limp stalk of the hyacinth in the cool, clear liquid, and propped the drooping bells against the window ledge.

The cool draught of water gradually revived the flower, and the little fay, looking about her, perceived, crouching against the window sill, a poor, thin little figure with a pale, pinched face. She was regarding the hyacinth with unfeigned delight, and thanking her ragged companion, who stood silently looking on.

"It's a real beauty, Jimmy. Where did you get it?" she queried.

"Down the street—someone must have dropped it," was the reply.

"How fine it is! look at those pretty bells. It is reviving—my! what a lovely color."

The little fay thrilled with delight as she saw the happiness depicted on the pallid face of the child before her. And it was *her* presence that had brought it there! The pain of her own affliction and loss vanished, chased into nothingness by the absorbing joy created by an unselfish and loving thought. She trembled with pleasure, and drinking long and deep of the cool, refreshing liquid, her stalk grew stiff and firm once more, her bells regained their former lustre and sent forth peal upon peal of fairy music.

So the hours passed by; night came on, and closing her petals, the little fay slept the sleep of the kindly-hearted, awaking with the sun next morning to bloom through another day, watched by the eager eyes of the little child.

MAUD DUNKLEY.

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REFLECTIONS ON THE RUBAIYAT.

"There was the Door to which I found no Key,
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

While deep engaged in thought I sat,
This passage of the Rubaiyat
Before my mental vision passed,
Its portent dread my soul harassed.

And am I really only bait
Or plaything for the Goddess Fate?
Who mocking shows a Door to me
Of which she, jealous, guards the Key?

And is my present little day
My all! To live as best I may?
And in the Future, will there be
Not e'en a "Talk of Me and Thee?"

Away dread thought! As God above
Fills all the Universe with Love,
As He sweet Spring sends down to earth
To give the death-kissed world new birth,
So will He ne'er assign the soul
The narrow grave as its last goal.
That little "Talk of Me and Thee"
Fore'er will stand for Thee and Me.

There is no fatal Veil, no Door,
The world stands open evermore,
And all may seek, and all may see,
Man's Master of his destiny.

MARGARET FIREMAN.

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THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XVI.)

"I believe," began Violet, softly, as the boat's sail caught a fresh little breeze that came from somewhere far down beyond the old lighthouse on the point, and went flying over the green and golden waves at an accelerated speed that filled the Urchins with delight—"I believe I know what I'd rather *not* be if I were given choice. I've often asked myself what I'd rather be if I might choose, but never could decide that satisfactorily to myself. But I've discovered now what I'd rather not be."

"Well, lassie, share the discovery with us—what would our Violet 'rather not be?' "

"One who knew so little about storms and sunshine that the azure could never be counted upon."

"That's a fine discovery, lass, and you are turning weather-maker at an early age. Is it a very new thing, this discovery?"

"The discovery is new; but I also discover that I must have been making weather to suit myself (at home, you know, sir, where weather depends so much upon the weather-making inmates); but I never seemed to realize it before."

"The realization of it will make it of practical value."

"That is what I am so glad to find out. The truth of it all seems so simple now, that I wonder it has never occurred to me before."

"The wise little Kindergartner knows that her baby brother's canton flannel rabbit is stuffed with cotton and has glass eyes. This did not 'occur' to her until she had left the nursery."

"But grown folks ought to know all this, it appears to me, just—just naturally, don't you know."

"I comprehend your meaning of the words 'grown folks,' Blackie," said the smiling Wise Man; "but some 'grown-ups' are veritable children still. They look out at the world with the wide,

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unseeing gaze of children, and the pictures they see are flat and without any recognized perspectives. There is no depth anywhere, just flat fact in bare outlines, and all as if what they gazed upon had nothing whatever to do with themselves, and wasn't put there for them to learn from, to make their own—to grasp and make use of for the benefit of themselves and all their kind. But there is always this consolation, my Urchins, children cannot remain children forever; they must grow in knowledge and, at last, 'discover' things as our evolving Violet has discovered her gladdening truth."

"Evolving?"

"I told you the meaning of that word, Pinkie, and I think that you understand it to be a growth from within, or the unfolding of pure wisdom. Life after life it goes on—life after life. Never at quite the same pace, perhaps, and never in quite the same way in any two people. This is why repeated incarnations, or being clothed and re-clothed in the flesh is necessary to the student in the School of Life. He cannot learn all the lessons of that school in one little day, so he comes and comes and comes again."

"And if he comes and comes and comes again will he be sure *sometime* to reach the grade where weather-making is taught?"

"Where weather-making is learned—yes, Snowdrop. And let me tell you, dear, that it will be a pretty highly evolved class he will join when he, at last, discerns the truth concerning weather-making. It cannot be mastered by those in the lower grades, for these students are as all unconscious of its existence as a baby is unconscious of the existence of any unknown quantity which may be represented by X. He who comprehends and realizes the true value of three has learned the worth of one and two."

"Then each life we live is like a school-room in a monstrous big university?"

"Yes, Brownie; very like that."

"But we can't remember anything that happened in our last lives, then how can it do us any real good?"

"All real knowledge stays with us—all wisdom we have really

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made our very own—incorporated into our beings until it became part of us—that invisible 'us' which is immortal. We struggle bravely through one grade, and, at length, are permitted to advance to the next room. What happens? Do we carry our old books along with us? No, we cross the threshold empty-handed. In the new room we are to find new books, and we no longer need the old ones whose contents we have thoroughly mastered."

"But we need what we have learned out of them to make it possible for us to comprehend the new books."

"Yes, Goldie. You needn't be obliged to go over the rules, nor descend to the details of that knowledge contained upon each and every page, just as the musician needs not to repeat consciously to himself the names of the notes he uses in playing some beautiful melody. Unless he had mastered his musical alphabet at first, had learned the names and exact values of all the single notes, their quantities and qualities in different combinations, he could not have given his matchless melody to the world.

"He masters his little alphabet, spells out for us his inspiration, and then forgetting, in a way, all the identities of his little musical units, he proceeds to charm his hearers with the perfect harmony arising from the exquisite and masterly arrangement of the notes he has now no need to name.

"Come back, come back, Brownie, boy, and tell us where you've been straying. Your eyes are miles away—what have you seen?"

"If you please," said the boy, laughing pleasantly, as he turned his brown eyes to meet the kindly gaze of the Wise Man, "I was just making a little illustration of my own. I thought it seemed like a general commanding great forces which were composed of men whose names he didn't try to remember. He used them as he liked, in companies, squads and battalions, and, under his wise direction, they moved about in an orderly manner; but he didn't have to call each soldier that composed his regiments by name."

"That's a good illustration, Brownie. All the lessons we learn add to our forces which we may command when we have need of

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them without being obliged to give the number of the lesson or that of the page of our text-book from which we learned it. By way of further illustration, let us ask Goldie to read this clipping from a newspaper," and the teacher placed in Goldie's hand a small square cut from a daily paper.

The boy read the article and returned it to the Wise Man.

"How many times did the letter A occur in the paragraphs you read, Goldie?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"Or B?"

"I don't know, indeed."

"Yet A and B were surely in evidence many times—and C and D, and many other letters used over and over. I doubt if you could tell me the number of commas you came across, or even the semi-colons or periods."

"That's true; I couldn't tell one of them."

"And yet the thoughts all these letters and punctuation marks made manifest are clear in your mind. You know that a wonderful labor-saving device has just been invented and patented by a certain genius who must as surely have mastered many a letter in the alphabet of science, before he was enabled to 'compose' that machine as you, Goldie, mastered the alphabet that allowed you to make the fact of his invention known to you.

"If you have not foolishly gone to work and learned it so, you could not possibly repeat the alphabet backward; yet you use it with the ease of one familiar with it, and make it fashion fairy lands for you, and build princely palaces in that entrancing country which is bounded by the covers of your 'Arabian Nights.' By means of these little unnamed entities wise men make their wisdom your own. You grasp the great thoughts of the great thinkers and feed upon them, and such food nourishes the real man, strengthening his mind and heart fibres, making it possible for him to enter the next and the next grade in the great university he attends.

"As I have said, you cross the threshold of the new school-room

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empty-handed. There is nothing to show that you are bringing with you knowledge gained from lessons learned in grades below. It is not a material thing; not a graspable, tangible thing; yet it is a true and splendid possession, by whose aid the many gates leading to the broad and beautiful fields of higher learning are easily swung ajar, and the student enabled to pass on and on, enriched and strengthened and made wise by the gradual accumulation of the mighty treasures gathered by him in the ever advancing grades of Experience.

"All this knowledge builds character. He is what he knows. If he be wise, he is a power in the land.

"Early in his course of study he discovers that the lesson of self-mastery is the most important of all he had set himself to learn, and that in it is contained all his possibilities of real usefulness to the world. Without self-mastery his knowledge would become a too dangerous thing; but he who masters self may set himself to teach and rule over others, and in degree as he (through love and desire to be of use) has made this rightly acquired knowledge his own, will his teaching and rule be for the good of all.

"Within the grasp of every student lies the possibility of attainment of All Wisdom. He is wisdom in manifestation, wisdom which, like a beautiful blossom, unfolds with his recognition of his True Self. Quickly or slowly as he may choose will this recognition dawn upon him, and it rests with himself whether he will be content to remain a weather-maker for his own little arching heavens, or command the threatening storm-clouds of the world."

"It rests with himself, you say, sir, whether he will be this or that. Can no one help him?"

"Let us find out. Violet, will you kindly tell us what, besides a weather-maker, you would like to be?"

After a little pause, the pansy eyes lifted to meet the master's kindly gaze, and a shy confession made its way to the ears of the listening crew.

"'A grand singer,' my lass? Well, let us see how you might be

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helped here. The aspirant to vocal perfection may select an instructor, but all that instructor can do is to guide the would-be singer from mile-post to mile-post, taking care, the while, that the pilgrim journeying to the Mecca of Sweet Sounds does not turn to right or left, or follow false paths to wrong turnings. The teacher warns and advises, but, Violet, the law that lies in these warnings and this advice does the real work.

"And it's this real work people so object to doing. They cannot comprehend how these little things that seem so unnecessary should be so insisted upon. And there are always little or big sacrifices to be made by the aspirant which tend to damp the ardor of the student. When one looks upon and listens to a fine singer one finds it difficult to realize by what slow and laborious processes the mastery of her art has been achieved. The letters of *her* alphabet were learned only in years, and with painstaking effort. Some represent hours of application to theory; others to the study of anatomy; to the training, a slow and tedious proceeding, of the vocal organs; to the giving up of a score of little pleasures, and to the sacrifices of many favorite viands. Then there is the exercise of the entire body, the care of it, the incessant and constant effort to acquire that, at times, seemingly impossible thing, a correct and acceptable technique—hours of tears when the soul of the aspirant is plunged in that grief which is so sure to assail all honest endeavorers, when that to which they aspire seems a thing impossible of accomplishment. All this must she do and suffer for herself; and it is the presence or absence of indolence, which, in due time, will enable her to write the words 'Failure' or 'Success' above her door.

"Step by step we climb the heights; there is no royal road to learning; but what we do learn we make our own for all time, carrying it with us into school-room after school-room, making such use of it as lies in our personal and differing lines of study.

"So it doesn't matter what you learn so that you learn true?"

"It doesn't matter what you learn but how you learn it."

"'How' you learn it?"

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"Yes, lassie, *how*. The intellect may acquire a great fund of facts which the student will find he cannot carry into the next grade. Mere mind will not enable him to take it with him; it is the heart that bears it—the heart that becomes wise, that makes use —correct use—of its wisdom."

"It seems to me, sir, if only folks could know that they had to come back again and live more lives, and that they must just go on where they had left off that they'd be mighty careful about how they left off—I mean they would try to live so that they could find comfortable quarters when they returned."

"That, Blackie, my boy, is why it is so desirable that folks *should* know the truth. Let us put it this way, by way of illustration. Let us suppose a party of people go camping—they are not going to stay long so they pay little attention to their location or the shelter they use for the short while they remain. The rude 'shack' they construct suffices and they get along without the conveniences they would be very apt to secure for themselves if they thought they were to remain here for any length of time or to return to the same place at a later period. So they suffer all sorts of discomforts, carelessly fashioning what they deem a simple make-shift for a few days. At the end of their vacation they leave the place, and with small regret, for the discomforts were many, after all, and because of them the days held their percentage of real trial.

"Another vacation time comes, and the party seek again the same camping ground, it being the only place obtainable; and now as before they count the hours and decide to make the old shelter do, as the time must pass so swiftly. And so the story of the former experience repeats itself.

"Now, if these campers were certain that they would return each season to this same locality, don't you suppose that they would build themselves a snug, comfortable shelter? And they'd be careful to build in the neighborhood of a sweet, cool spring, and select a slightly sloping ground where the drainage was per-

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fect, at an elevation high enough to catch the purer air, and away from swamp and marsh. And they would store their shelter house with things desirable and of real use, and carefully preserve those things essential to the comfort of campers.

"It's because the Eternal Pilgrim doesn't know that his journey around the world must necessarily fetch him again to his old home that he is careless in the matter of how or in what condition he leaves it. When he has come to understand that the careful preparation he makes on his preceding journey renders the next one so far more comfortable and easy, he will take heed of what he does, and endeavor to prepare all sorts of comforts for himself, so that there will be a chance for him during his next passing to do something other than toil for the sake of mere existence."

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

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The World of Thought

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

CHINA AS A CIVILIZED COUNTRY.

Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese Minister to America, defends stalwartly the civilization of his own country. Civilization, he declares, does not consist of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, electric light, battle-ships, rapid-firing guns, magazine rifles, but has a broader meaning with intelligence, order, morality and refinement for its essential elements. Such a civilization, he affirms, China undoubtedly possesses. The people of the West should study the civilization of China instead of trying to pull it down. The Chinese, he insists, are not addicted to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

"The civilization that has stood the test of Forty Centuries," he declares, "is far from being effete." But he does not approve of a stationary condition. China must keep up with the times, and take lessons from the Western world—but she need not be a servile imitator. Her requirements are peculiar to her position among nations, and to the growth of her national life. He is confident accordingly that by adopting from the West only what is best for her welfare, and avoiding what is not suitable, she will transform herself into a modern nation without losing those qualities which made her great and strong in the past.

There is nothing more reliable than unreliability, nothing so certain to take place as uncertainty, or what seems as such to our imperfect senses. Yet no event comes out of its proper time, any more than the boy can cultivate a beard before his face has become conditioned for its growth. It is sheer folly to attempt to unravel all the truth.

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A PLEA FOR HUMOR.

A person with no relish for humor is unfortunately constituted. Humor is the condiment of every-day life that gives zest and flavor to our experiences. I hold in grateful remembrance the person who makes me laugh. It has more than once annoyed me when I was confined to a bed of sickness, that I would attempt a repartee or something lively, and be misunderstood or checked by some serious reply. Shakspere, or the man who wrote dramas in his name, denounced the man who had no music in his soul. I would apply similar language to the person who has no sportiveness in his nature.

HEREDITY OF DISEASE NOT ESTABLISHED.

Disease in parents is often followed by long life in their children. Sometime ago the British Medical Association took this subject in hand. The family history of 340 persons aged from eighty to ninety years was investigated. There was cancer in forty-four families, consumption in sixty-five, gout in thirty, rheumatism in fifty-nine, apoplexy and paralysis in forty-two. Only forty families were free, or reputed free from the maladies which are usually regarded as hereditary.

THE UNIVERSAL PHILOSOPHY.

Taoism is a testimony to the unity of that transcendent teaching which has been a formative agent in the development of the race from the remotest ages. A careful survey will show us that similar lines have always been pursued, diverse in name, different in form, but always essentially identical in principle. The raising of the human soul to the divine standard is the fundamental element in all of them; and this is to be accomplished by seizing those supreme indications, those incipient germs of unconditioned life and being, the rudiments, as it were, of a divine origin, which are found, indicated by unmistakable aspirations, and are capable of being expanded and developed to an unlimited degree, joining us to the Infinite Eternal—the infallible signs that we are of the same nature and substance. —*Williams Davies.*

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APPARITION OF THE DOUBLE.

A correspondent of *The Spectator* (London) gives the account of the presence of the simulacrum of a living person at a place where she had never been in body. It adds another to the examples of such manifestations, and only requires the names to make the story complete as well as indisputable.

"Some time ago," says the narrator, "my wife had repeated dreams of a house, the interior arrangements of which she described minutely, although no idea as to its locality was conveyed to her. Subsequently, in the year 1883, I hired for the autumn from Lady B—— a house in the Highlands, with shooting and fishing; my son, who was in Scotland at the time, arranged the matter, neither my wife nor I having seen the place. When I went (without my wife) to make final arrangements for taking possession, Lady B—— was still living in the house, and she told me that if I did not mind she proposed putting me for the night into a bedroom she herself usually occupied, and which for some time past had been haunted by 'a little lady,' who continually appeared in it. As I was somewhat skeptical upon such matters, I replied that I should be delighted to make the acquaintance of her ghostly visitor, and I accordingly slept in the room, but no such visitor appeared to me.

"Subsequently, upon my wife's arrival at the house, she, to her great astonishment, found it to be the counterpart of her dream-house, and on inspecting it from hall to attic every detail appeared to correspond. But on descending again to the hall, she said: 'No, this cannot be the house after all, as in my dream there was another suite of rooms on that side, which is missing here.' She was at once told that there was such a suite of apartments, not approached from the hall, and on being taken over them she recognized every room. She, however, said that a bedroom in this suite appeared in her dream to be a sitting room, and it appeared that this had

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been the case, but that the arrangement had just been altered.

"A day or two after, my wife and I met Lady B——, and I introduced the two ladies to each other, as they had not previously been acquainted. Instantly Lady B—— exclaimed, "Why, you are the lady who haunted my bedroom." I have no explanation to offer, nor had my wife during the rest of her life, as to what some might call a remarkable coincidence, and what would be called in the Highlands a case of "second sight." Certainly my dear wife was the last person in the world to give undue license to her imagination, and further, I can vouch for the fact, and so can other members of my family, that she did undoubtedly describe accurately, a house which had some rather remarkable arrangements, and this long before she or any other members of the family were even aware that such a house really existed.

"The flames are dead!" we cry, as wintry cold
And Winter's sullen rain resolve to earth
The sweetest smiles that greet the Summer's birth.
But still we know that from the golden mold
Another hope shall spring, a flower unfold,
The same, and yet another, can we then
Proclaim as dead the thing that lives again?

In yonder pool, once dark and bare, behold,
From fetid depths to sunlit air,
The trembling Lotus, rising like a prayer!
O Soul, be brave! for Death is but a name!
From withered hopes all sodden deep in tears,
A purer joy, a fairer hope appears—
Perchance a lotus, white in heart and name.

—*Mary McNeil Fenollosa.*

The pamphlet, "Fallacy of Vaccination," issued by the Metaphysical Publishing Company, has been translated into Spanish by a gentlemen in San Luis, Potosi, for circulation in Mexico.

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JEWS DESCRIBING JESUS.

The reprint of "Salathiel, a work extant," by George Croly, sixty years ago, exhibits a great change of sentiment among intelligent members of the Jewish faith. Indeed, the publication of "The Jewish Encyclopædia," by a Christian House, is a sign that there is a sensible approximation between them and their neighbors, indicative of a real fraternity. "Jesus is soul of our soul, as he is flesh of our flesh," says Dr. Max Nordau. "Putting aside the Messianic mission, this man is ours, he honors our race and we claim him as we claim the Gospels—flowers of Jewish literature, and only Jewish."

"He did not pretend to found a new religion," Dr. Emil G. Hirsh affirms. "His originality lies in the striking form which he undertook to give to the old vitalities of his ancestral religion. He moved the heart of the people.

"The Jews of every shade of religious belief do not regard Jesus in the light of Paul's theology. But the Gospel Jesus, the Jesus who teaches so superbly the principles of Jewish ethics, is revered by all the liberal expounders of Judaism. His words are studied; the New Testament forms a part of Jewish literature. Among the great preceptors that have worded the truths of which Judaism is the historical guardian, none, in our estimation and esteem, takes precedence of the Rabbi of Nazareth. To impute to us suspicious sentiments concerning him does us gross injustice. We know him to be among our greatest and purest."

"His teaching has been an immense service to the world," says Dr. Isodore Singer, "in bringing Israel's God to the knowledge of hundreds of millions of mankind."

But Dr. Kohler, of Temple Beth-El in New York, is more explicit, and to the point. The true history of Jesus is so wrapped up in myth," he remarks, "the story of his life told in the Gospels is so replete with contradictions that it is rather difficult for the

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unbiased reader to arrive at the true historical facts. * * * His whole manner of teaching, the so-called Lord's Prayer, the Golden Rule, the code of ethics expounded for the elect ones in the Sermon on the Mount, no less than his miraculous cures, show him to have been one of the Essenés—a Popular Saint. But he was more than an ordinary teacher and healer of men. He went to the very core of religion and laid bare the depths of the human soul. As a veritable prophet, Jesus, in such striking manner, disclaimed allegiance to any of the Pharisean schools, and asked for no authority, but that of the living voice within, while passing judgment on the law, in order to raise life to a higher standard."

"The Jew of to-day beholds in Jesus an ideal of matchless beauty. While he lacks the element of stern justice expressed so forcibly in the Law and in the Old Testament characters, the firmness of self-assertion so necessary to the full development of manhood, all those social qualities which build up the home and society, industry and worldly progress, he is the unique exponent of the principle of redeeming love. His name as helper of the poor, as sympathizing friend of the fallen, as brother of every fellow-sufferer, as lover of man and redeemer of woman, has become the inspiration, the symbol, and the watchword for the world's greatest achievements in the field of benevolence. * * * All this, modern Judaism gladly acknowledges, reclaiming Jesus as one of its greatest sons. But it denies that one man, or one church, however broad, holds the key to many-sided truth. It waits for the time when all life's deepest mysteries will have been spelled and to the ideals of sage and saint, that of the seeker of all that is good, beautiful and true will have been joined; when Jew and Gentile, Synagogue and Church, will merge into the Church universal, into the great city of humanity whose name is 'God is there.'"

Professor Lombroso of the University of Turin is not behind in recognizing Jesus as one of the greatest geniuses that the world

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has produced. "But," he adds, "he was like all geniuses, somewhat unbalanced, anticipating by ten centuries the emancipation of the slave, and by twenty centuries socialism and the emancipation of woman. He did not proceed by a precise, systematic demonstration, but through short sentences and by leaps and bounds—so that, without the downfall of the Temple, and without the persecutions of the Christians under Nero, his work would have been lost."

Ten thousand murders are said to be committed annually in the United States. About sixty of the murderers are punished—not more.

Active efforts are made to punish Christian Scientists and other healers when a patient dies under their treatment. Meanwhile thousands perish from the administration of drugs, and not a dog moves his tongue.

MEDICAL PURSUIT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE.

There is just as much pure and unadulterated sortilegy in physic; just as much wild conjecture and hap-hazard experiment with all the products of the vegetable and animal kingdom in insane pursuit of the impossible as ever there was. —*Edward Spencer.*

EPIDEMICS OF OPINION.

There are epidemics of opinion as well as of disease, and they prevail at least as much among the well-educated as among the uneducated classes of society. —*Sir Benjamin Brodie.*

REAL EXISTENCE.

We are led to the inference that what we call the material universe is but the manifestation of infinite Deity to our finite minds. Obviously, on this view, Matter—the only thing to which materialists concede real existence—is simply an orderly phantasmagoria; as God and the Soul—which materialists regard as mere fictions of the imagination—are the only conception that answer to real existences. —*John Fiske.*

If you want enemies, excel others; if friends, let others excel you.
—*Colton.*

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A MEDICAL SOCIETY DENOUNCING VACCINATION.

The New England Eclectic Medical Association held its annual meeting at the State House in Montpelier, Vermont, beginning on the 4th of June and continuing three days. Various subjects interesting to physicians were presented and freely discussed. A paper on vaccination was submitted by Dr. Edwin M. Ripley, of Unionville, Connecticut, which evoked a general declaration of sentiment. Several cases of incurable disease and death inflicted by the operation, were described, and the legal right to enforce the operation was denied. The sentiment of the meeting was unanimous, and Dr. W. C. Hatch of New Sharon, Maine, offered the following resolutions which were adopted by acclamation:

"Resolved: That this Association deprecates the instituting of 'Small-Pox Scares,' by Health Boards and interested physicians, not only as useless alarms but as mischievous in their tendency, injurious to business and in every way harmful to the best interests of the community.

"Resolved: That Compulsory Vaccination is a shameless violation of personal rights, being a surgical operation which no one has a right to enforce, the inflicting of disease and even of death, and without the sorry justification of preventing the development of any other disease whatever.

"Resolved: That it is high time for Government, public officers and others to begin to respect individuals in their persons and their homes, and to forbear the violating of these on the pretext of arresting epidemic, especially as this is never the case.

"Resolved: That the right to resist the vaccinator in his disseminating of disease is sacred, and to be maintained by every individual to the full extent of his ability, and that it is time that the licentious exercise of power by Boards of Health and others is this matter shall cease."

A. W.

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THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

In the silent midnight hour,
When God and I are alone,
His mystic curtain is then unfurled,
And I move in the starry astral world
Until He and I are One.

In the silent midnight hour,
When God and I are One,
Mysteries of life are then revealed,
Nothing below or above is concealed,
As I mount from zone to zone.

In the silent midnight hour,
When God and I are One,
I learn as I tread this lofty plane
That Law and Justice ever reign,
And duty's the work to be done.

In the silent midnight hour,
When God and I are One,
I find that Unity is the Law,
That sense of separateness the flaw,
Marking the downward zone.

In the silent midnight hour,
When God and I are One,
I realize harmony, love and peace,
Pain, sorrows and death forever cease,
In the light of Father and Son.

In the silent midnight hour,
When God and I are One,
Freed from all sense-illusion and dream,
Merged in Nirvana, all-conscious-supreme,
Father, Thy will *is* Done.

MAY ELLS.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

MULTUM IN PARVO. An Important Discovery. By W. F. Ball, A. M., M. D.

This treatise purports to give the discovery of the author that "Man has three Brains," the Organic, the Motor and the Sensory, usually known as the Solar Plexus, the Cerebellum and the Cerebrum. This view differs substantially from the doctrine of the works on Physiology, and deserves attention, as coming nearer the actual truth. Evidence of high scientific value is presented in demonstration. Along with this theory are given Rules of Health; Directions how to treat Diseases; the different forms of Fever and Zymatic Disorders; with "a positive Cure for Consumption," and explanations in regard to the action of Medicines, etc. Dr. Ball is an advanced physician, seeing ahead of his profession, and his work is valuable and instructive accordingly for all who are upon that plane of thinking and doing.

The Legal Status of Doctors Everywhere Under the Flag, and State Recognition of the Supremacy of National Law and Legal Courtesy to Physicians of other States —Fraudulent Practice Acts, by R. C. Bayly, A. M., M. D., Decatur, Illinois, pp. 168.

This book deserves a hearty welcome. It is time for the manly men to speak out in language that shall not be equivocal. Dr. Bayly has done this in unmistakable terms, and we bespeak for his work, a generous circulation among high-minded physicians and a liberty-loving people. Already such men as the gifted J. J. G. Wilkinson, of England, the leading medical scholars of the European Continent, and the noblest physicians of America, self-respecting men, have affirmed similar sentiments; and the people generally of the several States of the Union need only to understand

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the case and they would take sides as their fathers did sixty years ago on a similar issue of medical freedom. A set of obnoxious anti-republican and partisan statutes have by stealth and misrepresentation on the part of an interested class, been foisted upon the legislation of the States, in disregard of the safeguards of the Constitution; and the sleuth-hounds of certain medical societies are eagerly worrying those who heal the sick successfully, although not branded officially with the prescribed mark. *Revelation* xiii, 11:17. Medical domination is as dangerous to American liberty as an Established Religion, requiring like vigilance against its encroachments, and an equally resolute resistance—else "none may buy or sell."

A. W.

THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE. By HENRY WOOD. Cloth, 302 pp., in 23 short chapters. "Lee & Shephard," Boston.

In this, Mr. Wood's latest book, his readers will find conciseness, practical idealism, a literary finish, and the results of his ripest study, in lines of spiritual evolution, sociology and all advanced thought.

The symbolism of the Bible is referred to in several chapters, and in the first named "From Pre-Adamic to Human," Mr. Wood classes Adam as "the first and lowest in order among the humanized expressions," and claims that Adam stands for a state of consciousness and as man progresses at each successive step he will continue to develop character until the last Person will discover his full identity with the divine ideal, and this will be at-one-ment. "Sins," Mr. Wood defines "are the mistakes which are incidental and educative during the progressive states of consciousness, as penalties they are corrective ; Salvation is thinking in, accord with *spiritual* perception instead of with and in conformity to *material* sense," and further he states that the reign of disorder and physical dissolution will continue among personal-

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ities which have not out-grown the Adamic view (that man although "a living soul" was and is now, a material being) and that this view will steadily diminish with the unfoldment of the spiritual or Christly ideal. Readers of Emerson will be delighted with the chapter "In the Bush."

The Materialistic Scientist will find much in Chapter 5th to correct his views on Atomic theory. "The meaning of Evil" (8th Chapter) clearly sets forth the diverse opinions of scientists and the views on evil held by various Crudists, Mr. Wood states "Evil is *real* as a relative *subjective* condition, but *unreal* as an objective entity. It is man's faulty practising , and has no seat or power outside of him."

After close and interesting comparisons of different religious systems, the author places the Christian religion, as far superior to all others because "The Christian ideal of confidence and trust, even under divine chastisement, though reflecting upon the deifict character, has in it a kind of prophetic reconciliation and final spiritual beneficence."

Here Mr. Wood's views seem contradictory. How can ought but love and perfection eminate from a just and holy God, man does not line up to the light he has, and so brings punishment upon himself. The Christian religion teaches that a God of wrath sends evil upon his creatures, dreadful punishments and terrors. Later on Mr. Wood conceeds that "If God be All in all, eternal omnipotent, and omnipresent Love, he could noth ave created essential evil or its personification, and as the viewpoint of the Real is approached, evil retreats and dissolves." Surely the Christ within us teaches the non-resistance of Evil, but Christianity as taught and practised by the majority seems to show little of the Christ spirit.

The closing chapter on "Cosmic Consciousness" enables the reader to comprehend the meaning of this rather modern term, and the significant question of what constitutes environment is

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answered that subjectively "environment is a matter of the consciousness."

As every atom of the cosmus has attraction for, and relation with, every other atom, there is mutual dependence in the broadest sense and the cosmic consciousness stretches beyond one order and one system and includes a cultivated oneness and interrelation with the universe of Eternal Mind and Spirit. "This Totality we call God."

HISTORY OF MEDICINE. By Alexander Wilder, M. D., New Sharon, Maine. New England Eclectic Publishing Co., 1901. 946 pp., $2.75.

A brief outline of Medical History and Sects of Physicians, from the Earliest Historic Period; with an extended account of the New Schools of the Healing Art in the Nineteenth Century, and especially a history of the American Eclectic Practice of Medicine, never before published. An extended review will appear in these columns later.

EXCHANGES.

The Theosophical Review. Edited by Annie Besant and G. K. S. Mead, May 15, 1901, London.

This excellent periodical seems to have lost none of its interest. The Man on the Watch Tower continues to relate the wonders that he sees, and to criticise fearlessly. The paper on Thought-Power, its Control and Culture is continued, and also that of Mrs. Judson, setting forth Theosophical Teachings in the writings of John Ruskin. The similarities of these are ingeniously presented, and are well worthy of careful consideration. Such sentiments as these are worthy of a conspicuous setting.

"A nation does not strengthen by merely multiplying and diffusing itself. It multiplies its strength only by increasing as one great family, in perfect fellowship and brotherhood."

"If there is any one point insisted upon throughout my works more frequently than another, that one point is the impossibility of equality. My continued aim has been to show the eternal superiority of some men to others, sometimes even of one man to all

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others; and to show also the advisability of appointing such person, or persons to guide, to lead, or even on occasion to compel or subdue their inferiors according to their own better knowledge and will."

"I believe that the masses have a right to claim education from their government, but only so far as they acknowledge the duty of yielding obedience to their government. I believe they have a right to claim employment from their governors; but only so far as they yield to the governors the direction and discipline of their labor."

"Never can a stable society he built, if we start by disregarding Nature, and treat as having right to equal power the ignorant and stupid, the criminal and the saintly; on that uneven ground no edifice that will endure can ever be based."

Mr. Mead, always scholarly and instructive, continues his search into evidence in regard to the authorship of the Gospels. Recognizing the Letters of Paul as the oldest historic documents, he shows conclusively that, although the four Gospels were probably in circulation after 150, there is nothing to show their acceptance before the year 110. That there was a Gnosis, or Wisdom-Theory, appears, however, from this sentence of Clement of Alexandria: "To James the Just and John and Peter was the Gnosis delivered by the Lord after the Resurrection. These delivered it to the rest of the Apostles, and the rest to the Seventy."

Mr. Mead will pursue this subject in future numbers.

—X. X.

The July special mid-summer number of the *Phrenological Journal* contains *a sketch of the late Mrs. C. F. Wells.* There is an attractive article on The Hall of Fame, illustrated with many beautiful and rare portraits.

Phrenotype (36) by H. S. Drayton, M. D.

The Child Culture Department is particularly instructive this month. Helpful articles on Hygiene, Food and Disease among children by Drs. Holbrook, E. P. Miller, and C. H. Shepard. There is a highly instructive article on Negroes and their Characteristics by J. A. Fowler.

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LIST OF ADVANCE THOUGHT PUBLICATIONS.

We receive subscriptions for all the periodicals in this list, and will give club rates upon request for any combination of these with THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

ABIDING TRUTH. Monthly. 50c. a year. Peabody, Mass.
ADEPT. Monthly. 50c. a year. Minneapolis, Minn.
AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGIST. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Washington, D. C.
AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGY. Monthly. $5.00 a year. Worcester, Mass.
ARYA BALA BODHINI. Monthly. 50c. a year. Adyar, Madras, India.
BANNER OF LIGHT. Weekly. $2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
BRAHMAVÂDIN. Monthly. Rs. 4 a year. Madras, India.
CHRISTIAN. Monthly. 50c. a year. Little Rock, Ark.
CHRISTIAN LIFE. Quarterly. 50c. a year. Morton Park, Ill.
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
COMING AGE. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
COMING EVENTS (Astrological). Monthly. 5s. a year. London, England.
COMMON SENSE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
DAS WORT. Monthly. $1.00 a year. St. Louis, Mo.
DAWN. Calcutta, India.
DAWNING LIGHT. Weekly. $1.00 a year. San Antonio, Tex.
DOMINION REVIEW. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Toronto, Canada.
ECCE HOMO. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Richmond, Va.
ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Brooklyn, N. Y.
ESOTERIC. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Applegate, Cal.
EXPRESSION. Monthly. 6s. 6d. a year. London, England.
FAITH AND HOPE MESSENGER. Monthly. 50c. a year. Atlantic City, N. J.
FLAMING SWORD. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
FOOD, HOME AND GARDEN. Monthly. 50c. a year. Philadelphia, Pa.
FRED BURRY'S JOURNAL. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Toronto, Canada.
FREEDOM. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Sea Breeze, Fla.
FREE LIFE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Ringwood, England.
FREE MAN. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Bangor, Me.
FREETHINKER. Weekly. 2 pence a copy. London, England.
HANDS AND STARS. Monthly. 50c. a year. Atlantic City, N. J.
HARBINGER OF LIGHT. Melbourne, Australia.
HARMONY. Monthly. $1.00 a year. San Francisco, Cal.
HEALER. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Brooklyn, N. Y.
HERALD OF PEACE. Monthly. 50c. a year. London, England.
HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Ilfracomb, England.
HERMETIST. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
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HUMAN FACULTY. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
HUMANITARIAN. Monthly. 6s. a year. London, England.
HUMAN NATURE. Monthly. 50c. a year. San Francisco, Cal.
IDEAL LIFE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Columbus, Tex.
IMMORTALITY. Quarterly. $1.00 a year. Syracuse, N. Y.
INDEPENDENT THINKER. Hy. Frank, Editor. Monthly. $1.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY. Monthly. 75c. a year. Kokomo, Ind.
JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. Quarterly. $3.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
KOSMOS. Quarterly. $1.00 a year. Vineland, N. J.
LICHTSTRAHLEN (German). Monthly. $1.00 a year. West Point, Neb.
LIFE. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Kansas City, Mo.
LIGHT. Weekly. $2.70 a year. London, England.
LIGHT OF THE EAST. Calcutta, India.
LIGHT OF TRUTH. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Columbus, O.

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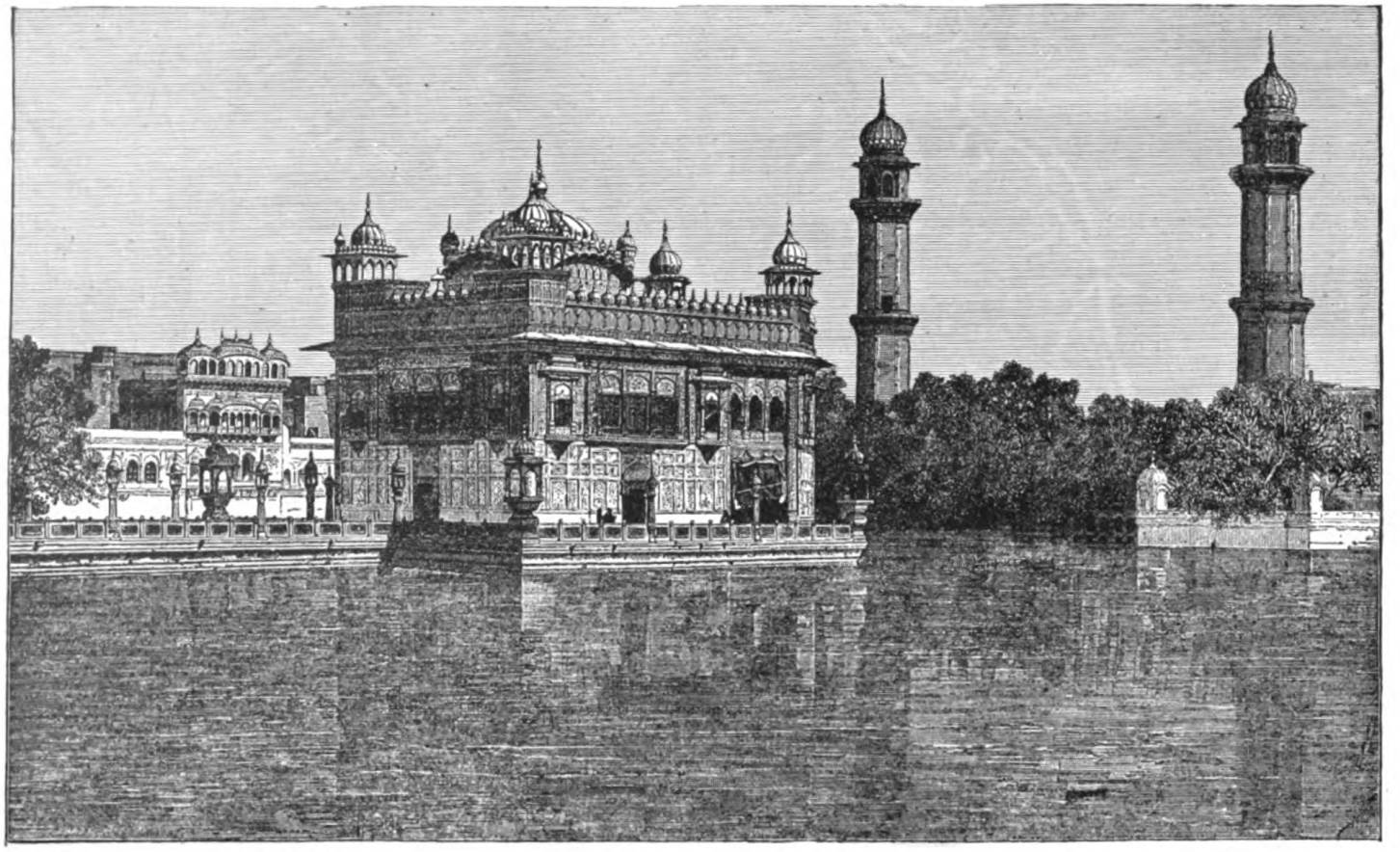
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LYCEUM. Weekly. 50c. a year. Cleveland, O.
MEDICO-LEGAL JOURNAL. Quarterly. $3.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
MEDIUM. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Los Angeles, Cal.
MERCURY. Monthly. $1.00 a year. San Francisco, Cal.
METAPHYSICAL KNOWLEDGE. Monthly. 50c. a year. Baltimore, Md.
MIND. Quarterly. 12s. a year; 3s. a copy. Williams & Norgate, London, England.
MODERN ASTROLOGY. Monthly. $3.00 a year. London, England..
MONIST. Quarterly. $2.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
MORNING STAR. Monthly. 50c. a year. Loudsville, Ga.
NATURARZT. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
NAUTILUS. Monthly. 50c. a year. Portland, Ore.
NEW CRUSADE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Ann Arbor, Mich.
NEW MAN. Monthly. $1.00 a year. St. Louis, Mo.
NYA TIDEN (Scandinavian). Monthly. 50c. a year. Minneapolis, Minn.
OCCULT SCIENCE LIBRARY. Monthly. $1.50 a year. Chicago, Ill.
OCCULT TRUTHS. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Washington, D. C.
OPEN COURT. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
PALMIST'S REVIEW. Quarterly. 5s. a year. London, England.
PHILISTINE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. East Aurora, N. Y.
PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE. $8.00 a year. London, England.
PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Monthly. $3.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Monthly. $1.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. $2.25 a year. London, England.
PRABUDDHA BHARATA. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Kumaon, India.
PRICE'S MAGAZINE OF PSYCHOLOGY. Monthly. $3.00 a year. Atlanta, Ga.
PROGNOSTIC STAR GAZER. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
PROPHET. Monthly. 75c. a year. Oaklyn, N. J.
PROPHETIC MESSENGER. Monthly. 50c. a year. Minneapolis, Minn.
PSYCHE. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Cambridge, Mass.
RADIX. 10c. a number. Boston, Mass.
REALM. Monthly. 50c. a year. Toronto, Canada.
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Weekly. $1.00 a year. San Francisco, Cal.
REVUE DE L'HYPNOTISME. Monthly. $3.00 a year. Paris, France.
SECULAR SCIENCE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
SECULAR THOUGHT. Weekly. $2.00 a year. Toronto, Canada.
SUGGESTER AND THINKER. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Cleveland, O.
SUGGESTION. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
SUGGESTIVE THERAPEUTICS. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
SUNFLOWER. Monthly. 75c. a year. Lily Dale, N. Y.
TEMPLE OF HEALTH. Monthly. 25c. a year. Battle Creek, Mich.
THEOSOPHICAL FORUM. Monthly. $1.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Monthly. $2.75 a year. London, England.
THEOSOPHIST. Monthly. $5.00 a year. Madras, India.
THE SPHINX (Astrology). Monthly. $3.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
THE VEGETARIAN. Weekly. 6s. 6d. a year. London, England.
THRESHOLD LAMP. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
TORCH. Monthly Nottingham, England.
TRUE WORD. Monthly. Seattle, Wash.
TRUMPET. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Oakland, Cal.
TWO WORLDS. Weekly. $1.60 a year. Manchester, England.
UNITY. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Kansas City, Mo.
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD PATH Monthly. $3.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
UNIVERSAL TRUTH. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.

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TEMPLE OF AMRITSAR AND THE LAKE OF IMMORTALITY

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THE

METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. AUGUST, 1901. No. 2.

THE PANTHEON OF THE NORTH.*

BY AXEL E. GIBSON.

"Listen to the songs that reach us
From the realm of ancient North,
Whose deep-flowing thought shall teach us
Truths, through living deeds set forth;
Hear the Norna how she warns you
From her depth of world-wide lore,
Waiting earnestly to guard you
Over to Valhalla's shore."

"At the bottom of all mythology," Pythagoras is reported to have said, "lies a sunken religion." If this be so, mythology is no longer to be regarded as the pitiable remnant of the idolatry and reasonless Nature-worship of a people's child-life. Those again who call mythology the outcome of deception and dupery forget, that, as Carlyle expresses it, "Quackery was never the originating influence of such things; quackery is not the health of such things, but the sign of their decease; the sure precursor of thei being about to die! A most mournful hypothesis, that of quackery giving birth to any faith, even in savage men. Quackery gives birth to nothing, gives death to everything." Nor is the seriously inquiring mind satisfied with the view, that mythology is a mere allegory—a sort of poetic phantasmagoria, or aimless sportings

*The inner meaning of mythology. The character of the race from whose heart the Norse mythology has sprung. Philological evidences. Correspondence between Zend-Avesta and the Norse mythology. The Edda-books. The dawn of existence. Ygdrasil—"The World-tree,"—and its correspondencies in other mythologies. Mimer—the "Logos" of the Norse mythology. The Nornas—the goddesses of fate and destiny.

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of the phantasy. The allegory is the mere garb or vesture in which the truth is clothed. Thus the allegory presupposes the reality. The fable could never have preceded the maxim, nor the symbol the thing to be symbolized.

The mythology of a people depends for its moral and philosophic depth on the character and inner development of that people. In this respect the Scandinavian, in perhaps higher degree than any other mythology, holds claim of superiority. The people from whose hearts this marvelous system of faith once found an outlet have by all writers on mythology and ancient history received the amplest recognition for prominence in valor, virtue and faith. Julius Caesar, in his "Annals of the Gallic War," pays the highest tributes to the honor and sterling integrity of the North-Germanic race with which he had come in contact. He says they loved war, not because of a brutal delight in slaughter, but because it gave vent to the innate feeling in their nature of an unconquerable energy, prompting for expression. "They are true and faithful to their wives," observes the crowned chronicler, "and hold strongly on the sanctity of domestic life." Poetry and song they regard as sacred arts—gifts from the gods. Tacitus, in his book "Germanica," is wording the same sentiments. He mentions that their chiefs were also their judges and spiritual instructors. The striking similarity of their features and general looks gives him occasion to believe that they belonged to an original, unmixed race. He finds them without exception to have blue, serious-looking eyes, yellow hair and gigantic bodies. "Their national life bears a deep religious stamp, and they worship in sacred temple groves." A trait which more forcibly than others struck the Roman historian, who was used to the frivolity and inconsistency of the domestic life in his own country, was the veneration and sincere affection with which these barbaric men devoted themselves to their wives and children.

The field where the spirit of this remarkable people most forcibly could exhibit itself is the old Scandinavian peninsula and Iceland—called by the Goth Jornandes "the forge of mankind." After hav-

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ing quoted from the French historian Montesquieu some marked passages relative to Scandinavia, that "It afforded the great resources to the liberty of Europe," James Freeman Clark, in his "Ten Great Religions," adds: "We do not know how much of these old Northern ideas may be still mingled with our ways of thought. The names of their gods we still retain in those of our week-days—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Their popular assemblies, or Things, were the origin of our parliament, our congress and our general assemblies. If from the South came the romantic admiration of woman, from the North came a better respect for her rights and the sense of her equality. Our trial by jury was immediately derived from Scandinavia, and according to Montesquieu, as we have seen, we owe to the North, as the greatest inheritance of all, that desire of freedom which is so chief an element in the Christian religion."

The question as to the origin of this people is a disputed one, though the evidence of language points to an ancestry in the old Iranian race. The very name *Svear*, Swedes, is a derivative of the Iranian *Safiz*, Light, a word applied to the snow-clad country of the North, with its light starry nights and dazzling Aurora Borealis, by its prehistorical invaders. In the old mythology earth is often referred to under the name *Hertha*, which in *Zend-Avesta* as *Hethra* also stands for earth. *Odins* both name and character show great kinship to *Ormudz* of the Parsees; *Loke*, the evil principle of the North, is easily recognized as *Ahriman*. The *Asar* of *Valhalla*—God-subordinates—show an unmistakable correspondence to the *Amshapands* of Zend-Avesta; Jotunheim's giants of the North are *Daivas* of the Parsees; the primeval cow *Audumbla*, instrumental in the creation of the Norse-world, has an antetype in the Persian ox *Adudab*, and the creation of the first pair *Ask* and *Embla* in the North mythology shows the intensest relation to the bringing forth of *Meshia* and *Meshiana* in Zend-Avesta. Again *Balder*, the "white God" who is sacrificed in *Valhalla*, performs the same function as *Sosiosh* the Mithraic redeemer. The Bridge *Bifrost*, spanning earth

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and heaven in the North, corresponds to *Chinavat* in Zend-Avesta —the bridge on which the immortals traveled from *Allbordge* to the lower world. The celestial watch-dog in the Northern myth *Surter* has a representative in *Sirus* or *Sura*—the watch-dog in the mythology of the Parsees. Finally the "Holy tree" in the Mazda worship reappears as the "World-tree" *Ygdrasil* in "The Pantheon of the North."

These numerous correspondencies, to which others could easily be added, point irrefutably to a common origin of the two mythologies. The Iranian faith, however, is not the only one which offers correspondence to the Norse-myth. In common with the Grecian mythology the Norse starts creation out of Chaos and Night, from which every thing springs into being. In the "Theogony" of Hesiod, which constitutes the text-book to the Olympic deities, the high-bosomed *Gaia* or Earth emerges from Chaos, which opens the manifestation of Cosmos. In the *Edda*, which holds the index to "The Pantheon of the North" we are also met by Chaos or space—*Giungagap*—out of which the creation of the world proceeds. For out of Chaos rose *Ygdrasil*, the world-tree, whose growth and unfoldment into branches and leaves symbolize the manifestation of the universe.

The central thought in the Norse-mythology is represented in the more or less limited freedom with which the soul moves through the vicissitudes of life. The scope of this freedom is regulated by the extent to which man becomes self-conscious of the power of his will. The unceasing battles raging between the Gods of the North and their remorseless foes, the *Jotuns*, giants, symbolize the struggles forever going on between life and death, freedom and fate, choice and necessity, good and evil. These relentless combats, on the plane of the soul, between the higher and the lower aspects of human nature, find a correspondence in the physical world where light and darkness, warmth and cold, wage their interminable battles, in which sometimes the one, sometimes the other, gains supremacy. The long ice-bound winter with its cold and dark-

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ness, decay and death, constitutes a terrific though natural enemy to the short summer, with its treasured light and warmth, life and growth. From this it follows that all that is good and loving in life becomes associated with light and warmth, and the wicked and evil with cold and darkness. And as the scorching and withering heat of the Egyptian summer made *Typhon*, the Egyptian Satan, a ruler of an all-consuming, everlasting fire-realm, so the long Arctic winter in the North, with decay and death in its wake, gives to the devils of that mythology the character of *Jotuns*—the monstrous giants of cold and darkness.

The *Edda*-books constitute the genesis of the old Norse-faith. There are two *Eddas*; one of them, the oldest, gives a collection of songs and *drapas*, epics, while the other, which is of later birth, forms a collection of narratives in prose. The former is made up of thirty-seven poems, collected from old traditions and family archives on Iceland, and published for the first time at the close of the eleventh century by Samund, an Icelandic priest and poet. The name *Edda*, which means "Mother to grandmother," was applied to the collections because of the traditional in their character. During the course of centuries these myths are transmitted from generation to generation connecting a prehistoric and wholly undeterminable past through a living chain of testimony with historical ages. The prosaic *Edda* is collected and edited by *Snorre Sturlasson*, and its basic elements are derived from the older *Edda*. One may say that the prosaic *Edda* is an attempt to simplify and popularize the abstractions of the poetic *Edda*. From the prosaic *Edda* has sprung the whole Germanic folk-lore, with its famous *Niebelungen-Lied*.

The introductory poem of the poetic *Edda* is called *Voluspa*, or the "Wisdom of *Valan*." This *Valan* is supposed to have been a seeress or prophetess, possessing supernatural knowledge. A few commentators on Norse-mythology have regarded her as an aspect of the *Nornas*—deities of fate and destiny. Again, others have made efforts to reduce her into a Germanic edition of the Christian

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Sibyl, though this latter view is seriously discountenanced by all more advanced scholars. Even a superficial comparison of the two Seeresses will suffice to prove beyond doubt the originality of the Scandinavian *Valan*. Whether *Valan*, however, is to be regarded as a personal reality, whose mighty sweep of vision and penetrating thought enables her to unravel the mystery of human life as embodied in the mighty symbolic drama of the Norse Pantheon, or, as the collective sum of life-experiences, contributed by different authors—in either case, the powerful descriptions of the Kosmic, as well as the individual processes of evolution, in her name bequeathed to posterity, holds the strongest claims on our appreciation and gratitude.

In stanzas of sweeping and powerful rhythm whose vividness and strength of expression hold the reader spellbound, the poetic *Edda* unveils to the mortal eye the creation of Kosmos. Before us lie Chaos and Night:

> "Earth is not for the mortals—
> Nor heaven for the immortals."

Space alone is there spread out like an impenetrable veil over infinitude, holding as in a womb the numberless forms and expressions of life ready to appear in the oncoming cycle of manifestation. In the *Edda*, space is called *Giungagap*, and described as a bottomless, measureless chasm, in which three torrents or springs of unknown source well up, an unceasing flow of primeval energy and substance. In the action and interaction of these three springs lie the nucleus of manifestation. They are called *Vergelmer's*, *Urd's* and *Mimer's* springs, and are carriers of cold, warmth and wisdom. The first one mentioned wells up in the northern part of *Giungagap*, filling the mighty expanse with frosty mists; the second flows out into the south, giving rise to tremulous clouds of vapors, while the third has its outlet in the middle of the abyssmal depths, and acts as a guiding and fashioning intelligence. This latter spring is bottomless and not even the all-piercing thought of *Odin* can reach its source. The symbolical meaning contained in these three springs furnishes

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the key to all the subsequent issues of the mythology, giving it at once the character and dignity of a philosophic and scientific system of cosmogony.

As readily seen, *Vergelmer's* Spring with its source in the extreme North, represents primitive cold, and inertness the negative or material aspect of the universe. Again, *Urd's* Spring, welling up as we have seen in the extreme South, where reigns primitive heat, stands for the positive side of the universe, from which issue forth energy and motion. Finally *Mimer's* Spring, with its source in the center of space—bottomless and measureless—represents the balancing and guiding power of the universe, the spiritual energy which directs the formative processes of the World. Its source is the first Great Cause—the unknown and unknowable, from which flows the ever-active, ever-present providence into the manifested world. The *Edda* relates that the flow from *Mimer's* Spring spreads both to North and South, blending its energy with the Springs of *Urd* and *Vergelmer*, fire and cold, force and matter, and from this interblending the universe commences to assume form and substance. From this first negative and positive division of existence originate all the subsequent pairs of opposites which give change and variety to evolutionary growth. From this first parentage, *Vergelmer* and *Urda*, matter and force, regulated by *Mimer*, *i. e.* conscious intelligence, have come all the numerous children of positive and negative energy, as Light and Darkness, Heat and Cold, Day and Night, Summer and Winter, Life and Death, Past and Future. Again, when applied to the moral or ethical nature of things, these two original poles of being form the background to the manifestations of Good and Evil, Beauty and Ugliness, Joy and Sadness, etc., thus giving rise to the idea of that unceasing conflict in the lives of men between the tendency to good and to evil. As the Gods of the North are merely deified or idealized human characters, we are naturally met on their lofty heights by the same ancient strife, and the same rise and fall of moral action, as is characteristic of the man of to-day, in the

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movements of the actors in the fascinating drama, performed in *Asgard* and *Jotunheim* between the personified forces of Life and Truth, and the spectral shades of Darkness, Falsehood and Death.

The action and interaction of these two opposing forces in the world gradually give rise to concrete forms and substances. The conflict between Light and Darkness gives birth to Day and Night, —the twins of Time—and the infusion of warmth into the cold chasm of *Giungagap*, space, causes universes with living, palpitating entities to swing into existence. The *Edda* symbolizes the evolution of Cosmos in the growth of a tree—the World-tree *Ygdrasil*—whose roots draw their sustenance from the unfathomable wisdom-depth of *Mimer's* Spring. The roots shoot out and spread through all *Giungagap*, with its numberless rootlets interlacing the streams flowing out from *Urd's* and *Vergelmer's* Springs, thus weaving a fabric of abstract substance, the ethereal foundation to coming populated worlds. From this root the *Ygdrasil* shoots up its world-wide trunk, branches and leaves. And here we meet the unfoldment of a most significant and widely known symbol. *Ygdrasil*, the World-tree, constitutes the universe with all its teeming life. With its roots in the eternal and formless, with its trunk forming *Midgard*, the sphere of human beings, it provides in the wilderness of its branches and leaves appropriate dwellings for Gods and entities of ascending divinities, ranging from *Vanaheim*, the abode of nature-sprites, and *Asgard*, the home of the elemental gods and angels, up to the luminous spheres of *Gemles chambers*, the sphere of the blest, where Odin holds court. Above is the highest sanctuary, where *Allfadir*, whose name is not to be mentioned, thrones, in unspeakable majesty and glory, untouched by changes of time and space.

The *Edda* remarks that *Ygdrasil* is invisible to the dwellers of *Midgard* (the sphere of humanity) and only partly visible to *Asgard* (the dwellings of the gods), while *Mimer* alone has the power to see it in its unveiled entirety. There lurks a deep philosophy in this apparently arbitrary statement. It is the announcement of a

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truth, well known to students of the Platonic philosophy—the truth of an ideal and invisible world supporting the material. *Ygdrasil* represents THE WORLD AS IDEA, and its stage of growth and development into a network of branches and leaves corresponds to the gradual externalization of an ideal cosmic prototype or pattern into corresponding material forms and substances. Hence it becomes visible only to the extent that it is crystalized into form. Thus to the inhabitants of Midgard *Ygdrasil* appears as gross substance, which in reality is only its outer covering, with its roots in the unknown center of being, and its branches ramifying into an all-embracing circumference; the tree *Ygdrasil* stands as an abstract type of a manifested Cosmos, with human destinies inscribed on every winding of its innumerable branches, and births and deaths connected with every budding forth or falling off of its leaves..

The conception of a Cosmos under the image of a world-tree is not original with "The Pantheon of the North." The old Veda philosophy conceives of the universe as a tree, the *Aswatha* tree, whose leafy crown serves the gods as sacred dwellings. It is under the sacred Bo-tree that the monk of India, the holy Buddha, finds his Nirvana. In the mythology of old Mexico the dark-colored cypress stands as the image of cosmic manifestation; and in the Assyrian faith the sycamore is subject to religious worship for the same reason. Again, the lotus flower of old Egypt has for untold ages served as symbol for the world-structure. With its root in the bottom of the sea, its stalk in the water and the flower itself opening into the free air, this remarkable flower provides, for a mystically inclined people ample occasion to serve as symbol for the physical, mental and spiritual unfoldment of man and Cosmos. Finally Christianity itself takes part in this universal veneration of world-trees. The lily, which the angel Gabriel gave Mary as a sign of her mission, is yet serving as model for temple structures of Christendom, and consciously or unconsciously stands as the living symbol of the manifested world.

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Mimer, as we have already seen, is the tireless guardian and nurse of *Ygdrasil*. He planted it as seed and has watched it grow throughout the ages. He planted it in the Spring of Wisdom in the center of the world, and through its unfoldments worlds have come into being. *Mimer* is a being of eternity, and like the *word* of St. John, with which he has a striking resemblance, "was in the beginning near God." He is the oldest of the gods, and through him as mediator all that is has passed. He is the *Logos of the North*, the eternal agent of manifestation, through whom, as mediator, the Divine breath became the *fiat*, or created Word. He is the primeval, imperishable architect of Cosmos, fashioning the world in accordance with a plan received from the source of infinite wisdom and power symbolized in the bottomless Wisdom-Spring in which *Ygdrasil* is planted. The correspondence between *Mimer* of the old Norse mythology and *Logos* of the Christian faith is irrefutable.

In the old Vedantic philosophy *Logos* manifests in the world under the uniform action of seven rays of light, symbolically called his "sons." These "sons" constitute force-bearers, and bring the vibrations of the created Word to the utmost limits of the world. In the *Edda* we are told that *Mimer* has also seven sons—the accomplished and ingenious artisans of Cosmos. She says they are engaged in rearing plants and forging minerals for the adornments of Earth. Consequently *Mimer's* seven sons and *Logos'* seven rays express the same cosmologic conception; both the symbols of some inner basic universal truth.

The three Nornas, *Urd*, *Verdande* and *Skuld*, are the symbolic personifications of human fate and destiny. Their history and origin coincide with the history and origin of humanity. They are the immutable administrators of Justice, and the gods themselves must obey their judgments. Representing the sum total of the moral indebtedness of each individual, the Nornas constitute a living, self-registering index to the assets and liabilities of our moral nature. They are also connected with the divisions of time into Present, Past and Future. *Urd*, the oldest Norna, stands for the

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Past; *Skuld*, the youngest, for the Future; while *Verdande*, who both in point of age and function occupies the middle place, is the Norna of the Present.

Urd is pictured as a gray-haired, sinister-looking old woman with deep wrinkles in her face and the expression of a tremulous responsibility lingering on her brow. Holding in one hand the ominous time-glass of mortal days, she seizes with the other the life thread of the individual whose destiny she is computing. The moment his allotted time runs out, the watchful Norna cuts the thread connecting him with earthly existence, and his soul goes to sojourn in other lands. Her judgments bear eternal efficacy, and no artifice or influence can swerve her from the course of immutable justice.

Verdande, the Norna of the Present, is represented as sitting at a spinning-wheel on which she spins the life-thread of the mortals. It is understood that every thought, word or deed of a human being supplies the raw material for the fashioning of this ominous thread. No omissions are made; moment after moment, as the individual speeds on along his course of life, he moulds his own destiny, sows the crop he, himself, is to harvest. The majesty of Justice—remorseless, implacable, unwavering—is deeply ingrained in the consciousness of the ancients. But they also seem to be deeply impressed by the value of time; they recognize the weight of the ever-present *now* and the eternal importance of the moments—the awful witnesses and messengers of our deeds.

Skuld is the youngest of the Sisters of Fate, and is described as a virgin of beautiful appearance. Having freighted the life-thread with its due cargo of destiny, *Verdande* passes it over to *Skuld*, who gives to it the finishing touch of Hope, which always smiles on the mortal form from an indeterminable Future. Thus having transfused its strands with a radiancy of Hope, *Skuld* hands the thread to *Urd*, the supreme judge of the Past, whose decisions are final and irrevocable.

The Nornas have their home in a flowery realm of the *Nether-world* at the edge of *Urd's* Spring, where they, by watching its mys-

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tic flow, augur to coming events. Being the source of primeval heat, *Urd's* Spring symbolizes action in all its phases, the manifestation of formative, constructive energy, and through an unceasing motion maintains the balance of an evolving Cosmos.

With the term Nether-world is understood everything pertaining to the supermundane or supersensual in human nature. It is the sphere of will and motive—the working field of thought and imagination—the playground of love, passion, hate, hope, despair. Its realm is divided in two large provinces termed *Hel* and *Nifle-hel*. The former is a land of never-fading verdure and sunlight, the home of Mimer and the Nornas, extending from the center of *Giungagap* towards the extreme South, while the latter embraces the abode of the *Frost Giants*, the devils of the North and extends towards the extreme North, where the air is ladened with icy, impenetrable mists and everything wrapped up in darkness, frost and solitude. Poised as an insurmountable barrier between the good and the evil world-spheres rises the *Nida-fjall*, a mountain range with precipitating sides. This towering rock-structure protects the home of the good and faithful souls from the blasting influences of *Nifle-hel*.

Thus, in the original and true conception of the Nether-world, *Hel* and *Nifle-hel* represent the two distinct and separate poles of human destiny, and the elder *Edda* never makes a mistake as to the distinction between them. In later times, however, in the days of the population of the younger or prosaic *Edda*, which work to some extent is influenced by the growing Christian thought then invading the North, the two names are made to signify the same character, and *Hel* looked upon as identical with *Nifle-hel*.

The Nether-world holds the Purgatory and Paradise, and the famous poem of Dante does not, either in descriptive force nor soul-stirring realism surpass the awe-inspiring grandeur with which the poetic *Edda* unfurls the horror of the fate awaiting the wicked and forlorn. *Hel* and *Nifle-hel* contain numerous sub-divisions, each with a set purpose. In *Hel* we find the sunny and lovelit homes of the Nornas; *Mimer's* groves, or "Heaven," *Breidablik* (*Balder's*

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home); *Hoddgoda* (*Thor's* home); *Vanaheim* (the home of *Mimer's* sons and other nature-sprites); while *Nifle-hel* encloses in its vast sombre domain *Narstrand* or "Hades;" *Amsvartner's Lake*; *Lyngvedisle's* rocks; The Nine Dens of Agony—places of suffering or punishment. In these dwellings will be meted out to the soul its proper deserts, in perfect accordance with the ways of evil or good chosen while living on earth.

What in the Christian faith is called Purgatory has its unmistakable correspondence in the "march of the disembodied souls to the tribunal of Justice." This march proceeds along a path called "All Souls' Highway," because of being a road common to all who have passed the portal of death, though the length of time required for the journey and the ordeals and difficulties to be overcome differ with the differences of character and development. The idea symbolized in the weird adventures experienced by the soul during its journey on this thoroughfare in the Nether-world is the cleansing and purging of the soul prior to its admission in the light-spheres of immortal life. Even the wicked souls have to pass through this preparatory trial, as it is first after the arrival at the tribunal of Justice where *Urd*, the oldest of the Nornas, presides, that the roads part, since the "wheat" is separated from the "chaff." Meanwhile the hosts of souls move in the direction of *Urd's* Spring, and innumerable are the trials and sufferings to be endured before the destination is reached.

There is a startling similarity between the internal structure of this hoary mythology and some of the articles of faith held by the Christian Catholic Church. As we know, this Church, in its Purgatory, or metaphysical Nether-world, has also a "Hel," a place of purification, intervening between physical death and the final beatitude of the soul, if at all attainable.

The old Norna separates the wheat from the chaff. The righteous souls depart for the "Evergreen worlds of the blest" to enjoy a just reward of consuming felicity. At the entrance of these sacred precincts they are met by *Iduna*, the keeper of the apples of

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immortality, of which the souls are invited to partake. Thus rendered immortals, they are brought by the *Valkyrias*, the guardian angels, into the presence of the noble *Asahs*, the semi-gods and celestial dignitaries. In Odin's court, in company with *Asars*, the blest souls spend their time in happy sports on the sacred *Ida-vallen*—the mount of Ida—practicing archery, spear-throwing, fencing, and other games and pastimes worthy of the gods. The qualifications required of the soul for its admission into these felicities are summed up in a life of spotless valor while on earth and to have suffered death under the heat of righteous battles. In the throes of death the *Valkyria* reveals herself to the fallen brave, and after ended death-struggles wraps him to her bosom, winging her way to regions where change and death gain no entrance.

If the destinies of the virtuous souls are overflowing with joy and happiness, the fate awaiting the cowards and faithless souls are equally intense in terms of punishment and suffering. Having received their "guilty" from the stern lips of the immutable Norna, the luckless souls are hustled off to the cavern-silences of an ever death-frozen *Nifle-hel*—the icy "inferno" of the North.

This is the infernal region of the North, the dramatic vigor and symbolic intensity of which is surpassed by neither a Dante nor a Milton in their treatment of the same idea. It may be possible that Dante borrowed his conception of an icebound hell from the Norse mythology, with which he might have become acquainted through the Norse sea-kings, who at that time in great numbers visited Italy. Though this conception of a frost-bound hell in the Norse Pantheon may have a natural basis in the almost insurmountable difficulties to be battled against in the form of cold and darkness—the natural enemies to life and growth—yet there may also have been a deeper basis for this view. The compilers of this ancient system of faith were metaphysicians, and it may be possible that they have associated the forlorn and perishing soul with the extinguishing of that vivifying spark of spiritual life, through which alone the individual existence is supported. When a substance or

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organism dies, it turns cold and frigid, and the death of the soul, which is symbolized in the agonies of *Nifle-hel*, may not unreasonably be thought of as subjected to corresponding conditions.

AXEL E. GIBSON.

TRUTH.

BY EUGENE A. SKILTON.

"I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre."—Shakespeare.

"What is truth?" Man has always known what truth is. Truth in the abstract has always appealed to man, and yet all his knowledge will fail to describe it. Therefore, the scoffer, long before Pilate, to justify his actions, had but to ask, "What is truth?" and the most devout or the most learned were silent, bewildered to find an answering expression. One might as well ask, "What is abstract life or being?" The answer is self-evident, but only can be felt, not expressed; Descartes' "I think, therefore I am," describes it better than any definition. We know the truth by intuition.

The foundation of all truth is in the reality of being, not in the mere appearance (for appearances are deceptive), but in the fact, the truth, of being. The origin of all being, must therefore, be the elemental truth. The Heart of Truth is appalling. Goethe said: "It is a torch, but an enormous one, for which reason we approach it blinkingly, and are afraid of burning ourselves.'

Truth is omnipresent. Falsehood is but a vain covering of truth that is desired to be hidden. The lie is but a false statement of what is truth, of what is reality, but is intended to deceive. Error is truth, as it is the culmination of laws not correctly interpreted. All is truth, all is being. The not-truth is the not-being, the unpotential nothing.

The scientist seeks truth in the depths of wisdom; his goal is the abstract truth. If he is a geologist, he hopes to find it in the mys-

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teries of the world and its forces; and yet if he felt that he could but snatch a glimpse, his heart would first turn to clay. The chemist or physicist analyzes elements in vain endeavors to enslave the truth, yet he knows scarcely where to commence in analyzing life. Truth is not chemical, but if it were, the boldest man would fear it.

The astronomer looks out into space and loses himself in the unfathomable mazes of universes, to find the great heart of truth. He discovers a law of nature, perhaps it is gravity; his heart swells up within him—but for a moment; his soul finds that this is but a veil to shut from him the sight of its being. What is gravity but one truth of the Great Truth? We know that gravity is a law from the effects that it produces, but why or wherefore, we know not. Yet were the veil lifted for an instant, the astronomer, fortified behind a thousand telescopes, would shrink from looking on it.

The mathematician gropes amid the labyrinth of figures and knows truth—it is self-evident; yet the mystery is still there; he sees it in the line, in the angle, in the circle, and it ever bids him stand. He may lose himself in the unlimited mazes of Time and feel the awful eye of Truth staring at him from the infinity that he is attempting to render asunder in finite portions, yet he dares not, cannot see the Soul of Truth, for the finite cannot look upon the Infinite.

Some one has asked, "Where is truth but in the soul itself?" We would rather ask, "Where in all this great universe of universes is not truth?" Truth is everywhere. Truth is infinite, and man in his limited sphere cannot follow it into the infinity. Athanasius interpreted Christ's saying, "I am the truth," as asserting that He is the very principle and origin of all reality and existence. What an awful thing, then, it must have been, to stand brazen, like Pilate looking unconsciously into the very eyes of Truth and sneeringly ask, "What is truth?"

"Truth," said Goethe, "contradicts our nature, while error does not; for truth demands that we know ourselves as limited; error, on the contrary, flatters us." Thus it is in art. Truth is Perfection. The goal of the sculptor is truth, yet it baffles him; the artist wields

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his brush in vain to catch but a semblance of truth. He knows it, but it eludes his grasp. Alas! "Art is long, but life is short."

Infinite truth cannot be painted on the visible canvas of sense and perception any more than the musical master can find the soul and truth of his melody and transmit it in perfection to notes of the achromatic scale. Its infinite voice is beyond the ken of human expression—"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

EUGENE A. SKILTON.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE CRIMINAL.

A SUGGESTION FOR HIS REFORMATION.

BY M. J. ADAMS.

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man."—Pope.

Could the gifted author of the above lines have realized in advance of his time the extent to which this thought is capable of being carried, as evidenced at the present time, he might have marveled over the keenness of his foresight. In every clime, busy as bees, eager students are delving in the fields of psychic phenomena in search of the seemingly unknowable in man, and with an encouraging degree of success.

Every novel theory, every wonderful discovery or invention must meet with the query: "Is it practicable, has it a commercial value or can it be brought to such a point?"

In the present age of investigation, of untiring energy on the part of great minds, from the apparently impracticable have evolved in the realm of science, grand achievements that startle the world. Man's conception of things becomes broader as prejudice is lessened. The rut in which our grandfathers traveled is rapidly being effaced, and in looking about us we see little to remind us that those sturdy old

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gentlemen ever existed. In dealing with the law-breaker, however, there has been little advance over the systems in vogue generations back. It is a question for consideration whether those now in use for punishment or reformation of the criminal are conducted upon lines that will to any degree of certainty secure his reclaimation. The loss of liberty, the infliction of duties which may directly oppose the tastes or inclination of the individual in the hands of justice, are methods of punishment that in time will bring about a condition of mind not at all favorable to complete reform.

The poor unfortunate addicted to the abuse of intoxicants spends his nights in the county or city jail, or, if his face becomes over familiar to the police judge, is, perhaps, sentenced to the workhouse. After the expiration of his term he goes out to the world, only to return after a time to the institution he left, not a whit reformed by his previous stay which was enforced by the authorities.

Should not an effort be made to cure him of the drink habit? The man who commits a crime is sent to the penitentiary; would it not be beneficial to the public if the habit of committing crime were removed? And crime, in most cases, is a habit, which, if scientifically handled, might be obliterated. Various kinds of habits are being cured by psychological means. Why not apply the same to the confined criminal? At least an effort might be made, and if success follows—my earnest conviction is that it will—a priceless boon will have been conferred upon society.

The chastisement of a child may or may not have the effect desired by the parent. A mild rebuke, kindly given, more frequently prevents a repetition of the deed for which punishment was administered. A short talk explaining wherein the child was wrong, might create a lasting impression, even if the offense had been premeditated. In the case of the criminal, however, punishment, necessarily, comes first, and a short talk, using a psychological method, which will be explained later on, might follow. To one the loss of liberty may be a greater punishment than the task imposed

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upon him; to another *vice versa;* and still another may be indifferent to both, as in the case of the so-called hardened criminal.

Mind is master over matter, and also over itself. The verification of this is seen at every turn in the daily walks of life. There are two phases of the action of the mind—the voluntary, or material, which dies with the body, and the involuntary, or spirit mind, or soul, which is immortal. The latter has control over the functions of the body, operating during the waking state either with the external tendencies, or independently. During sleep it has full control.

When we awake in the morning we feel refreshed or otherwise, as the sleep has been sound or disturbed: if sound, the senses have been in complete abeyance, and we might as well have been dead for aught we knew of what transpired during the time of repose. The soul, or spirit mind was then the master.

It is the power of this spirit mind that we should aim to reach if we hope for a reformation of the criminal. The incarceration of the offender and the attending punishment, whatever form it may assume, are incomplete means to the end in view. When the law has passed sentence and that sentence has been carried out, justice is satisfied. But justice is not reform.

In order, then, to complete the possibilities for a reformation that will be lasting, the spirit mind must be reached. Religious exercises or exhortation may have effect to a degree, but the effect seldom endures unless a person's actions in life in the outer world have been on most occasions influenced by such teachings. The depriving of liberty and daily task will not in all cases work a reform.

If the means mentioned are not productive of the desired results, how may this power within us be otherwise reached?

Let daily or even weekly talks of short duration—say fifteen minutes—be given, preferably daily. Plain words, kindly spoken should be used—an appeal to the better side of the nature, the speaker impressing upon the minds of his hearers that they possess such, at the same time stating that their course in life may be a right one. No religious expression should be used. Appeal

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to them as men—not as beings responsible to God for their actions. While the latter is good and desirable, and may be used at other times, it should not be used in this connection. Uplift them by these brotherly talks, to a realization of their position, that they can and will lead correct lives when they again take places among their fellow-men in the outer world.

The hearers might to advantage close their eyes during the talk. Some writers advocate a hypnotic sleep in order to reach the spirit-mind. But it is being demonstrated that sleep is not necessary. Attention is secured by having the eyes closed, and attention is all that is required. Let the hearer be comfortably seated with muscles relaxed. When the eyes are closed we can think better, and during the suggestive talk thought is the factor in this theory for reform.

After a few talks the prisoner finds that he has something to think about, and think he will. He will feel that a change is coming over him, and this change will be noticeable to others. He will begin to dwell upon the good resolutions that were suggested to him and question if it would not be wiser and better to alter his course in life when the prison doors have opened for his release. Finally it becomes a fixed fact in his mind and he will do it.

I believe the most hardened criminal is within the reach of right suggestion.

Compulsion must not enter into the method. At the outset a request to hear the talks may be made. Some may not at first feel inclined to comply, but they will wheel into line when others tell of the few moments of respite they enjoyed.

If given a trial, this method might, in the majority of cases, prove a valuable adjunct to means now used for reformation of the criminal.

M. J. Adams.

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THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF AMRITSAR.

CENTER OF THE SIKH FAITH.*

BY MRS. MARIE B. SMITH.

The word "Sikh" means Disciple, and was used by this sect in acknowledgement of their dependence on their pastors or Gurus. Nanak, the first of the ten Gurus, who ruled in the Punjab and founded this sect, tried to bring about a union between Brahmans and Mahomedans, on the common ground of belief in the unity of God.

He taught that every man should submit himself to a Guru, or spiritual guide, for his whole life. The fourth Guru, Ram Das, was permitted by the great Abar to found the city of Amritsar, just east of Lahore, and he purchased the lake called "The Pool of Immortality," which, with the Golden Temple, became the center and sacred altar of the Sikh community, and for three centuries has been their Jerusalem.

The Sikhs believe that all who look upon this lake live, and those who bathe in its waters enter the Sikh Paradise. The lake extends in all directions five hundred and thirty feet, and is surrounded by a marble pavement twenty-five feet wide, the ground stone is white marble varied by alternate black and brown marble. Along this spotless margin grow beautiful trees under whose shade sit the worshippers in calm joy; on the outer margin of this pavement are charming houses, the homes of the Sikh nobility and chiefs, who come from all parts of India to worship there. Like all Hindus in Benares, it is the dream of their life to die within sight of the Pool of Immortality and its Golden Temple.

Arjun, the fifth Guru, compiled their Bible, The Granth or book. In this work all idolatry is taught to be a crime. It is kept

*See frontispiece.

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wrapped in rich cloths within the sacred shrine of the Temple, all sides of which are covered with richly painted verses from the sacred Granth.

The ninth Guru, Teg Bahadur, had remarkable military qualities for which he was captured by the Mogul Emperor Aurangzeb, and tortured to death; but this failed to overpower the sect, and they continued to live long after the Mogul Empire decayed.

Govind Singh, the tenth Guru, was son of Teg Bahadur, and gave the whole sect a martial quality converting it into a vast fearless army, resolved on national independence. He abolished caste, declared the perfect equality of all men, and added the name of Singh (Lion) to their other names. The hair was to be worn long, and, in token of hostility to the Mussulman, a sword must be carried. Short trousers were worn, tobacco must never be used, idols never worshiped. He instituted a baptismal rite (Pahul) and exacted an oath, never to mix with excommunicated persons, nor to bow to any save a Sikh Guru, and never to turn ones back upon a foe. In time the whole Punjab came under their control. Under this tenth Guru the sect rose in power, and England fought them forty-one years to gain possession of the Punjab, as it controlled the Afghan Khaiber passes into India.

The final conflict for its possession was fought at Gujerat, the old scene of the victory of Alexander the Great over Porus. The Sikhs risked everything and lost *all*. The great diamond, The Kohinoor, was among the spoils and was sent to Queen Victoria by John and Sir Henry Lawrence. No braver soldiers ever fought on India's battle fields than the Sikhs and their weapons are among the most formidable implements of warfare. Those belonging to their Gurus, were believed to be holy and many of these weapons are kept in an upper room in the great gateway of the Golden Temple.

The Sikh chiefs made desperate warfare against England for their faith and homes. The English granted them a measure of local rule and left all their religious privileges undisturbed. Punjab signifies "The five rivers," which make the historic Indus; they rise far back

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among the Western Himalayas and their great current flows into the Arabian Sea.

The most populous and wealthy city in the Punjab is Amritsar with its 134,000 inhabitants and its important silk factories. The great attraction of this city is the dazzling Golden Temple, which is built on a platform in the middle of the Pool of Immortality and is connected with the main land by a graceful marble bridge. It is named the Golden Temple because the upper roof is covered with a heavy plating of finest gold. The elements have no power over it and it has been shining on from century to century, the blazing sun reflecting its golden light in the lake and throwing its glory into the eyes of the pilgrims for more than three hundred years. Around the central roof are a number of other smaller ones. The upper corri-- dors and balconies have their separate roofs, the whole forming an harmonious cluster and such a combination of golden surface that the sun's reflection is intense. All sides of this Temple are covered with richly painted verses from the Granth (the Sikh Bible). The Temple is itself a book, as every word of this sacred volume is somewhere repeated on this sacred structure and it is a sight without parallel. This Punjab so resplendent in architectural beauty is Alexander's land, and the doors opened by his army 327 B. C. have never been closed.

Selencos Nicator, who founded the Syrian monarchy, became possessor of India, having compromised with Chandra Gupta, the Indian chief, by giving him his daughter in marriage, while the Greek accepted five hundred elephants from the Oriental ruler.

The learned Megasthenes was sent to the Indian court as ambassador. He traveled extensively and on his return to Greece wrote his book "Indika," This valuable work containing minute information concerning the land conquered by Alexander is lost, but important fragments have been preserved by Strabo, Arrian, and Nearchus. There existed in India at the time of Alexander, one hundred and eighteen separate Kings. No slavery was tolerated, the men were brave, the women chaste; honesty prevailed; no lock was

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needed on any door; the Hindus were truthful, farmers were exempt from war and public duties, and fabrics of various kinds and of rare beauty were manufactured. The Brahmins made forecasts of the rainfall in order to guard against famine, and the philosopher who erred in his predictions was obliged to observe silence the rest of his days. Megasthenes divided all India into eight castes. These castes are not the inflexible divisions of modern times, the present wretched system was not even sanctioned by the earliest Vedas.

Unquestioned Oriental elements appear in Pythagoras and Plato, The arts and sciences were desseminated by way of Bactria, which contained a large Greek population and derived its culture from the northern country. The Hindus originated instruction by apologues also the decimal notation by nine digits and zero. Their year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, thirty minutes, forty seconds. Abu Farjl declared that the arts and sciences of his country were three hundred in number. Rare skill was attained in chemistry, medicine was practiced and their advancement in the art of war was shown, when they led against Alexander a disciplined army of thirty thousand infantry with elephants and war chariots.*

These Aryans started from the sources of the Oxus, began to colonize and fell upon three continents. The *first* outgoing host took a westward path, and on its way founded the Persian Empire; reaching wild and disorganized Europe, it brought it within the grasp of law and order, and created the history of the classic and modern world. It founded the Greek Republics, built and governed Rome, occupied Spain, produced the Teuton race, converted Gaul into France, and peopled and moulded Britain into its present shape and history. Thus the Anglo-Saxon was the direct offspring of Aryan ancestry.

The roots of the most familiar words spoken by Harold and his

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*See Martin's "Progress of British India," and Ludlow's "British India."

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soldiers who fell at Hastings before the Norman, have floated all the way along the Persian pathway, and still live in the Sanskrit taught by Brahmin pundits beneath the palms which fringe the banks of the lower Ganges,

Another Aryan body, or possibly a part of this larger western one, struck a south-western path and Egypt was its miracle. These great movements of the Aryans did not exhaust the homestead; a portion thought it best to go towards the rising sun; they passed down through the Afghan passes upon the plains of the Indus and the Ganges, there set vigorously to work, conquered the country and no aboriginal army could withstand them. They halted in the Punjab and founded settlements along the banks of the Saraswati and there became famous.

Here, the North Behar of the present Hindustan, they created the rich Sanskrit language, produced their immortal bards and sages, and developed that wealth of Poetic Literature which must forever hold a place in the family of the world's great Epics.

Even here, these Aryans found the field too small, and marched farther into Hindustan, finally subjugating nearly the whole of the broad India of to-day, called Aryavartta (Land of the Aryans). Thus we see when Alexander led his army to the Indus, it was the visit of one Aryan brother to another.

MARIE B. SMITH.

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MAN'S MOTIVE AS HIS IDEAL.

BY ANNA LOUISE VESTER.

Man's motive is a thought creation. Effective and powerful, it originates his ideal, molds his character and determines his destiny. Either good or seeming evil consequences may result. So long as he is conscious of only sordid motives his ideal will be of the same order. His character expresses the sum of his thoughts, therefore it will ever revolve upon those forces and lead him into paths of their dictation.

Two agencies are ever seeking for supremacy within him—the material and the spiritual. His divine nature is limitless in its harmonies and involves the infinite, while his baser longings are transient and take earthly forms. These material ambitions, however, may be illuminated by relationship to the higher life, and, thus irradiated, may, even in their materialism, become sanctified. The nobler and more unselfish the motives of the individual, the nearer will he approach divine existence.

Though man's character revolves upon his motives, it cannot always be judged by his conduct. Even when actuated by a motive, if he lack a corresponding will power, he may, under certain circumstances, be persuaded to do an act against his better judgment. If his will power be strong while his motive is bad, he will do only that which his motive prompts.

Had Napoleon combined the benevolence and patriotism of Washington with his unrivaled talent and obdurate will, and freed the French people of the kingly yoke that had galled them for centuries, he would have known no Waterloo. Instead of ignominy and shame, an aureola of glory would have been shed about his name. The world would have rendered unlimited homage to such ideal nobility of character. True, the great Corsican shone as almost no other in the career of genius, but his brilliancy was too meteor-like. His will was stronger than his motive was pure. Colossal selfishness marred his genius and became his destroyer.

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Contrast the character of Bonaparte to that of his exact antithesis, King Louis XVI. Here will-power and decision were lacking to carry out good intentions. The French people, however, in the bloody turmoil of that day, had not our calm observation point, and judged him by his conduct, which branded him a hypocrite and a traitor.

Another case of alleged hypocrisy is involved in the betrayal of Jesus. For nineteen centuries the world has pointed to Judas as the arch-hypocrite of all times. He betrayed Jesus, without a doubt. His remorse and suicide, later, however, resemble the act of a disappointed man who believed in the miraculous power of his friend—that the latter would demonstrate to his persecutors the futility of their attempts to injure him; and the disconcerted apostle learned his mistake too late. How differently character appears when motives for deeds are analyzed!

Embodied envy and hypocrisy is given us by Shakespeare in Iago. Where does fiction present a more execrable figure? Othello by contrast is rendered tolerable; for jealousy, ignited as it was by the designing villain, is vindicatory, while the malignant envy that so warped and deformed the heart of the Moor destroyed its human semblance.

Notwithstanding our hatred of deception, it plays many parts in the great drama of life. Who does not to a certain extent carry with him Iago's sentiment: "I am not what I am?" Seemingly, this is a grievous fault; but, to determine the character of the fault, we must analyze the motive that prompts the action. Even deception becomes human when the motive that impelled it is generous, as does truth-telling become despicable when the incentive for its disclosure is sinister. Who admires the accuracy of Chivigny's revelations to Richelieu in betraying the unfortunate victims of the great statesman's displeasure to him? Self-interest created a human tiger of this spy of the celebrated French Cardinal.

What food is to the life of the physical body, sympathy is to the life of the soul. It is one of the handmaids of the Ideal. We need

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it from childhood to tottering old age. The world would indeed be a barren desert were sympathy to be excluded from it. Our charity and sympathy must be so far-reaching as to cover the small things of every-day life, as well as those of seemingly greater import, to find the strength, symmetry and beauty of our divine being. Tennyson voices this thought when he says:

> "God fulfills Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

That we may find virtue even in deception is vividly illustrated in the notable scenes in "Les Miserables," when Jean Valjean, Hugo's hero of this marvelous work, was a fugitive from justice, and the nun who had never before spoken falsely told the officer of the law that she was alone in the apartment where to her knowledge the hunted fugitive, in his haste, had found concealment. The Sister of Charity knew the history of the mayor of M——, his martyrdom, his Christ-like attributes. Her unselfish sacrifice in uttering the falsehood elevated her character a hundredfold. Thus is every noble thought, every unselfish deed a stepping-stone to a loftier plane of being.

We find the acme of kindliness and refined sensibility in the strong and noble character of the illustrious Madame de Stael. Her intense love and reverence for her father, her tenderness and exhilarations in her friendships of both sexes, present a very chaste and beautiful ideal. Creatures of a low mentality, those in whom the material predominates over the spiritual, have a correspondingly low ideal; and these could not understand the plane of thought that prompted such a friendship and intellectual communication as that which existed for years between the noted author of "Corinne" and the celebrated Chauteaubriand, the great transcendalist Kant, the poet Schiller, the immortal Goethe, and the many of her literary and scholastic friends.

Pure motives refine the nature and increase the capacity for pure enjoyment, and a Platonic friendship is possible only between natures of that fibre. The misinterpreting of their motive

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by the coarse-grained skeptic, who is content if but his passions are glutted and his stomach filled, reveals but his own low mind and common ideal.

Does man, then, not grow from within outward? Can his manhood be separated from his motives? Is not his ideal his Creator? What effect had the monstrous, distorted ideal of the Monks of Mediæval Spain upon their characters? Does not the blood-stained and blackened history of these advocates of the terrible Inquisition disclose the most malevolent and revolting of human monsters? Yes. Craft superseded Love in their teachings of the higher life, enshrouding them with moral and spiritual night.

> "He that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
> Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
> Howling in the outer darkness."

Universal love and kindness for our fellows are the enriching agencies of our characters; and although we are seeking nobler and more elevated ideals in life and religion today than fear and hatred, our optimism is prone to blind us to the negative conditions about us. We like to think that our golden gates are so strong that dangers cannot enter them. Our very wealth and prosperity, however, should make us vigilant lest we sacrifice higher interests upon the altar of Mammon, thus staying the divine touch that makes life radiant with light, and render ourselves slaves to transient negations.

There is a path that broadens toward the Ideal, the infinite source of all; and if we would not stray from the course, we must seek our inner nature, the sacred fire of our spiritual consciousness, when we will find the path illumined, and thus reach our loftiest sphere,

ANNA LOUISE VESTER.

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THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

BY EVA BEST.

(XVII.)

Long Point had been reached by noon; luncheon had speedily followed, and now in the shadow of the trees the Wise Man held his court.

The sea was the stillest sea that ever was known, and above it stretched a vault of turquoise blue, unspotted save by the flocks of lazy gulls that seemed, at times, to poise almost motionless above the quiet waters of the natural harbor.

"The story we've waited so long to hear," began Snowdrop, "is it anything like a fairy story?"

"Which do you like best, Snowdrop, fairy stories or true stories?"

"Oh ,fairy stories *when they are true*," laughed the girl. "And all *your* fairy stories are, sir. So please say this is going to be one, and please begin it by 'Once upon a time'."

"With pleasure, my child, for this *is* a fairy story, one of the true sort you like best. Remember to interrupt me whenever a question suggests itself. All ready? Well, once upon a time, in a country so far from here that I don't believe any of us ever heard its name, lived a certain King who sat upon a magnificent throne, and ruled his people with great severity. He was not a good King, nor a wise King, nor even a kind King, therefore he succeeded in making only misery for most of the poor subjects he governed.

"He was not entirely ignorant of this fact, dimly realizing that a lack of something in himself kept him from being a kind King. To hide this fact from the others, to conceal his lack of that which he himself could not name, he grew more stern than ever, and went such lengths that some of the more powerful nobles rebelled, and muttered their dissatisfaction so loudly that His Majesty caught the purport of their words, and this threw him into such a rage that, to get rid of them (they were too powerful and too necessary to his kingdom for him to have them executed), he appointed them offi-

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cers at the head of his regiments, and sent them off to battle with neighboring countries, remaining at home with only his Court Jester to dare to answer him back in that saucy manner no King, because of custom, dare resent."

"Dared he, the Court Jester, be saucy to the King?"

"Indeed he dared, Pinkie; for it was the custom in those days for Kings to allow Court merry-makers a license, and they might say anything they chose to say, and do anything they chose to do, go where they pleased, and answer to no man, not even to their sovreigns, for their actions.

"The Court Jester was always a witty person with a caustic tongue. 'Caustic,' Pinkie? Anything caustic sears and burns what it touches, and in this case it means that the Jester's tongue knew how to say things that made folks who heard them wince, for he spared no one, not even the King himself, and always the words he said hurt because they were the very truth itself.

"But, after all, it was only the wicked people of the Court that feared and hated the Jester. He felt that it was his mission to get the evil courtiers into trouble with the King, who was only too quick to punish them for every smallest mistake or sinful thing they did. Thus, although the King had sent the most loudly grumbling nobles away, there was plenty of vexation for him and for those who remained at home, thanks to the Jester.

"But no truly good person ever feared the Court Fool, as he was sometimes called. Rather did they look to him for protection, relying upon this same unsparing tongue of his to befriend them with the King; for they could see and feel, for all they called him Fool, how wise and kind and true he really was behind all this jesting and jibing and joking. And many there were who knew that they owed their very lives to the quick-witted Jester, who could, when he chose, pacify the King's wrath.

"Because His Majesty seemed so hateful, everybody hated him, and because they hated him he felt justified in giving them more cause than ever for their ugly feeling, and, as you can imagine, it

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was really a terrible plight the whole kingdom was in, where hate was the active, ruling power, and love an exile from men's hearts.

"Just what would really have come to pass no one can foretell, had not the Jester, who was the only one in the realm that had not exiled love, come, in a most peculiar and unforeseen manner, to the rescue of his brother men."

"Court Jesters are usually dwarfs—stunted little beings whose heads often reach no higher than the knees of an average man, and this Jester was even smaller than usual. Now, most dwarfs are very homely little fellows, misshapen, often, in features as well as in form, and sometimes humpbacked and deformed.

"There were many fine mirrors in the King's grand castle, and the little Court Fool had seen himself reflected in all of them. He was therefore well aware of his lack of loveliness, his imperfect proportions, and all that made him so very different from other people. His clothes were as costly as the King's own, and the wand he carried was inlaid with precious stones; but the lank little legs were as ugly as twisted sticks, and the soft satin folds covered a terrible hump on his back—indeed he seemed all hump, when, by chance, the shining cape fell from his spare little shoulders.

"Yes, he had seen himself in all the mirrors, and had wondered, with the saddest heart in all the world, why it was he must be just this hideous little deformed thing that he was—no more than an excuse of a person. But it was something he could never make out. In vain he looked into all the mirrors for a solution of this mystery.

"In a big empty room of the castle—a room seldom used in ordinary times—there was one great square of looking-glass, into which it was said nobody was ever brave enough to look. It stood flat against the eastern wall of the great apartment, supported by two carved, gilded dragons, on whose frightful heads lay a shelf of purest alabaster. On this ledge the golden frame of the mirror rested, too high to be looked into by anyone standing upon the marble floor, and reflecting only what seemed an expanse of inky

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blackness. Now the walls of the room were decorated in beautifully tinted frescoes, and it was impossible for even the most scientifically wise scholars of the kingdom to explain from whence the blackness which filled the crystal expanse reflected itself.

"Men and women had at times been known to stretch hands high above their heads to see them reflected clearly in the glass; but no one of these had ever been known to have been brave enough to climb up the slender golden ladder that stood ever ready between the monster dragons' heads and peer into the mirror.

"At least, that is what everyone at Court supposed. But there was one old lady, stepmother to the Gentleman Usher of the Black Staff, who could have changed the suppositions of the Court.

"Years and years before, this person, whose curiosity at times drove her into real danger, found herself alone in the big empty ball-room. The temptation to see what others had never seen was too great to be resisted, and in a twinkling the golden ladder was drawn from between the dragons' heads, was placed against the alabaster shelf, and up climbed my lady to the top."

"Oh, what did she see—something dreadful?"

"Very dreadful, I think, Goldie, for she saw her own *self* as she thought and acted in life, and she was an evil old woman, wicked and hateful and false, and bad things have shapes in the invisible world that would terrify us out of our senses could we but look upon them. But what she saw in that mirror no one at the Court—not even her own stepson, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Staff—ever knew. She strove with all her might and main, to forget the awful thing that had reflected itself to her in the mirror, but tried in vain; for that is the peculiarity of Real Things: when once seen they are never forgotten.

"It happened one day that the Jester, chancing to catch this old lady in the very act of poisoning, or trying to poison, the King's mind against a good and honest gentleman of the Court, composed a cutting little rhyme about her, and sang it to the King. Of course he mentioned no names, for he wished only the King to understand

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that *he* understood the wickedness of the woman, and thus warned him of it.

"The old lady heard the little song, recognized herself, and just because she did so easily deserve all he sang of her, she longed to murder the singer. This being impossible, she bethought herself of the next best revenge possible to her, and, swooping down upon the tiny mite of a man, she lifted him in her strong old arms as if he were a baby, and flung him, at last, high above her head onto the alabaster shelf.

"There, you ugly little monster," she shrieked, as she removed the golden ladder so that he couldn't climb down from the high shelf, "stay there, and gaze upon what will blind your eyes with terror!" and away she flew in a rage, leaving the Jester alone.

"But it was nothing terrifying the little fellow saw. Rather was it something that filled him with amazement; for he knew that that which he gazed upon was a reflection of his own Real Self, although no deformity, nor lack, nor imperfection showed itself within the mirror.

"He wondered and wondered and wondered; he questioned and questioned and questioned; but who would answer him—who *could*?

"In the highest tower of this mighty castle lived an old Magician, older than the world, people said, and as wise as wisdom itself; he would go to him, for no one had ever asked him a question he could not answer. He would go at once.

"But no one came into the deserted room, and he knew he would break some, if not all, of his poor little bones if he leaped all that great distance to the floor. All afternoon he hung upon the shelf hoping somebody might chance to pass by in the corridor outside; but nobody came that way.

"Night came. He dared not stretch himself out upon the ledge nor try to sleep, for he felt sure he would roll off, and to roll off, after what had been disclosed to him in the mirror, would have been the very last thing he would have dared to have taken the

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responsibility of doing. So all he could do was to sit there through the long, long night, with his little heels hanging out over the edge of the alabaster shelf, thinking and thinking and thinking.

"Thinking—right thinking—always helps; and it was the very best thing that could have happened to that lonely little Jester, for by the time the daylight began to pour in through the tall, narrow windows of the ball-room he had thought out a lot of things, and, because he was and always had been honest himself, and had never been fooled by what was false, his thoughts were all of them true.

"The thoughts we think ourselves are the ones that count. Other people's opinions are like guide-posts set along the highways of the world—all very well as suggestions; but to stand and read them fails to really take the traveler anywhere. His very own thoughts are what carry him along the road, and fetch him, at last, to the place he started out to find.

"Still, as it is always pleasant to hear 'Yes, this is the city you seek' spoken reassuringly by a native of that city—a someone who lives there, and therefore knows the truth, when one has arrived at the journey's end; so the Jester greatly desired to visit the Magician and hear him say that he had arrived at the proper place, and that his conclusions were correct.

"It was nearly noon before he heard a footfall in the corridor, and discovered a Page passing the open door. He called to the boy to fetch the lunch tray he was carrying to him, bade him reach it up to him, then go and tell His Majesty the King that he, the Jester, had something to say to him concerning a something wonderful he had seen and desired the King to see. The Page lifted the salver carefully, then flew down the corridor.

"Within half an hour there was sound of an approach. The famished little Jester had just finished his bite and sup when the great doors in the southern wall swung open, and in swarmed the Court at the heels of the King.

"Then something happened that had not happened for years and years and years. The King (a magnificent looking man who would,

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had it not been for the dark, ugly scowl forever upon his features, been a handsome man, indeed) began to laugh. The merrier he became the more sober became the Jester, until it seemed as if the Sovereign and the Fool had actually changed natures.

"Long and loud, but rather strangely, laughed the King, as though Merriment and he had never really been on speaking terms, and he found it somewhat difficult to induce the joyous sprite to voice his mirth. The longer he looked the funnier the situation grew, and no one can imagine how it might all have ended had not the Jester suddenly ordered the royal laugher to come and lift him from his perch, declaring that no hands save those of the King should take him from the shelf.

"Shaking with laughter His Majesty reached up, took the dwarf into his arms, and let him slide swiftly to the floor.

"'So *you* are the wonderful thing I am to see? Why there's no wonder in me, Fool, at sight of you—I've grown—too used—'

"'I'm not the wonder that your royal eyes are summoned here to see. Send all these people off, and follow me.'

"Up to the highest tower they climbed, the Jester and the King. At the Magician's door they knocked, and were admitted. There was an imitation throne upon a carpeted platform where the King always sat when he went to consult the Reader of the Stars, and here, as usual, he sat him down.

"'Having foreseen,' began the Man of Mystery, 'the coming of Your Majesties—'

"'*Your Majesties!*' thundered the King—'*Your Majesties*,' forsooth! Hark, sirrah; this Jester is a licensed fool, but—'

"'He speaks the truth,' interrupted the dwarf. 'And, before he ventures further, I ask you to give me your royal promise that nothing he may, in very truth, be compelled to impart to you will cause you to inflict a punishment of any sort whatsoever upon him. It is time you learned the truth; but unless you give me the promise I ask the truth will be withheld.'

"His Majesty glared at the two in angry silence.

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"To enforce the giving of this promise by you, let me make known to you the fact that more than your life, your very soul, is in danger should you refuse to comply with my request. In the apartments of the mighty Magician—'

"'You threaten me—*you?*'

"'It seems necessary in order to obtain your promise.'

"'But—' began the King.

"'You are at the mercy of two very determined men,' interrupted the Jester.

"'Hah!' sneered the King with as much contempt as anger, 'you call yourself *a man*—YOU?' and his great fist lifted itself above the head of the brave little creature before him. But to his amazement the fist he had raised with ease refused to fall. Something mysterious, something unseen, held it just above the head of his intended victim.

"'You see?' cried the Jester significantly, '*Promise!*'"

"And did he promise?" asked Snowdrop eagerly, allowing the master scant time to admire a big fish John O'Connell had just caught and brought to him.

"'Promise'?" cried Brownie, electing himself spokesman. "Why, of course he promised. A big cad that would lift his fist to strike a little fellow like that would promise anything if he found out fists wouldn't, sometimes, fall—pshaw! he wasn't *half* a King, the coward!"

"That's exactly what the good Magician had to tell him," smiled the Wise Man, as John O'Connell, struggling in vain to keep from blushing with pride at the praise bestowed upon him, went back to the little boat in which he had rowed himself ashore.

"What?" demanded the children, not understanding.

"That he was not only not half a king, but not half a man."

"Did he promise he wouldn't punish him before the Magician told him that?"

"Yes, Ruddy; he promised."

"And what did he say?"

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"The very word you Urchins all cried in chorus just now—'*What*'?'"

"And then what?"

"And then the Magician was obliged to explain something which was to this inhuman King the very strangest thing in all the world. He drew a queer diagram on a blackboard on the wall, and by means of the oddest designs ever made by chalk succeeded in demonstrating to the King that every living thing in existence possessed two natures, just as surely as it possessed two halves. The Man of Magic let X equal the unknown quantity, as it were, and named one of the cross-sticks of the letter 'Angel' and the other 'Demon.' And he was made to understand that one of the cross-pieces was always opposing the other—crossing the other at right angles, just as the diagram showed, each striving with all its might to make *itself* the half of the 'quantity' that should be known and recognized.

"Well, he talked and he figured and demonstrated and he proved, until, at length, he stopped to see if the King comprehended what he had been trying to impart to him.

"'You say,' said His Majesty, 'that I am half a king—half a man; then tell me which half am I?'

"The Demon half, Sire," said the Magician quickly, his wise eyes full of a wonder that after all he had been trying to teach him that a question like that needed the asking. 'Your body is big and beautiful and fine, your physical strength kingly, and your material presence a perfect power on its own plane. But, big, beautiful and fine as it is, it is a cowardly thing, and your magnificent presence belies your apparent possession of a heart. You have no heart. And your brain holds a mind that is not much more than animal. It is seldom the X is so widely separated as you, Sire, and your better self seem to have been, and it is rarely that I have had occasion to be called upon to bring together, by aid of my magic arts, such decidedly sundered halves. But I *have* done so, Sire, and for the sake of your wretched kingdom I am willing to do so again.'

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"'Barring one thing,' went on the Magician ('and I warn you that this one thing is made up of so many obstacles you will be obliged to meet and overcome—to attack and conquer—'

"'I shall have to fight?' cried the alarmed sovereign.

"'*Fight*, Sire? That is a mild word to use in describing the terrible exertions you will be forced to make in the fearful combats to come. But do not turn pale, O King, nor tremble with fear; for your heart will be yours by then, and your courage and your wisdom, and you will *choose* to meet the foes you are to conquer. When I have made the two halves one again—the one they should neither of them been allowed to desert—then will you, possessing the nature of both Demon and Angel, be ready to make of yourself a perfect Man—a King.

"'But this Angel you propose to restore to me,' inquired the curious sovereign, 'will it not eternally war with me—the already Demon?'

"'Not eternally—no, but the two forces will do fierce battle with each other, naturally, until one or the other is vanquished.'

"But where is this other part of me—this angelic part of me I seem by your showing to lack?'

"'When at your entrance,' and the Magician's voice was very solemn, 'I addressed my visitors as "Your Majesties," I meant, Sire, only what I said.'

"'WHAT?' cried the King, this time glaring down with frightful eyes at the little fellow standing at his knee.

"'Even so, Sire; he is your better self. When he saw himself in the black mirror below stairs he was made to understand. Why, even apart, Sire, he, in a way, has always ruled you; and you seemed to divine his right to do so; allowing him a thousand privileges, not one of which he used for his own self's sake. His very laugh disarmed you, and he downed the Demon many times when it would have tortured and destroyed your subjects. Often has he been really more king of the people than you; and you, the Demon, savage half, felt this truth.

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"'He is real. He is all that is angelic, brave, compassionate, wise, gentle, merry, true and strong; but the poor, misshapen physical parts that came to him as his share in the terrible separation of self belie him. You, who are all that he is not, are masked in a beautiful body. But let him bring you all you lack—especially the kingly nature of a Real Man—and as I have said before, barring the one obstacle you have to overcome, you will be as perfect a being as ever mortal man may hope to be.'

"'But,' objected the big handsome Demon half of the divided sovereign, suppose that I do not desire—'

"'Heed him not!' cried the Jester. 'I WILL that we be made perfect—begin!'"

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

A smile sits ever serene upon the face of wisdom.

The True, the Good and the Excellent are always simple. Error is elaborate. —*Goethe.*

There is an idiom in truth beyond the imitation of falsehood.

The superior power or executive officer must preside over everything, to promote harmony of action and control all those individual parts of which the whole is composed. Some head must preside over life and all its functions, the same as the monarch does over the realm, or the president over the republic. Nor can this body be without its head centre. Life must have its presiding officer to issue orders, to keep this machinery in existence and in good running order, repair damages and keep all functions running until they can run no longer. This work is specifically commissioned for the express purpose of resisting and assisting to cure all forms of disease, and prolong life to its greatest possible extent. The curative principle is based on the power willed by the mind over the body and each of its parts. —*M. J. Rodermund, M. D.*

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THE BROKEN REED.

BY ETHEL C. KNAPP.

There grew upon a streamlet's grassy bank,
Some rushes, tall and stately, green and fair
And ever gracefully they rose, and sank,
Swayed by the soft and wilful summer air.

Yet one there was, who could not bow, and nod,
All graceful, to the wind's sweet wildwood song,
For it was broken; low upon the sod,
In misery, it trailed its head along.

So useless, seemed the reed, among the rest,
That in the landscape played a pretty part,
As in their robes of brightest green, all dressed,
They seemed fresh springing out of Nature's heart.

But once there came a lowly shepherd lad,
To where the rushes danced, in sunshine bright;
He saw the broken reed, all bowed, and sad,
Then did his face glow, with a smile alight.

He severed it with tender touch, and made
From both its parts, a pipe of mellow tone;
And on it, sweeter music far, he played,
Than by the summer breeze was ever blown.

Glad was the broken reed—it little thought
That in its heart such music hidden lay;
And rapture to each list'ning ear was brought,
That paused to hear the shepherd sweetly play.

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And thus, some soul, that, broken on the Wheel,
Lies drooping, midst those, who in the glory stand,
Mark what a wond'rous song it will reveal,
Responsive to the Master's gentle hand.

Cheer up, sad heart, that stoops with low-bowed head,
Although it seems your day of joy has passed,—
Wait for the One, who comes with softest tread
To waken you to Life and Light at last.

ETHEL C. KNAPP.

The true value of souls is in proportion to what they can admire.
—*Pater.*

We are in the beginning of the irresistible conflict between those who can and do think and those who cannot, and who oppose all who dare reason and act. —*M. J. Rodermund, M. D.*

A subject of study ought not to be abandoned because it is beset with difficulties, nor because for the time being it may meet prejudice or encounter contempt. —*Berzelius*

The Gnostic religion is described by Clement as consisting in a constant attention to the soul, and an intercourse with Divinity as the fountain of universal love. The Gnostics were more scholarly and cultivated than other Christians, and their doctrines and allegories were too recondite to be easily understood. —*A. W.*

The slang editor devises the term *restaurant* from the Latin *res* a thing and *taurus*, a bull—a "bully thing." But would it not rather denote the nature of the beef furnished?

One never goes so far as when he planneth not.—*Oliver Cromwell.*

Every doctrine which tends to elevate the mind and enlarge the heart is true, and every doctrine which works the contrary effect is false. —*Pere De Raignar.*

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The World of Thought

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

CHINESE CIVILIZATION CONTRASTED WITH EUROPEAN.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, the English Positivist, addressed the Nineteenth Century Club, March 18th. He belabored the century that has just concluded for its shortcomings and demoralization, "The ascending of Bismarck in 1871, with his policy of blood and iron" he declared, marked the enthronementof the spirit of conquest, and a species of demagogy.

"We had a long period of African wars culminating in that most disastrous and disgraceful one which is not yet completed. We had the Cuban war and the present scramble for 'loot' in China. The desire for empire reacts on thought, and our poetry has fallen to bloodthirsty doggerel.

"We boast about our great mechanical and scientific progress, but we still see barbarism in China, Africa and India, terrible slums in our cities, and recrudescences in savagery in the lynchings we read about almost daily.

"Our multiplication of mechanical arts has vulgarised life and tended to the luxury and unbridled power of wealth similar only to that seen in the time of Nero."

The inference most naturally drawn for Mr. Harrison's summary would seem to be that Europe and America were more savage than civilized, and becoming brutalized in that respect. This is accentuated by the strong language of a lady in Albany, one of the mis-

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sionaries escaping from China." There can be no peace there," she declared, "till the Empress Dowager, Prince Tuan, and others have been beheaded." This hardly comports with a religion of peace.

On the other hand, Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister to the United States, in the Convocation Address of the University of Chicago, vigorously repelled imputations on Chinese civilization.

"Does civilization," he demanded, "consist of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, electric light, battle-ships, rapid-firing guns, magazine rifles, and a thousand and one things which are regarded as necessary for a progressive people? This would be a very narrow interpretation of the word. Civilization has a broader meaning. with intelligence, order, morality and refinement, for its essential elements. Such a civilization China undoubtedly has."

"The people of the West should study the civilization of China instead of trying to put it down. The Chinese are not addicted to 'ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,' as represented by an American poet. The civilization that has stood the test of forty centuries is far from being effete."

Mr. Wu acknowledged that his people must keep up with the times. "China must take lessons from the western world," he said, but she need not be a servile imitator. Her requirements are peculiar to her position among nations, and to the growth of her national life. By adopting what is best for her welfare and avoiding everything that is not suited, she would transform herself into a modern nation without losing those elements of character which have made her great in the past."

After viewing these two descriptions, it behooves us to make enquiry how Christendom may take lessons in becoming truly civlized and exhibit the superiority which has been so frequently claimed for it.

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LIGHTNING AND HEAT.

The present summer has been characterized by a temperature unusually high and by storms of extraordinary severity. While the region upon the Mississippi and beyond was scourged by drought and torrid heat mounting as high as 110° Fahrenheit, the east has been the play-ground of lightning. Perhaps no one can remember a year in which so many persons lost their lives, and so many buildings were injured and destroyed. A principal object of its antipathy appears to have been the church buildings. There has been little partiality shown; Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist faring alike. It has been a proverb that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. But this is no longer true. Again and again have buildings received the shock in the same storm. The First Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, New Jersey, which was desolated by the wind some years ago and was now rebuilding, was twice struck on the 28th of July, and the steeple shattered to splinters. Two days later a barn was set on fire near New Brunswick, where a second bolt came and put out the flames. Occurences of similar character are reported elsewhere, seemingly incredible yet vouched for by avowed witness.

But for the causes of the intense heat of this summer we have the explanations of a "spruce philosopher." Professor Garrett T. Serviss pronounces our earth "the satellite of a variable star." Our solar system does not pass through the same region of heaven year after year, but flies northward through the unlimited space. The sun itself is, therefore, the sole cause not only of the warmth that we enjoy, but also of the heat which torments us. The spots which have been unusually numerous upon the surface this year like the eruptions of small-pox, are so many places where the pent-up force bursts out, manifesting itself in the extraordinary heat. "For the next four years," we are assured, "these gigantic outbursts will increase in fury, and a corresponding series of terrestial sea-

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sons marked by great excesses of temperature, sudden contrasts and extraordinary cyclonic disturbances will follow."

Professors W. J. S. Lockyer and Edward Bruckner are cited in support of this forecast. Once in thirty-five years, they affirm, there is a periodical variation of climate over the whole earth, and this cycle is especially marked by the hot, dry summers and electric storms. This time the energies concerned seem to be uncommonly fiery and intense in their display of power, and our savant supposes that the activity of the sun is increasing, and that in the more or less remote future, the consequences of its periodical outbursts may be even more calamitous than at present.

DEATHS FROM VACCINATION.

The "dry time" for business among doctors the last year, seems to have impelled them to a furious zeal for something to "make the pot boil." The occurring of some sporadic cases of small-pox here and there has been eagerly seized upon for the occasion, and scares have been set in operation as the pretext for enforcing vaccination upon healthy persons, despite objection or resistance; the number thus vaccinated by brute compulsion the past winter in our cities has mounted up into millions.

Several deaths are recorded as having resulted from this infliction. On the 18th of March, George Hogan, aged fifteen, died in Jersey City. He had been in excellent health, but wishing to enter the high school, was required to be vaccinated. The result was blood-poisoning and gangrene; the priest was summoned to administer the last rites, and death followed.

A day later the public journals gave the account of a youth of the same age at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who was seized with lockjaw and died as the result of having been "vaccinated." The attempt was made to explain the death as originating from 'tetanus germs."

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A school-boy, Francis M'Cormack, aged eight, in Springfield, Massachusetts, was vaccinated in January. The wound did not heal; lockjaw set in and he was taken to the hospital to die. The physicians professed to believe that he had "contracted lockjaw germs," from another cause.

A physician of New York, a lady, was desired by a patient last December to vaccinate her. She refused, declaring the operation not to be of the least utility, and specially dangerous. Three weeks after she heard that the applicant was dead. Despite the pleading of the physician, vaccination had been performed, and the patient never rallied. The doctor that performed the operation certified the cause of death to be "grippe."

A young man in Brooklyn, Alexander Witherspoon, was vaccinated, on a Monday night, and taken with delirium two days afterward. The condition was serious, and his parents came from Louisville, Kentucky to care for him. The cause of his pararoiac condition is imputed by the doctor to "over-study."

Some day intelligent persons will awake to their rights in such matters. Surgical operations may not be compelled at the caprice of surgeons.

A few weeks ago the surgeons of the German Hospital in Brooklyn proposed to remove the stomach of Jacob Wechman. He consented, but his son, learning of the matter, came to the hospital and forbade it. The newspaper giving this account thus explains: "Under the law in cases of surgical operations, the consent of relatives is necessary."

This principle applies unequivocally to vaccination. It is a surgical operation, and in no sense medical or remedial. Every rule of the common law in respect to rights of persons, would protect the individual from its arbitrary infliction. The people of this State and Republic never delegated to any person or legislative body the authority to require it. The authority is absolutely usurped, and has no other moral obligation than that of the ruffian to compel submission to felonious assult. The resistance which is just in

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such cases is equally so in this. Belief in the supposed efficacy of the operation is a matter of opinion, with equal authority against it. Freedom of opinion, as well as life and liberty are unalienable rights of every honest citizen.

AN ARCHAIC RITE AND ITS ORIGIN.

On the last day of July in the first year of the Twentieth Century, a ceremony of peculiar character took place at a house in the city of New York. A young Hebrew widow from Bucharest in Roumania was formally released from the traditional obligation to marry the brother of her deceased husband. He was already married, and the higher authorities of Judaism, several centuries ago had adopted the prohibition of a plurality of wives. The Jews of Eastern Europe, however, appear to be still tenacious of a literal compliance with the terms of their ancient law, and required accordingly that there should be a formal refusal of the alliance. The woman, therefore, journeyed to New York where the delinquent brother lived, to secure this repudiation.

The proceedings were conducted after the manner prescribed in the book of *Deuteronomy*. All the furniture was removed from an upper room in a house in Norfolk Street, and a plain wooden bench set there for a Rabbi and Elders. The woman and brother-in-law came in and stood before them. Proofs were submitted that she was a widow and had no children. She then declared that he had refused to marry her, and he in his turn confirmed her statement, pleading that he had a wife already (see *Ruth* IV). The Rabbi read a selection from the *Talmud*, defining the law and custom; after which a sandal was placed on the foot of the delinquent and fastened by strings and thongs. The woman then knelt before him, undid the fastenings, removed the sandal, held it up a moment in the air and then threw it down before him, spitting on the floor. Both repeated their declarations and the Elders declared them absolved from the obligation of intermarriage.

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The custom which is thus continued to our modern time, is of a remote antiquity, and evidently older than may have been conjectured. It had its inception in the archaic practice of making offerings to the dead, which prevailed over the Eastern hemisphere, and is still maintained in India and China. It was the belief that when the individual died, he passed into a new form of existence, in which though generally invisible he nevertheless continued within the circle of his family. Hence it was regarded as necessary to propitiate him with offerings of food and drink in order that he might solace his hunger and thirst, and remain a protecting genius. The speedy gathering of the ghosts to absorb the vital emanations from the blood when Odysseus slew the sheep near the entrance of the world of the dead, shows the eagerness with which they were supposed to have to be nourished and refreshed. This was the object of sacrifices at the beginning. A spirit that did not receive such worship and attentions, was believed to suffer from the deprivation and neglect, and so to be likely to become a malefic demon.

It devolved upon the head of the family, the patriarch, to present the offerings. The son succeeding to the rank and authority of the father was obliged to perform this duty at regular periods. If there should be no son, the offerings would be omitted, and evil results ensue. Hence it was regarded as imperative to marry in order to make sure of lawful descendants. The wife, by her maternity, was introduced into the sacred relation of matrimony, the estate of the mother. She thus became the savior and liberator of the household. A childless woman did not attain that importance, and her condition in the family was often precarious and unhappy. In order to provide against the unfortunate contingency, it was permitted in many countries to take more wives than one—Hagars by the side of Sarahs, and Bilhahs with the Rachels. We find also in the *Maha Bharata* that a wife of the first rank was regarded as being wedded to all the brothers in the family in their order. By her marriage she became an alien to her own kindred and a daughter in the household of her husband. Thus Draupadi was the wife of the five

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Pandu brothers, and was declared blameworthy because she loved Arjuna best. It will readily be perceived that even when such a common relation was replaced by a single one, the older obligation would be likely to continue, that the widow of a brother having no children should be retained that he might not be left without a representative to offer to him the sacrifice of the dead.

The reason of the Hebrew usage is thus explained. It prescribed that when two brothers were in the same family the survivor should take the childless widow, and their oldest son should be reckoned as the offspring of the deceased, succeeding to his name, inheritance and duties. Such an occurrence is recorded in the genealogic record in the Gospels, where Zorobabel is set down as the son of Salathiel, while in the first book of *Chronicles* he is declared to be the son of his brother Pedaiah. The custom, therefore, was preserved in the Hebrew communities, but it had not its inception with them. It was world-wide, and derived its sanction from the primitive belief in immortality, and also the vital relationship between members of a family which death could not dissolve. The dead were regarded as the watchful divinities of the surviving, and as still members with them of the household, clan and people.

You say that the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song. I have tried all, but I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others: "I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. THE THIRST FOR THE INFINITE MEANS INFINITY. —*Victor Hugo.*

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MARGARET FULLER.

On the nineteenth day of July, 1850, the brig "Elizabeth," from Leghorn, Italy, was wrecked off Fire Island. On board, as passengers, were Margaret Fuller, (the Marchioness Ossoti,) her husband and infant son, and Horace Sumner, a brother of the Senator; all of whom perished. By the exertion of some ladies a commemorative tablet has been placed at Point of Woods, directly opposite the scene of the disaster, and the nineteenth day of July last, the fiftieth anniversary of the event, was appointed for the unveiling. About two hundred persons assembled at Association Hall to witness the ceremony. Among them were relatives of Margaret Fuller, and several who had known her when living.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, who had been most active in the matter, presided and delivered the opening address. Others also spoke; among them, Mr. Charles W. Hand and Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, and letters were read from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney and Col. Thomas W. Higginson. The audience then walked to the shore where in a little pavilion, the tablet had been placed, It was of bronze, and bore the inscription:

"To Commemorate Margaret Fuller, Marchioness Ossoti." It also contained the names of her husband and son: beneath was the sentence written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe:

"Noble in thought and character, elegant of tongue and pen, she was an inspiration to many of her own time, and her uplifting influence abides with us."

Sixty years ago there had grown up in the metropolis of New England, a form of thought which had a powerful influence upon the opinions of that time. Transcendentalism was an uprising against the sensational notions which were then prevalent, and disseminating a general disbelief in every thing not founded on material things and objects of sense. Its first teachers: Emerson, Alcott, Channings, Ripley and their associates, were apostles of a

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nobler evangel. With them in their ministry, Margaret Fuller was closely associated, and for years became almost as the one presiding at the oracle.

She was the daughter of the Hon. Timothy Fuller of Cambridge, and a descendant of the Brecks and Williamses of colonial Massachusetts. Her early education had been superintended, like that of John Stuart Mill, by her father, and she had early became familiar with the principal languages of Europe. She for a time engaged in teaching, and when *The Dial* was projected by the new school of thinkers she became, together with Mr. Emerson, the editor. She also held "conversations" and social gatherings that were in many respects analagous to the *Salons*, which were so celebrated in Paris in the fore part of the last century. In these all who were present took part, but hers was the chief inspiration.

An account of one of these will afford some conception of her genius and quality, and of that faculty superior to these, which so many have attempted to measure and describe, but which few even of those who knew her familiarly seem to have clearly comprehended. The question had been proposed: "*What is Life?*" One and another of the company had attempted explanations, but none had spoken to the point. "Margaret," Mr. Emerson tells us, "was then pressed to say what she considered Life to be. Her answer was so full, clear and concise at once that it cannot but be marred by being drawn through the scattering medium of my memory; but here are some fragments of her satisfying statement: She began with "God as spirit, life so full as to create and love eternally, yet capable of pause. Love and creativeness are dynamic forces out of which we, individually, go forth bearing the image—that is, having within our being the same dynamic forces, by which we also add to the total sum of existence."

This is more than perception, or even apperception. Enraptured while speaking, it was a divine afflatus with which she was filled, and all were held fast while they heard. The next day, Mr. Emerson informs us, several of those who had been present, "begged Mar-

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garet to repeat the statement concerning Life, with which she closed the last "conversation." Margaret said she had forgotten every word she said."

It is not difficult to perceive why there were those who did not find charm in her utterances. Even those who praise appear sometimes to miss their royal meaning. They have noted her charity, her readiness for generous deeds, her grand service in opening the field of literary effort to women—all this was true; but there was more. She was gentle and tender to the wayward and unfortunate; she inspired others to become as well as to do, and they who saw her confided in her.

She did not expect fame or distinction for what she accomplished. Others, she was conscious, others would win the honors in the field that she was opening, but her only regret was that she would not live to see it. "We are sad," said she, "that we cannot be present at the gathering of this harvest. And yet we are joyous too, when we think that though our name may not be writ on the pillar of our country's fame, we can readily do more toward rearing it than those who come at a later period, and to a seemingly fairer task."

But something which she did effect is described by another accomplished writer, "Kenyon West" in graphic terms; "She was a pioneer in a new and untried field; she was a leader, a controller of other minds; she gave direction and method to many vague tendencies. Inspired as she was by all the loftier thoughts of the time, in close partnership and on terms of equality with the chief men, Margaret Fuller was a help not only to them but to other women who looked to her for guidance."

"We must remember that she was the first critic to apply the higher methods of literary culture to journalism and to give to American Journalism certain characteristics which it had never before possessed, and to set up worthy standards for her successors.'

After the suspension of *The Dial* she became a contributor the *New York Tribune*, and lived with the family of Horace Greeley.

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Then she went to Europe, she visited historic and memorable places in England, Scotland and the Continent, writing carefully whatever was noteworthy, and at the same time beholding with eyes wide open, the sad under-side, the brutalizing human misery every where. She warmly praised above others, Joannie Baillie, Madame Roland, William and Mary Howith. She was also eloquently appreciative of what she saw of the achievements of Science and Art. While she was irked by the materialistic notions of Charles Fornier, she lauded his views in relation to the new organization of society as large and noble.

She came to Italy while Pio Nono was regarded as being engaged in the effort for its amelioration. Her marriage to Giovanni Ossoti took place about this time, and she soon became interested heart and soul in the cause of the new Roman Republic.

"One of my designs," she wrote to her brother Richard, "is to see the end of the political struggle in Italy, and write its history." In this new life of struggle she experienced keenly the need of mental aid and co-operation. She entreated of Mr. Emerson, "Let me feel, amid the fearful agitations of the world, there are pure hands stretched out toward me."

For Mazzini she entertained a veneration and devotion, such as would be rendered to an Apostle. In the death-struggle of the short-lived republic, Ossoti, at his request, accepted a command in the Civic Guard, and she took charge of the hospitals. After its overthrow, they resolved to begin life anew in America.

Her premonitions, while in Italy, had been gloomy and adverse. Her illumination was gone, and her new cares had taken its place To her sister, Mrs. E. K. Channing, she wrote; "A fateful star rose upon my birth, and its hostility, I fear, will never be disarmed while I walk below." She had also mentioned her forebodings to Mr. Emerson. "I know not," says she, "whether I shall ever get across the great ocean." On the 14th of May, three days before setting sail for America, she wrote to her mother, "Should anything hinder our meeting upon earth, think of your daughter as one who

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wished, at least, to do her duty, and who cherished you according as her mind opened to discover excellence."

To another friend she was more explicit, "I am absurdly fearful about this voyage," she declared, "various little omens have combined to give me a dark feeling. Perhaps we shall live to laugh at these. But in case of mishap, I shall perish with my husband and child, perhaps to be transferred to some happier state. * * * I shall embark in my merchant ship, praying fervently that it may not be my l t to lose my babe at sea, either by unsolaced sickness or amid the howling waves; or, that if I should, it may be brief anguish, and Ossoti, he and I go together."

These forebodings were almost literally realized. The Elizabeth left Leghorn on the 17th of May, 1850. A few days afterward the captain sickened and died, leaving the mate in command. Young Angelo Ossoti was also taken with the same disease in violent form, but slowly recovered. The voyage lasted two dreary months. The commander supposing that the vessel was approaching the Atlantic Highlands steered to the north, and a a heavy gale setting in, drove it upon the quicksand off Fire Island where it went to pieces in a few hours, and most of those who were on board were drowned.

"So," says Horace Greeley in his *Recollections*, "so passed away the loftiest, bravest, soul that has yet irradiated the form of an American woman."

TOLSTOY ON SUICIDE.

The question is not correctly framed: "Has a person a right to take his own life?" In this matter there can be no question of right. We can only ask whether it is wise, and therefore moral—for wisdom and morality are identical—to kill one's self. No, it is foolish, as foolish as it would be to cut the stalk of a plant that one wishes to destroy. The plant does not perish, but its growth becomes distorted. Life is indestructible; it is independent of time and space, and therefore death can only alter the form of life

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and destroy its manifestations in this world. But suppose I put an end to my life in this world. In the first place I do not know whether life in the next will be more agreeable; and in the second place, I deprive myself of the possibility of winning for myself all that may be attainable in this world. Besides,—and this is the main point—it is foolish for me to kill myself, because, by putting an end to my earthly life merely because it seems unpleasant, I show that I have a perverted view of the object of life. I assume its object to be enjoyment, while its real purpose should be the perfecting of my individuality (or ego) and the service of humanity in general. Suicide is therefore immoral. Our life is given to us to be used till its natural end, in the service of others. But the suicide enjoys life only so long as it is pleasant to him, whereas in all probability its usefulness is just beginning when it becomes unpleasant. Every task is disagreeable at first.—*Extract from a Letter.*

HEALTHY READING.

It is the sad experience of us all that much of the best and most beautiful is lost to those whose mental food consists, not indeed of the *Newgate Calendar* and "penny dreadful," but of that frothy mass of waste mind which is thrown up like scum upon the glaring molten metal of life—novels, novelettes, magazines and serials of a type which neither teach the ignorant, nor strengthen the weak, nor develope the immature. To develope the mind it is wise, nay, it is necessary, to study the *best* in literature.—*Josiah Oldfield.*

It is a phenomenon of frequent occurence, particularly in past ages, that what we shall become is pictured by something which we have already been; and that what we have to obtain is represented as something which we have formerly lost.—*Fichte.*

By three methods we may learn wisdom: first, by reflection, which is the noblest; second, by imitation, which is the easiest; and third, by experience, which is the bitterest.—*Confucius.*

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THE REAL POLITICAL RIGHT.

It is the grand right of the Commonwealth to be ordered and ruled in the best way, without injurious or needless costs. Here is a right worth talking of, a right to which every possible right to vote is subsidiary, and one, too, which appertains to the infant in the cradle no less than to any adult, male or female.—*D. A. Wasson.*

THOUGHT-INFLUENCE UPON THE BODY.

All thought arises from an inner source, and never from an external one. It evolves outwardly. The stimulating influence may be external, but the birth of thought in the creation of any idea is of internal origin. "As ye think, so shall ye be." The power of thought must not be exaggerated, however, in regard to its effects upon the physical body. One leans upon the other, and they are inseparable. They are largely reciprocal. The emotions may and do effect physical changes. Anger, fear, joy and hatred give separate and distinct physical evidence of expression. Not alone are these perceptible to ordinary observation, but organic disturbance may take place. The breathing and the heart-beat may be increased or slowed. The nervous system may become disturbed; trembling, spasms or rigidity of the muscular system take place. The face pales or flushes with its mantle of color. The secretions are increased, or dry up, and in general there is a corresponding response to the mental stimulation, depending on the intensity and variety and accuracy with which these are registered. That these emotions, and, in fact, all mental activity effect and influence the offspring, admits of no doubt.—*Carlton Simon, M. A.* in *Health-Culture.*

Cause and effect, means and end, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed.—*Emerson.*

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MR. DOOLEY ON MEDICAL MATTERS.

"Ivery time I go into Dock Carridy's office, he gives me a look that makes me wish I'd wore a suit of chain armor. His eyes seem to say: 'Can I come in?' Between th' Christyun Scientists and him 'tis a question iv whether ye want to be threated like a loonytic or a can iv presarved vigitables.

"Father Kelly says th' styles in medicine changes like th' styles in hats. Whin he was a boy they give ye quinine, an' now they give ye strychnine, an' nex' year they'll be givin' ye proosic acid, maybe. He says they're findin' new things th' matther with ye ivry day, an' ol' things that have to be taken out, ontil th' time is comin' whin not more than half iv uz'll be rale an' th' rest 'll be rubber.

"He says they ought to enforce th' law iv assault with a deadly weepin agin th' doctors. He says that if they knew less about pizen an' more about gruel an' opened fewer patients an' more windows they'd not be so many Christyun Scientists, He says th' diff'rence between Christyun Scientists an' doctors is that Christyun Scientists thinks there's no such thing as disease, an' doctors thinks there ain't anything else, an' there ye are.

"What d'ye think about it?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"I think," said Mr. Dooley, "that if th' Christyun Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christyanity, it wuddn't make enny diff'rence which ye called in, if ye had a good nurse.

The discovery of Copernicus was announced in 1543, yet it was declared by Samuel Johnson the first president of King's (now Columbia) College, and his colleagues of Yale, in the early part of the Eighteenth Century, that even the learned people of Connecticut were loth to accept the Copernican theory of the universe instead of the Ptolemaic. —*Seth Low.*

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THE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE REDEVELOPING.

Let any one study the recommendations of conventions and committees, for remedying present educational ills, and he will see that they are all in the line of a return to the methods of the country school.

HUMOR IMPUTED TO JESUS.

A Russian author defines humor as an "invisible tear seen through a visible smile." He considers the dialogue with the Syrophœnician woman in the Gospels asa play on wit, and declares that pleasantry, repartee, satire, ridicule, irony, invective, all were used by Jesus for the furtherence of his master-motive of advancing the Kingdom of Heaven in the earth.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

That is failure when a man's idea ruins him, when he is dwarfed and killed by it; but when he is growing by it, ever true to it, and does not lose it by any partial or immediate failures, that is success, whatever it seems to the world. —*A. Bronson Alcott.*

Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. —*Ruskin.*

The only real riches are of thought and feeling, of appreciative capacity of enjoyment. Riches never consist of gold and silver, houses and lands, government coupons and railway bonds.

—*Anon.*

People who call this a dreary and wicked world, and life not worth living, generally do about as much as they can to make it so.

A perception of the comic seems to be a balance-wheel in our metaphysical structure. It appears to be an essential element in a fine character. Wherever the intellect is constructive it will be found. We feel the absence of it as a defect in the noblest and most oracular soul. The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy tendencies in which fine intellects lose themselves. —*Emerson.*

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BOOK REVIEWS.

THE "SUNSHINE BOOKS." The Abbey Press of One Hundred and Fourteen Fifth Avenue, New York. Cloth. Set of Six. Each Twenty-five Cents.

EXPERIENCE.

This booklet contains the *secret* many have been trying to discover, more or less consciously, for a long time; and it is believed that if the method of *taking* experience, set forth, is faithfully followed, it will lead to a great deal of happiness, and later on to a certain and satisfactory way of *making* it. The unreasonable appearance of experience is made to assume its real and true proportions; and all who read it, will see that instead of chaos, orderly sequence instead of disorder, in all forms of experience, once duly appreciated as truth, will change darkness into brightness.

SOUL GROWTH.

To Do was the preaching and the teaching of the ancient order. To Be is the greater and the later endeavor. "Soul Growth" indicates a way by which people may become. The way may have been mentioned before, but this little book brings home to us once more, in very simple fashion, an old, old story. Applied closely to the everyday life, the thought of this book will bring into this gray old world more real sunshine than it has ever yet seen.

THE HEART'S DESIRE.

That there is only one desire, this Sunshine Book contends; that all desire can be truly and lastingly satisfied in our life, in other than the way it indicates, this little book denies. Some may not agree at once; but, sooner or later, the chord in the heart will be touched and in the vibration will be caught the echo of "Home, Sweet Home." To read it, is finally to believe. To believe, is to work towards the end in view. To reach this is consummation and the height of earthly happiness.

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MEN, WOMEN AND LOVING.

Men think they know all about loving and so do women; but judging from the general appearance of loving and its often unsatisfying results, some things in regard to it have apparently been forgotten, or, for some unaccountable reason, hidden deeply away. Reminders are useful, on occasion, and a gentle jog of the elbow sometimes saves one from falling into error; and if this little book serves the purpose of straightening out a jumble in any affair of the heart, or leads man or woman to a true, brave thought of loving, it will have made its excuse for existence.

WORRY AND CHEER.

This little book cheerfully undertakes to encourage the wanderers along life's pathway. Only too often are they met with, discouraged, dejected, sore of foot and bruised in heart. To make this journey a dismal one, is a very mistaken proceeding, as well as a very unnecessary one, and "Worry and Cheer" endeavors to point out an agreeable and pleasant route. The broad gauge road of pleasantness, cheer and courage is recommended in preference to the opposition line and narrow gauge road of worry, anxiety and pain.

A DIP IN THE POOL (Bethesda).

Our manner of thinking about matters and things has much more to do with our success and happiness than is usually admitted, and the little Bethesda Book seeks to suggest a train of thought which will refresh life's oft-time weary traveler. What more refreshing to the body than a dip in the cool, cleansing water? So to the mind, strained, tired and puzzled, there is nothing more refreshing than a dip in a pool of freshening, strengthening, clearing thought; and this pool of clean thought this Sunshine Book makes a modest attempt to provide.

LEGISLATION USUALLY PERVERTED.

Laws are now seldom made to serve the greatest good to the greatest number; they are made to serve as weapons against the People's vested rights, or for sale to the highest bidder.

—*Bird S. Coler.*

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EXCHANGES.

The *Theosophist* for July opens as usual with an instalment of "Old Diary Leaves" from Col. Henry S. Olcott. A paper on "Rebirths" is next given, a review by C. Kofel and the article on the same subject by Charles Johnston which was first published in this magazine in November last. Another article on "Sickness and Its Cure by Witchcraft" is an account of actual experience and is very interesting. The individual was seized on the 22d of March, 1898, by rheumatism, which prostrated him, made locomotion painful if not impossible. He was attended by a native physician who employed an approved treatment, accompanied by prayers, propitiation, etc. In about twenty days he began to recover, but a violent relapse occuring, baffled all skill, and an astrologer was summoned. He drew up a horoscope of the day and made several examinations and comparisons, finally deciding the patient to be a victim of the black arts. He gave incidents of the patient's past life, his official station, and the ingratitude which had been dealt to him by one whom he had greatly obliged. This person was contemplating further injury. A *yantra*, had at his instigation, been buried near the patient's place of business, on which his name was inscribed, and the character of the disorder to be inflicted. The necromancer who had prepared it had done it unwillingly, and it was counselled to employ him to undo his work. He came some days later and accomplished this with the best results. A year after, by chance, there was unearthed at the spot which the astrologist had indicated, a piece of thin lead plate on which was an inscription containing the name of the subject of this accident, and an invocation to the power of evil to aid the undertaking, and acting like poison to cause his body to swell. It had been the aim of the enemy to disable him in order to succeed to his place and salary.

A paper on "Socialism and Theosophy," is also presented, which was delivered by R. T. Paterson before the Edinburgh Lodge, in 1899. It is a fair explanation of the social problems. There are also translations from several Sanskrit works, and the usual miscellany and supplement.

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LIST OF ADVANCE THOUGHT PUBLICATIONS.

We receive subscriptions for all the periodicals in this list, and will give club rates upon request for any combination of these with THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

ABIDING TRUTH. Monthly. 50c. a year. Peabody, Mass.
ADEPT. Monthly. 50c. a year. Minneapolis, Minn.
AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGIST. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Washington, D. C.
AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGY. Monthly. $5.00 a year. Worcester, Mass.
ARYA BALA BODHINI. Monthly. 50c. a year. Adyar, Madras, India.
BANNER OF LIGHT. Weekly. $2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
BRAHMAVÂDIN. Monthly. Rs. 4 a year. Madras, India.
CHRISTIAN. Monthly. 50c. a year. Little Rock, Ark.
CHRISTIAN LIFE. Quarterly. 50c. a year. Morton Park, Ill.
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JOURNAL. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
COMING AGE. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
COMING EVENTS (Astrological). Monthly. 5s. a year. London, England.
COMMON SENSE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
DAS WORT. Monthly. $1.00 a year. St. Louis, Mo.
DAWN. Calcutta, India.
DAWNING LIGHT. Weekly. $1.00 a year. San Antonio, Tex.
DOMINION REVIEW. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Toronto, Canada.
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EXPRESSION. Monthly. 6s. 6d. a year. London, England.
FAITH AND HOPE MESSENGER. Monthly. 50c. a year. Atlantic City, N. J.
FLAMING SWORD. Weekly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
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JOURNAL OF SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY. Quarterly. $3.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
KOSMOS. Quarterly. $1.00 a year. Vineland, N. J.
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OPEN COURT. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
PALMIST'S REVIEW. Quarterly. 5s. a year. London, England.
PHILISTINE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. East Aurora, N. Y.
PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE. $8.00 a year. London, England.
PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW. Monthly. $3.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Monthly. $1.00 a year. New York, N. Y.
PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. $2.25 a year. London, England.
PRABUDDHA BHARATA. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Kumaon, India.
PRICE'S MAGAZINE OF PSYCHOLOGY. Monthly. $2.00 a year. Atlanta, Ga.
PROGNOSTIC STAR GAZER. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Boston, Mass.
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RADIX. 10c. a number. Boston, Mass.
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SECULAR SCIENCE. Monthly. $1.00 a year. Chicago, Ill.
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THE

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THE DOCTRINE OF REINCARNATION.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

Whatever may be thought of the doctrinal teachings of modern Theosophy, one cannot but admire the straight-forwardness of Colonel H. T. Olcott, the coadjutor of Madame Blavatsky and President of the Theosophical Society, in admitting, as he has done in his "Old Diary Leaves," that the doctrine of reincarnation was rejected by the founders of the Society at its first inception and until their settlement in India. The attitude of Madame Blavatsky and her associates in relation to the philosophical speculation which has since become the corner-stone of their system, is probably explainable by reference to their early spiritistic experiences; and it is not surprising that when they came into actual contact with Hindu thought they were induced to modify their views in regard to reincarnation. The wonder is that the author of "The Secret Doctrine," whose features bore trace of her Asiatic ancestry, did not more readily accept a doctrine which was at one time prevalent throughout the whole of Asia, and, indeed, under one form or another, formed part of the belief of all peoples, and at the present day. even, is entertained by most peoples outside of the pale of Christianity.

The chief aim of Hindu philosophy, as of the system expounded by Gautama, the Buddha, was to teach the method by which the human soul could obtain deliverance from reincarnation—escape from the dread Cycle of Necessity, as was called the series of transmigrations the soul had to pass through before it attained to such

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a condition of purity as would fit it for a return to the abode of felicity from which it was supposed to have wandered. The doctrine of reincarnation is thus intimately allied to another doctrine known to the ancient world as the "descent and ascent of souls," which was based on the idea that the association of the human soul with the physical body was a mark of degradation and a proof of spiritual impurity. Drawn by the fatal attraction of matter down from the abode of light, the soul fell into the "paths of generation," in which it must remain until it has undergone purification and thus attained to spiritual rebirth. As I have elsewhere written, "the members of the sacred castes—the children of the Sun—were born to the privileges of the 'rebirth,' but the generality of mankind had to obtain them either by purchasing the mediation of the 'twice-born' priests, or by the exercise of self-denial and the performance of actions which were thought to have a purifying influence over the soul." In the sacred mysteries it was taught that escape from material rebirth could be effected by spiritual purification, the reward of which was re-admission to the abode of light and assimilation with the Supreme Being.

The condition thus attained by the human soul is equivalent to the Nirvana of Buddhism, and a statement of the fundamental dogmas of this system of religious philosophy will throw light on the teachings of Theosophy in relation to reincarnation and the doctrine of *Karma*. Those dogmas are summed up by Schlagintweit, a student of northern Buddhism, more especially as follows: "All existence is an evil; for birth originates sorrow, pain, decay and death. The present life is not the first one; innumerable births have preceded it in previous ages. The reproduction of a new existence is the consequence of the desire for existing objects, and of the works which have been aggregated in an unbroken succession from the commencement of existence. Proneness to the pleasures of life produces the new being; the works of the former existence fix the conditions in which the new being is to be born. If these works have been good the being will come into existence in a state

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of happiness and distinction; if, on the contrary, they have been bad, the being will be born into a state of misery and degradation. The absolute annihilation of the conditions and pains of existence—Nirvana—is attained by the most perfect dominion over passion, evil desire, and natural sensation."

Let us take these dogmas in their order and see how far they agree with Theosophic teaching—and first: "All existence is an evil." This notion is essential to Eastern philosophy, and therefore is recognized by Theosophy, although in a special sense. Existence, as such, is evil because it is a limitation of the One Being, the Divine Monad which is diffused throughout all existences, and at the same time separation from this great source of life towards which matter as well as man is supposed to be progressing upwards. But it can be evil only in this relative sense, seeing that existence is necessary for mankind to work out the purpose for which it is destined. The thinking principle to which the name Man is given became clothed in a material covering "in order that he might eat of the Tree of Knowledge and thus become a 'God.'" But he has an arduous task to perform before he can reach the ultimate goal. Mankind forms the link between the Divine and the Animal, and the task set before men, is no less, says Mrs. Annie Besant, in her Manual on Reincarnation, "than to raise the Animal to the Divine, to sublime Matter into Spirit, to lead up the ascending arc the life that has traversed the descending, and has now to climb upwards, bearing with it all the fruits of its long exile from its true home." Incarnation, which is meant by existence when this refers to man, cannot be really evil if it is necessary for the attainment by Man and Animal of the spiritual plane.

In the second Buddhist dogma—"the present life is not the first one; innumerable births have preceded it in previous ages"—we have the doctrine of reincarnation. The object proposed to be obtained by this rebirth on the physical plane may be gathered from the statement of what the thinker, that is, Man, acquires through the process. Mrs. Besant remarks: "Now in this thinker reside all

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the powers that we class as Mind. In it are memory, intuition, will. It gathers up all the experiences of the earth—lives through which it passes, and stores these accumulated treasures of knowledge, to be transmuted within itself, by its own divine alchemy, into that essence of experience and knowledge which is Wisdom. Even in our brief span of earth-life we distinguish between the knowledge we acquire and the wisdom we gradually—alas! too rarely—distill from that knowledge. Wisdom is the fruitage of a life's experience, the crowning possession of the aged. And in a much fuller and richer sense, Wisdom is the fruitage of many incarnations, in which knowledge has been gained, experience garnered, patience has had her perfect work, so that at length the divine man is the glorious product of the centuried evolution." According to Theosophic teaching the divine man is a "perfected septenary being," in whom are summated all the forces of the universe, spiritual, psychic, and material, he having attained arhatship by conquering, subduing and training matter, "until his body is but the materialized expression of himself, and he is ready for the step that makes him 'Master,' or the Christ triumphant." If this development is to be completed on the earth-plane, it is evident that many reincarnations will be required, and innumerable must have been its past births if each soul has had, itself, to learn all the lessons of experience.

The third dogma of Buddhism above mentioned is as follows: "The reproduction of a new existence is the consequence of the desire for existing objects, and of the works which have been aggregated in an unbroken succession from the commencement of existence." Here we have a reference to the two doctrines of *Kama* and *Karma*, which occupy so important a place in the teachings of Theosophy as in Oriental belief. Says Mrs. Besant: "The fundamental cause of reincarnation, as of all manifestation, is the desire for active life, the thirst for sentient existence." This desire is *Kama;* and "as Desire differentiates into desires, these chain down the Thinker to earth and bring him back, time after time, to re-

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birth" on the physical plane. It is *Karma*, however, which guides the reincarnating Ego to the place and family and provides a social environment fitted for the manifestation of the general character built up by the Ego in previous earth-lives, and for the reaping of the harvest he has sown. This reaping is of the nature of destiny and is spoken of as the law of causation; *Karma* being the "collectivity of causes set going by the Ego himself," during his various reincarnations. Buddhism also says, as quoted above from Schlagentweit's summary of its doctrines: "the works of the former existence fix the conditions in which the new being is to be born."

Finally, the philosophy of Buddha teaches that "the absolute annihilation of the conditions and pains of existence—Nirvana—is attained by the most perfect dominion over passion, evil desire, and natural sensation." Here we have a statement which fits in perfectly with Theosophic teaching. Desire is necessary while experience is being accumulated, but as it is personal and therefore selfish, it must be destroyed: "in the upward climbing, desire for personal enjoyment, personal pleasure, personal gain, personal loves, personal attainments, and, last and subtlest of all, desire for personal perfection; for the personal self must be lost in the ONE SELF, that is the SELF of all that lives." This was the spiritual condition which the Buddha was said to have attained when he reached Nirvana, a state which was already recognized by Hinduism, as were indeed, all the doctrines accredited above to Buddhism.

It must not be concluded that because Theosophy agrees in its teachings with the ancient religions of India, the doctrines it enforces are to be accepted as true without having applied to them the touchstone of reason. The doctrine of reincarnation, in particular, is so opposed to the religious beliefs of the western world that it is sure to be viewed in a very critical spirit by the majority of those to whom it is announced. It constitutes, indeed, a fundamental objection to the acceptance of Theosophy as a religious system; which objection cannot be removed by the statement of the fact that the only "creed," if it can be so called, is the belief in "the

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brotherhood of man," although this is given the greatest possible extension. Mrs. Besant sees the difficulties in the way of acception of that doctrine, and she considers fully what she regards as proofs of reincarnation and also the usual objections to the doctrine. Let us see what are the "proofs" adduced by Mrs. Besant, whose arguments have had great weight, undoubtedly, with minds having a tendency in the direction of that particular line of thought. Where possible they shall be summarized in her own words as given in THEOSOPHICAL MANUAL No. 2, which treats of the subject of "Reincarnation."

"1. There are some living persons, as well as some not at present in earth-life, who remember their own past incarnations, and can recall their incidents as they can recall those of their present lives."

"2. The vegetable, the animal, the man, all show signs of the working of the 'law of heredity,' of the tendency of parents to transmit to their offspring peculiarities of their own organization. But this is not sufficient to account for 'such great physical unity and such vast intellectual and moral divergence as is found in man, and in man only, among all the races that people earth,' while' reincarnation, with its persistent intellectual and moral Ego, learning by experience, developing through milleniums, offers a sufficient cause.'"

"3. Within the limits of a family there are certain hereditary peculiarities which continually reappear, and a certain family 'likeness' unites the members of a family... But what law explains the startling divergences in mental capacity and moral character that are found within the narrow limits of a single family circle, among the children of the same parents?... Heredity may explain the one; it cannot explain the other. Reincarnation steps in to fill the gap, and so renders complete the theory of human growth."

"4. This same problem is presented even more strongly in the case of twins, in which the children have not only identical ancestry, but identical pre-natal conditions."

"5—6. The inadequacy of heredity to account for 'infant precocity,' and for the manifestation of genius"

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"7. Reincarnation alone can explain 'the extraordinary differences between people in the power of assimilating knowledges of various kinds.'"

"8. Closely allied to this rapid recovery of past knowledge is the intuition which perceives a truth as true on its presentation, and needs no slow process of argument for arrival at conviction."

"9. Reincarnation solves, as does no other theory of human existence, the problems of inequality of circumstances, of capacity, of opportunity, which otherwise remain as evidence that justice is not a factor in life, but that men are the mere sport of the favoritism of an irresponsible Creator, or of the blind forces of a soulless Nature."

"10. Another argument which appeals only to those who believe in the immortality of man is that all which begins in time ends in time. All that has a beginning has an ending, and the necessary correlative of immortality after death is eternal existence before birth."

"11. Yet, again, is it not somewhat irrational, given the immortality of the Spiritual Intelligence in man, to suppose that such an Intelligence comes into the world, inhabits, say, the body of a Fiji Islander, leaves it, and never returns to learn the innumerable lessons this earthly life can teach, but has not yet taught him?"

"12. Analogy suggests the co-existence of the temporary and permanent elements in one life-cycle."

"13. The recurring cycles of history point to the reincarnation of large numbers of persons as it were in bulk."

"14. The rise and decay of races is best explained on the hypothesis of reincarnation."

We have here a formidable array of arguments, the influence of which as "proofs" will depend on the constitution of particular minds; but a true knowledge of the operation of the law of heredity and the principles it involves, and of the cosmical relations of man will show that such arguments supply no actual evidence of the truth of the doctrine of reincarnation. As to the statement that

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certain persons remember their own past incarnations, and can recall their incidents, we must add Mrs. Besant's comment that the value of such testimony to the hearer "must depend on that hearer's opinion of the intellectual sanity and moral worth of the speaker." But it should be added also that the testimony can extend only to the interpretation of the facts, which may be true as phenomena and yet be capable of a different explanation. A man may believe that he can remember his *own* past incarnations, and nevertheless be mistaken. Supposed individual memory may be in reality ancestral.

The second argument used by Mrs. Besant as proof of the truth of reincarnation is the insufficiency of heredity to account for the great variation in intellectual and moral development observable among the races of mankind. That the real nature of the argument may be understood it will be well to see exactly what, according to Theosophic teaching, is transmitted from the human parents to their offspring. Mrs. Besant, in dealing with an objection to the doctrine of reincarnation based on the supposition that it ignores the law of heredity, affirms that it enforces this law on the physical plane. She says, moreover, that "etheric atoms as well as physical are contributed by the parents, as are also *Kamic* elements—especially by the mother—and these work on the molecules of the brain as well as those of the rest of the body, and so cause the reappearance in the child of vital and passional characteristics of the parents, modifying the manifestations of the Thinker, the Manas, the reincarnating Ego." Thus Theosophy "gives a full explanation of differences and similarities; whereas heredity gives only a partial and one-sided one, laying stress on the similarities and ignoring the differences."

The inference to be made from this conclusion is, that if heredity does *not* ignore differences it may be able to explain the variations in intellectual and moral development exhibited by the races of mankind. If Mrs. Besant had gone a little deeper into the subject she would not have taken so unfortunate a position. For, the whole

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theory of Evolution, which is recognized by modern science, is based on differentiation, and the occurrence of modifications which are brought under what is termed the law of variation. The French psychologist, M. Ribot, in his work on "Heredity" affirms that "heredity and evolution are the two necessary factors of every stable modification in the domain of life.... Evolution produces physiological and psychological modifications; habit fixes these in the individual, heredity fixes them in the race. These modifications as they accumulate, and in course of time become organic, make new modifications possible in the succession of generations; thus heredity becomes in a manner a creative power." Heredity and variation go on together and the former is therefore concerned with differences which it transmits from generation to generation.

Here we are confronted, however, with the statement that the vast intellectual and moral differences between the races of men are due to reincarnation; "a cause which also explains why man progresses while animals remain stationary, from the mental and moral standpoint, save as artificially bred and trained by man." Animals "have physical heredity as man has, but physical heredity does not—for it cannot—give them the accumulated experience which enables the persistent human Egos to climb onward ever, building great civilizations, gathering knowledge, rising higher and higher, so that none can trace a limit beyond which Humanity cannot grow." But that which heredity could not do alone it may be able to do with the aid of variation, or the operation of the principle of variation, *if intellectual and moral potentialities are transmissible from parents to offspring.* On this point let us see what is said by M. Ribot as the result of his investigation of the subject. He writes: (1) "Under the specific form, then, mental heredity is unquestionable, and the only doubt possible would have reference to individual characteristics. We have shown from an enormous mass of facts, which we might easily have made larger, that the cases of individual heredity are too numerous to be the result of mere chance, as some have held them to be.* We have shown that all

*See "Heredity:" English trans. p. 386.

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forms of mental activity are transmissible—instincts, perceptive faculties, imagination, aptitude for the fine arts, reason, aptitude for science and abstract studies, sentiments, passions, force of character. Nor are the morbid forms less transmissible than the normal, as are seen in the case of insanity, hallucination, and idiocy." Elsewhere (page 276), M. Ribot, speaking as to the "why" of psychological heredity, says: "Because the organism, and in particular the nervous system is transmissible, therefore the various modes of sensation, instinct, imagination, intellect, sentiment, are also transmissible." Again (page 288), heredity tends to transmit "as well every deterioration, physical, mental and moral, as every physical, mental and moral amelioration."

Nor does M. Ribot lose sight of the "progress" which Mrs. Besant ascribes to reincarnation. It is implied in the statement that heredity is to be considered only as a form of growth, but the fact as well as the necessity of progress is expressly stated when it is affirmed, that "heredity and evolution are the two necessary factors of every stable modification in the domain of life." Heredity without evolution would give perfect fixity of type, and evolution without heredity would be valueless, as every modification would be merely transitory. With their union, however, "life and variation become possible. Evolution produces physiological and psychological modifications; habit fixes these in the individual, heredity fixes them in the race. These modifications as they accumulate, and in course of time become organic, make new modifications possible in the succession of generations; thus heredity becomes in a manner a creative power."

The combination of the laws of heredity and evolution, or the facts of transmission and variation will account for the third and fourth classes of phenomena which Mrs. Besant regards as proofs of reincarnation. Whatever qualities or capacities are transmitted from parents to offspring, these must be conveyed by the cells, gemmules, or however the plasmic particles may be termed which form the elementary factors of the derived organism. These fac-

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tors, says M. Ribot, "are not brute, inanimate matter; they are possessed of force, of life, of tendencies," and it is as difficult "to conceive of the material without the spiritual as of the spiritual without the material." Mental no less than physical transmission is thus explainable. But it is evident that the gemmules or cells transmitted at different times cannot be the same, and therefore they endow the organisms of members of the same family with different potentialities. Such will be the case even with twins, whose antenatal conditions are the same, but here another cause may operate. Twins often present what may be termed complementary mental characters, and are united by ties so binding that they may be regarded as forming but one whole, the parts of which have become separated but not entirely distinct.

The next four classes of proofs adduced by Mrs. Besant differ somewhat from the preceding in nature, but they have no greater weight when considered dispassionately. M. Ribot affirms (page 288), in opposition to Bonnet and Condillac's idea that man is born an impressionless statue, that "not only is he possessed of a certain constitution, a certain nervous organization, which predisposes him to feel, to think, and to act after a manner which is peculiar and personal to himself, but we may even affirm that the experience of countless generations slumbers in him. So far is he from being homogeneous, that all the past has contributed to his constituents." This is by virtue of the law of heredity, which "is but a form of the ultimate law which by physicists is called the conservation of energy, and by metaphysicians universal casuality" (page 391). What more probable than that occasionally the stored up mental energy should, when proper physical conditions present themselves, burst forth and give rise to the phenomena of genius or infant precocity. That these are dependent on the existence of special physical conditions is unquestionable, just as is the fact of the children of great men usually, although not universally, being of inferior intellects; though this may be due partially to the using up in one generation of energy which should have been

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spread over several generations. The power of mental assimilation which some persons possess in a special degree is merely the assertion of some particular strain of ancestral experience embodied in the nervous structure; just as is the "intuitive" perception of a truth or presentation. If this intuition is the recognition of a familiar fact, the familiarity was not in a prior incarnation of the individual but in the life of the race. It is an expression of the ancestral experience which is stored up in the nervous system of the individual or in the cerebral tissues.

The "proofs" adduced in support of reincarnation hitherto considered have been examined in the light of the laws of heredity and variation, which may be termed, otherwise, as the laws of involution and evolution. The remaining arguments used by Mrs. Besant require consideration of the cosmical relations of mankind. That which appeals with the greatest weight to the disciples of Madame Blavatsky, or, if it be preferred, to the true Theosophist of the Western world, is the apparent injustice evidenced by the inequalities of the conditions which constitute the environments into which children are born. The physical frame may be regarded as part of the environment, and surely it is gross injustice that one child should be born "with a brain fitted to be the instrument of all animal passions, a 'criminal brain,' the vehicle of evil desires, brutal instinct;" while "another is born with a nobly-moulded brain, fitted to manifest the most splendid intellect, with small physical substratum as basis and instrument for brutal passions!" It must be remembered that when this problem of injustice is referred to by Theosophists it is purely hypothetical; for they deny its reality and explain the phenomena it embraces as due to *Karma* which fixes the conditions of present existence by conduct in a past life. The only other explanations found by Theosophy are "the favoritism of an irresponsible Creator," or "the blind forces of a soulless Nature." As there cannot be a law, in the ordinary sense of this term without a lawgiver, personal or corporate, so injustice supposes the existence of an unjust actor of some kind, and

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this, according to Mrs. Besant, must be either an "irresponsible Creator," or a "soulless Nature." These are the spectres which the doctrine of reincarnation is intended to get rid of.

Now as to "soulless Nature," probably few persons who ever gave the subject serious thought ever believed Nature or the Universe to be soulless. The lines of Pope referring to the Universe as

> "One stupendous whole,
> Of which Nature the body is and God the soul,"

would be accepted as stating their notion of the truth by even the majority of those who are termed "materialists." All depends on what is meant by "soul." In the Hebrew Scriptures this term is used to denote living—Genesis, ii. 7, says that God breathed into the nostrils of the first human form the breath of life and "man became a living soul"—and the Greek word rendered "life" in the Christian Gospels may be also translated "soul," which is, therefore, the vitalizing principle in opposition to "body," regarded as lifeless. But there is a clear distinction made by the early Christian writers which runs throughout the Epistles of St. Paul, between "soul" and "spirit." In the Epistle to the Hebrews, usually ascribed to this apostle, it said of the Word of God, that it pierces "even to the dividing of soul and spirit." That distinction is also insisted on by Theosophy, which agrees with Christian teaching in making spirit higher in nature than soul, although unfortunately it often speaks of spirit in the sense above ascribed to soul, as when it affirms that the "*spirit* of life" is Prana, which belongs to the quaternary of lower planes, and is associated with the physical body in the scheme of the seven principles of man.

In truth, to speak of "soulless Nature" is now, whatever it may have been at one time, to use a meaningless phrase, and it is much the same with the expression "irresponsible Creator." The idea of creation, as here inserted, has long since lost any significance it may have had. Creation out of nothing means nothing. Popular Christian belief as to the origin of things is based partly on certain expressions in the Epistles ascribed to St. Paul, and partly on the

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account of the "creation" given in the first chapter of Genesis. The opening verse of the Old Testament Scriptures reads, in the English version: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." It is evident that these might supply the materials for the so-called creation of everything else including man himself, who was said, in fact, to have been made out of the dust of the earth. He derived his life from the divine breath, and God's being thus becomes the source of human existence, as it was in reality thus of all existence including the earth and the so-called heavens. Hebrew legend when properly understood agrees with Theosophy in affirming that the divine substance is that from which all things have been derived as their ultimate source, and there is a rendering of the first verse of the "Book of Generations" which gives a truer idea of all the process of derivation than that ascribed to Christian belief. But assuming for the sake of argument that all things have actually been "created" by God by the exercise of His will, He certainly would be responsible for His action, in the only possible sense in which responsibility could attach to an omnipotent Power. Man cannot create, that is form, either in thought or deed, anything without being affected by it. Action and reaction are always equal, on whatever plane the action may take place. In this sense God would be responsible for His conduct, and if He created or caused all the evils and injustices which Theosophical teaching would credit Him with, if the doctrine of reincarnation prove to be untrue, He must suffer a terrible reaction in some way or other of which we may not become cognizant.

There is, however, a third mode of accounting for the inequalities observable among different individuals, which would apply also to different races, without calling in the aid of reincarnation. The explanation ought to recommend itself to the theosophical mind as it is based on man's relation to the Universal Monad from whom all things are emanations, in the sense of tracing their ultimate source to it. And yet, as it requires the whole man, as a threefold being of body, soul and spirit, to be subject to the law of heredity—and not

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merely the body and soul which connect him with the animal kingdom—in thus rendering reincarnation unnecessary, the explanation cannot be accepted by those who entertain this doctrine as an essential dogma of theosophic belief. Even apart from this doctrine, spirit-heredity, as it may be called, would probably be rejected by Mrs. Besant, who says that those who believe "man is a spirit —or has a spirit, as they mostly phrase it"—must, if they reject reincarnation, imagine Deity as at the beck and call of His creatures in the exercise of His creative energy, as waiting attendant on the passions and lusts of men to create a human spirit to inhabit the body which springs from some evil act of unbridled self-indulgence. But why so? As a fact, few persons, if any, who give the matter a thought believe that God creates human spirits. No distinction is made as a rule between spirit and soul, both being identified as the immortal mind-principle associated with the mortal body, and which constitutes its vitality. An evangelical Christian, who had a family of whom he was justly proud, once remarked to me: "What a wonderful thing it is that a man can create a child." Here the reference was not to the physical body merely. It embraced all that constitutes the object, a "child," a human being, that is, the possessor of what Theosophy refers to as Manas (mind), the principle which makes the Thinker.

According to the view just mentioned, man must be the "creator" of spirit, as well as of the body and soul which Theosophy allows to be transmitted from parent to offspring. And why not? I can understand that when advance is to be made from one province of Nature to another in the course of organic development, as from vegetable to animal or from animal to man, a fresh outpouring of cosmical energy might be necessary, and that such might be the case also if the "root"-races of mankind had independent origins. But when once the outpouring had taken place and had effected its object in starting life, that is structure and function, on the higher plane, there would be no occasion for the repetition of the special outpouring; as the new form or forms of life would be trans-

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mitted and undergo development through the actions of the laws of heredity and variation. The stamp of the new order of things is impressed once for all on the new organic structure. This is admitted by Theosophical teaching in relation to the animal kingdom, and there is no reason why it should not also apply to man. If it were not so, the offspring of human marriage would be animal merely, that is: the vitalized product of man's creative power would be on a lower plane than that to which the parent organisms belong. By the same rule an animal would give rise to a plant, and a plant to a mineral product, unless some external principle operated to raise the offspring to the same plane as that of its parents.

To prevent such a catastrophe it is supposed by Theosophy that a large number of disembodied spirits are waiting to be reincarnated, and that as these spirits are of all degrees of progress all can find bodies fitted for their actual mental condition. Theosophy goes further and affirms that when the time for reincarnation approaches a body is made for it to inhabit, such a body as its career in past existences rendered necessary for the working out of its karmic destiny. Mrs. Besant thus states the case: "As the period for reincarnation approaches, the causal body, or reincarnating Ego, builds a new mental and a new astral body, while the Lords of *Karma* provide a mould suited to express the *Karma* to be worked out, and after this the etheric double is built." She continues: "Since the brain, in common with the rest of the dense body, is built into this etheric double, this brain is, by its conformation, the physical expression, however imperfect, of the mental habits and qualities of the human being thus to be incarnated, the fitting physical vehicle for the exercise of the capacities which his experience now enables him to manifest on the physical plane." It will be asked: where does this process of moulding and building take place? We have the information contained in the further statement that the character of a person which has hardened into the selfish type "persists, and in due course is given etheric form, as mould for the next dense body. Drawn toward a family of similar

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type, toward parents physically able to supply materials stamped with similar characteristics, the dense body is built into this etheric mould." That is, the mould or model form is somewhat or other associated with certain married persons who are able to supply the proper physical materials for the building into it of the body and brain of the reincarnating Ego.

To this scheme there are two objections which appear to form serious difficulties in the way of its acceptance. In the first place it is not consistent with the hereditary transmission of the physical body and animal soul admitted by Theosophical teaching. And secondly, it makes the parent a mere receptacle for the etheric mould preferred by the Lords of *Karma*, leaving nothing for him or her to do beyond supplying certain physical material. Let us consider the last-named objection first by the light of the physiological process in generation, for this is the only way in which the matter can be properly treated. Since the promulgation of Weismann's theory of the continuity of the germ-plasm actual proof of organic immortality has come within the range of possibility. Natural death, says Weismann, "occurs only among multicellular organisms; the single-celled forms escape it." These are known to science as Protozoa, a large class of minute creatures comprising amœbæ, foraminifers, sun-animalcules, infusoria, gregarines and some single algæ, which as shown by Geddes and Thompson, in their remarkable work on "The Evolution of Sex," may be grouped under the three divisions of active, passive and amœboid cells. But in the life-histories of some protozoon-forms the cells pass through each of these phases, and there are reasons for believing that these are the predominant phases of the cell-cycle, a cycle which is "primeval, certainly in the history of the organic world, and largely so even in the individual cell." Those three phases are represented in the sex-cells, of which the male is small, active and flagellate, exhibiting a preponderance of the *katabolic* or disruptive, energy-expending set of changes, and the female is larger, quiescent and enclosed, showing a predominance of the *anabolic* or constructive, synthetic processes;

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while an approximate equilibrium between these extremes is the mark of the amœboid cell which Geddes and Thompson think, and with good reason, was the form from which both male and female cells were derived.

The union of the male and female cells, therefore, is that of two protozoon or unicellular forms which, owing to their not being subject to natural death, must be regarded as something more than the material required for the building of the dense physical bodies of reincarnating egos. Indeed, the lump of protoplasm to which the name of amœba is given, has been shown by physiologists to possess, in germ, all the "psychical" qualities which are exhibited by the higher animals, and even by man himself. This applies particularly to the characteristics of sex; and hence the authors of the work just referred to affirm that "a deep difference in constitution expresses itself in the distinctions between male and female, whether these be physical or mental. The differences may be exaggerated or lessened, but to obliterate them it would be necessary to have all the evolution over again on a new basis. What was decided among the prehistoric Protozoa cannot be annulled by Act of Parliament." Those differences, psychical as well as physical, are established in the parental factors whose unitary development gives rise to the child-product. This is male or female, therefore, according to the preponderating katabolism or anabolism of the organism, as shown by its tendency to the sexual reproduction of cells having one or other of those properties. Mrs. Besant tells us that the animal nature, that part of man that does not reincarnate, consists of four parts or principles. These are the body, the etheric double, the vitality, and "the passionate nature-passions, appetites and desires." Now, the four principles thus enumerated are possessed by all forms of animal life, and therefore by the organic existence arising from the union of the male and female elements in human offspring. They are all present in the unborn child, even the passionate nature, although until after birth the passions, appetites and desires have only a very limited range for their activity. More-

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over, as those male and female elements represent the two extreme conditions, the katabolic and the anabolic, of the primeval proto-zoon-organism, each of them must possess in itself all those four principles; although they are potential rather than actual in the female factor, or ovum, and though the ultimate form they are to assume depends on the union of the parental elements.

We thus see that the child receives from its parents, in the combination of the male and female cells which constitutes its simplest phase of organic existence, not merely its physical body and vitality, but the etheric double on which, according to Theosophical teaching, that body is moulded, and the passionate nature in which vitality first reveals its activity on the animal plane. This position is admitted by Mrs. Besant, when considering the objection that reincarnation ignores the law of heredity. She affirms that the parental "molecules built into the child's body carry with them the habit of vibrating in definite ways and of associating themselves in particular combinations." In this way hereditary diseases and little tricks of manner, habits, gestures, etc., may be transmitted. Mrs. Besant admits, moreover, that, "within limits," mental peculiarities also may be transmitted. She says: "Etheric atoms as well as physical are contributed by the parents as are also *Kamic* elements—especially by the mother— and these work on the molecules of the brain as well as on those of the rest of the body, and so cause the reappearance in the child of vital and passional characteristics of the parents, modifying the manifestations of the Thinker, the Manas, the reincarnating Ego." This is hardly consistent with Mrs. Besant's earlier statements that mental and moral qualities are in the immortal Ego, and that the Ego builds the new astral body previous to reincarnation; the Lords of *Karma* providing the mould on which the etheric double is built. What is the good of the Ego or cosmic workers providing astral or etheric forms, if these are subject to the hereditary influences of parents? As representing the whole ancestral past, such influences must have great strength and persistence, and surely the function of heredity is to

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give form through the agency of parents, the mother furnishing the real matrix.

As a fact, the whole animal portion of the human existence—that which Theosophy refers to as the Quaternary, the union of the four lower principles, the dense physical body, the etheric double, prana or the life-principle, and kama or the astral body of desire—are handed down from parents to offspring entire at every birth, whether the doctrine of reincarnation is true or not, and, therefore, there is no room in that relation for the action of either the Ego or the so-called Lords of Karma. Moreover, as that which is formed through the union of the male and female elements in *human* reproduction is itself necessarily human, and not animal, there does not appear to be any opening for the reincarnation of any disembodied Ego. Possibly what is termed "obsession" might take place, but this is totally different from reincarnation. Madame Blavatsky herself is supposed by Theosophists to have been repeatedly obsessed by various disincarnated Egos, who thus obtained control of her organism for greater or lesser periods, making use of it for the dissemination of occult teaching. This is simply a question of change of tenants—a residence which has been rendered habitable through one occupant acquiring another tenant instead of the first. This is a wholly different case from that of the original appearance or becoming of the earliest occupant, which Theosophy explains by reincarnation without furnishing any real evidence in support of the truth of its statement. Let us call the immortal principle in man—which Theosophists refer to as Manas, the Thinker or the Ego—soul or spirit; its "incarnation" does not require any previous *separate* existence, such as is supposed when it is affirmed that that which has been cannot have had any beginning. Such a pre-existence is a mere figment of the imagination. It has already been stated that man is the "creator" of spirit, as well as of soul and body, and now it may be added that such creation is merely the emergence of the Divine Spirit which constitutes the germal principle of all organic activity. It is not until the organic development

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has attained the human plane that such emergence is possible, and then only because of the outpouring of Divine Energy which attended the first appearance of man. Thus, although the human spirit *as such* has a beginning, yet it has an infinite past, an ancestry traceable to the very source of life in the Infinite Being. As an actual emergent on the human plane it is the expression of the perfected unity of the two parental factors; its actual separate birth probably dating from the period of puberty, and its development being the outcome of the experiences of life, the result of the action and reaction of the organism—which is a living entity endowed with the attributes of a three-fold being—and its environment. The spirit may thus be regarded as mind under its highest aspect of a conscious and conscientious existence, the latter quality implying the recognition of the relation of the conscious self to its surroundings and to the great Whole of which it forms a part.

According to the statement of Mrs. Besant, the object of reincarnation is "to train the animal man until it becomes the perfect instrument of the Divine,"—the agent in this training being the reincarnating Ego. Hence, it is the method provided for the attainment of perfection by the Ego, and Theosophy teaches that it is the only way in which spiritual perfection can be reached. It is a curious fact, nevertheless, as pointed out by Prof. Max Mueller, that the transmigration of souls, the form of the doctrine of reincarnation known to the Oriental mind, is not found in the Hindu Vedas. Nor does the doctrine of perfection, which, in his Lectures on Reincarnation, Swàmi Abhedànanda says is the end and aim of Evolution according to Vedànta, necessarily imply reincarnation. It may be doubted, indeed, whether evolution, regarded as the process of development operative throughout the organic world, has any relation to *individual* perfection. Mr. Alexander Fullerton bases his argument for the necessity of reincarnation on the doctrine of spiritual perfection, which he asserts has nine needs; adding that these needs can be satisfied only by the continuance of human experience through a series of earth-lives. This view, which is that of Theosophists in

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general, is based on an inadequate idea of the relation of man to the universal cosmical Being, arising from too great stress being placed on the importance of "individual" experience. If for individual were substituted the race which lives by and through individuals, as a chain is constituted by the combination of its different links, there would be no occasion to call in the aid of reincarnation to assure perfection, whether physical or mental. Such a progress is in fact, shown in the development of mankind as exhibited by the superiority of the highest over the lowest varieties of mankind. The nature of the objection here raised to the Theosophical view may be illustrated by reference to Mr. Fullerton's reasoning in support of the statement, that reincarnations ensure a continuous advance in the successive races of men. He says: "If each newborn child was a new soul-creation, there would be, except through heredity, no general human advance. But if such child is the flower of many incarnations, he expresses an achieved past as well as a possible future. The tide of life thus rises to greater heights, each wave mounting higher upon the shore." There is no occasion, however, to seek in reincarnation for the explanation of this progression.

What has to be accounted for is the general human advance, and truly this is ascribed to the child being the flower of many incarnations, but these are not *re*-incarnations of disembodied souls. Every generation shows an advance on preceding generations; partly because organisms are gradually modified by variation and partly because organic modifications are transmitted and fixed by heredity—progress being that of the race as a whole from generation to generation, and not of individuals in any particular generation or series of generations. The substitution of "race" for individual explains all the other so-called needs referred to by Mr. Fullerton. Thus, instead of a "perfected man," it may be said that the race "must have experienced every type of earthly relation and duty, every phase of desire, affection, and passion, every form of temptation and every variety of conflict." If it be true, as Mr. Fullerton

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asserts, although I must question the statement, that "any one of us, if now translated to the unseen world, would feel regret that he had not tasted existence in some other situation or surroundings," the regret would be useless, as the *race* has passed and is ever passing through all forms of earthly experience, and therefore there is no occasion for the individual to be dragged down to the earth-plane again by physical longings. The idea that each individual has to undergo every form of earthly experience is just as groundless as that he has to exhaust all knowledge of human life. The child is the "heir of all the ages," which are summed up in him; and thus he represents the whole human race with all its varied experience and knowledge. The notion that each individual must suffer every form of temptation, and extinguish desire for earthly experience by undergoing it, is dangerous and pernicious as well as utterly needless for human progress.

But we are told that "the meaning of Universal Brotherhood becomes apparent only as the veil of self and selfish interest thins, and this it does only through that slow emancipation from conventional beliefs, personal errors, and contracted views which a series of reincarnations effects. A deep sense of human solidarity presupposes a fusion of the one in the whole,—a process extending over many lives." Rather let us say: "over many generations," for the recognition by mankind of the fact that all men are brethren is the expression of the spiritual growth of the race and not of individual souls.

A much better explanation of Universal Brotherhood than that afforded by reincarnation is given by the Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul, when he writes to the Romans:—"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye received not the spirit of bondage again unto fear; but ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba (Father). The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are children of God; and if children, then heirs—heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." Men are brethren because they have a common Father.

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The dogma of the Fatherhood of God is conspicuous by its absence from the so-called creed of Theosophy, and yet it forms the basis of philosophy, as of all theology. Science endorses that dogma in accepting the theory of evolution; for the metaphysical doctrine of The Absolute is not essential to this theory. Evolution is merely manifestation and the manifested One is the unity constituted by the universality of things organically related. "Unity in diversity and diversity in unity" is a fitting expression for the human entity, and no less so for the Divine Entity in whom "we live and move and have our being."

Man stands, indeed, towards the Cosmic Whole in a similar relation as that in which a cell stands towards the human body of which it forms a part. In this fact we have an argument against the truth of reincarnation. There are many different cells, varying according to the region or the organ of the body in which they live and act their part, and their diversity is essential to the proper growth of the organism and the natural development of its functions and faculties. In like manner, there are different kinds of men, not merely belonging to the different great divisions of mankind, but within any one of such divisions, and so far from a method, that of reincarnation, being provided for the destruction of that variety, reducing or raising, if this term is preferred, all beings to a dead level of existence, variation is essential not only to the manifestation of Cosmic activity but also to the development which the Cosmos has undergone as the result of such activity, throughout the æons of the past.

It should be noticed, in conclusion, that the Theosophic doctrine of reincarnation has introduced a limitation which was not known to Oriental philosophy. The human soul has passed through the animal stage, but having once attained the dignity of man it cannot fall back to that stage and be reincarnated as animal. Indeed, that which is supposed to be reincarnated as the Manas or Thinker, that is the human Ego. The teaching of Buddhism and of Hinduism was not thus restricted. According to the Jataka stories Gautama

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Buddha had been repeatedly reincarnated in animal form, and according other to Buddhist legends human beings may be "reborn" in any organic bodies or even as inanimate objects, as was the teaching of the Hindus. According to the *Agni Purana*, a person who "loses human birth" has to pass through all the stages of phenomenal nature, remaining two million one hundred thousand births among "the immovable parts of creation, as stones, trees, etc." This view seems to me to be much more reasonable than that which should restrict reincarnation to the human form. The theory of evolution—using this term to comprise the co-relative fact of involution—if given its widest extension, will derive man, not from the protoplasmic monad, but from the primeval atomic substance whose simplest aggregation is the crystal. The crystal may be regarded, therefore, as the earliest organized form and the germal existence from which was developed through cosmic agency, first the amœboid moner and finally the human organism.

Let us now give an extension to the Biblical doctrine of original sin equivalent to that supposed for the theory of evolution, and for "sin" read "imperfection"—as we may do with propriety, as Adam and Eve would not have sinned if they had been morally perfect—then we may ascribe all organic imperfection and misconduct to some defect in primal crystallization, that has not been overcome in the course of the experiences to which the living germs which constitute the complex organism of man have been subjected. If so, then any reincarnation required to get rid of such imperfection must provide for the remedying of the defective crystallization and this can be accomplished only by a return of organic existence to the source from which it probably emanated—the centre of our solar system. The sun is the great laboratory of our field of Nature, and it well may be that imperfect souls—that is, souls which have not become fitted for the position in the universal Cosmic Existence they were intended to occupy—may have to return to the solar laboratory to be remoulded before beginning a fresh course of devel-

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opment. The adoption of this view by Theosophy would bring its teaching on the subject of "reincarnation" in line with Hinduism and Buddhism, although it would remain, for the present at least, purely speculative and not be entitled to rank as doctrinal truth.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

BY EVA BEST.

Life's miseries are deep—
Then weep!
'Tis only thus through bitter tears
The holy, higher vision clears,
And thou canst see through eyes of pain—
Grief-blinded eyes that looked in vain
Whilst earth's illusions held their sway—
The light of everlasting day.
Thus are life's lessons learned and kept
If thou hast wept.

Life's miseries are drear—
Then hear!
Thus only shall thy deafened sense
Gain as a holy recompense
The strength to listen to the strain
Which soundeth to the soul in pain.
Life's harmonies, which throb and beat
In cadences, pure, high, and sweet,
Bring thy grief-quickened ear the Word—
If thou hast heard.

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Life's miseries are real—
Then feel!
Bear all thy suffering patiently.
The chastening hand is laid on thee—
The Hand of Supreme Tenderness—
To lift thee out of thy distress;
And fill the heart that hath been full
Of woe with peace ineffable.
Before thy stricken senses melt
Earth's grim, dark walls
If thou hast felt.

Life hath but misery to give—
Then live!
Though every fleeting, labored breath
Be as a throe of mortal death—
Though every hour bring to thee
Its sacrifice—its Calvary.
The ordeals by flood and fire;
The yawning depths of dark desire;
The cauteries that scorch and burn
Into thy soul what thou must learn—
By these alone is Truth secured—
If thou'st endured.

EVA BEST.

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THE MYSTERIOUS COMPANION.

BY MRS. F. E. COTTON.

I was pleased when I heard that Thorold was returning to England. We had been friends from boyhood, and our affection had not suffered from his long and frequent absences from our native land. Our correspondence had been irregularly regular, and though many months would sometimes pass without bringing me news of him, I would then receive several letters together, and after reading them in chronological order I felt once more in touch with my friend and with his inner and outer life in its most intimate particulars. He was a scientist, therefore a student; a philosopher, therefore a dreamer. Yet withal he was a man of keen analytical mind, who took nothing for granted until he had looked at, and examined it from every point of view. We had been friends at school and afterwards at Heidelberg, for neither of us cared for the old-fashioned curriculum of an English University. Then we parted; I, to earn my living in a profession that became year by year more satisfying; he, to wander wherever his tastes led him, for he was a man of means and the last scion of a good, old family, once famous in the annals of our country. But our friendship suffered no diminution from this difference in our destinies.

I thought, and think still, that work and a strenuous life are our greatest safeguards from that minute self-analysis and introspection which are the curse of modern life, and which render present enjoyment of any kind well-nigh impossible. Thorold did not agree with me.

"You take things too much on trust," he said, on more than one occasion, "I cannot. You accept, I cavil. You see one desirable issue and make straight for it. I see a dozen, but each has some drawback. No two natures could well be more different, and yet—"

"They are complementary." I answered, "like the tints of a

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rainbow." Undoubtedly that was the fact, for every year our friendship had grown more close and intimate, and nothing had as yet occurred to lessen its mutual attractive force.

And now Thorold was on his way to London. Nay, he was probably already there, for his letter had been delayed as usual, and he was never very fond of the modern use of the telegraph in social intercourse. "A letter," he was accustomed to say, "however short, carries the message of the heart through the hand of the sender to the eye and heart of the receiver. If they are in sympathy it is but the link of a chain and tells much that is not written, much that is known to those two alone. It is a mistake to write long letters. Establish a sympathetic vibration, and a word, a touch, will do the rest. Post-cards and telegrams are for business; they vulgarise closer relations."

So his letter was already many days old, and I might expect him at any moment.

I looked at the clock. The hands pointed at a few minutes past eleven. He would hardly come to-night I thought, but to-morrow I might expect to hear of him or see him.

The electric bell rang. I knew in a moment who it was. My man, Webster, showed him in without delay. He had known Thorold of old.

The new-comer stood for a moment in the doorway.

"I saw your light," he said "and—"

"Always welcome my dear fellow," I cried, grasping him by both hands; "pray don't apologize."

I drew him forward. It was a cold night and there was a splendid fire burning on my hearth. Thorold spread his hands to the blaze. It struck me that they were thin, almost transparent. The red light shone through them. I pushed my easiest chair towards him. He sank into it with a faint sigh.

"You are tired," I said, mixing for him a favorite drink and placing it at his elbow. "Have you only just arrived?"

"Only an hour ago. Did you not receive my letter?"

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"By the last post. I have been out most of the evening; I was just reading it."

He glanced at the envelope lying on the table within reach of his hand.

"Not that one," he said, "the other."

"There is no other," I replied. "That is the only letter I have had from you for months."

"Ah! the general postal delays. Never mind; I'll tell you about it some day."

"You have come to tell me now," said I, speaking with a sudden conviction.

He made no answer but looked straight before him into the fire. I then perceived not only that his hands were thin, but that his face had lines and hollows that I had never seen there before; and his clothes hung upon him as if they had been originally made for a larger man. There was also something dejected in his attitude. He looked like a man who had been beaten in some important contest, and had not recovered from his defeat.

Silence fell between us.

Is there anything in the world more satisfying than the silence of friends? It is more eloquent than words. In that silence, soul speaks to soul, and the inmost secrets of the heart are communicated. With strangers we may talk, talk incessantly, and we are never at ease unless when we are making some effort to entertain them, and trying to divert their attention from that inmost citadel, which words are given us to defend. But the silence of those who love is more intimate than speech. It brings their souls into harmony and tunes them to the same key.

Thorold sat motionless. His eyes, half-veiled, were fixed on the fire. Not a limb nor a feature moved. The silence was intense. I felt his soul speak to mine. The thoughts were not formed into words, nor could they be translated into that medium, but I felt their presence below the threshold of consciousness. The silence was fully peopled with entities of whose nature I did not know, but

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they seemed strangely familiar, and quite as much a part of me as any portion of the physical body which I had so long identified with my true Ego, whatever that mysterious creature may be.

In that silence, suggestions came to me in ever-increasing numbers. They could not properly be called thoughts, they were too formless. I tried to arrange them, as we arrange a tangled skein but it was in vain. They went and came like motes in a sunbeam, up and down, hither and thither, without apparent aim or purpose. Yet they had an aim and purpose of which I became at last dimly conscious. They were drawing my soul into sympathy with his, and gradually tuning up the human instrument to the required key. By degrees my inner being responded as the organ responds to the hand of a master. Slowly, surely, the intervals were struck. More and more clearly; more and more firmly. I felt his thought striving for manifestation.

He was trying to tell me something. What was it?

The clock ticked on, but I ceased to hear it. The noises in the street became rarer and ceased altogether. If I heard them at all it was without objective consciousness. As the silence gained upon me the physical senses became less responsive. The fire burned to grey embers but I was not cold.

When in normal health and spirits we frequently see and hear a dozen things of which we are only half conscious. For instance, when I talk to my clients in my private room, I can detect the movements of my clerks in the outer office and know when one of them leaves his desk and answers a visitor, I can also hear the street cries, the rumble of vehicles, etc. I am conscious of at least half a dozen distinct trains of thought crossing and re-crossing each other in my brain, without mingling or confusing each other or in any way interfering with the main object of my attention—the client before me. I had often noticed this complex mental power and wondered at it.

On this night of which I am writing, it was conspicuous by its absence. Not that I noticed that at the time, but it was just in

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his absence of external consciousness that the abnormal experience lay. I notice this fact later.

The silence became overpowering. Entities that I could not define clamored at the gate of the senses, entreating admittance with soundless words, beating with invisible hands on the immovable barrier. I tried to understand them but could not. They began to annoy me.

If Thorold were trying to communicate with me why did he not do so by the accepted channel? Why did he not speak?

I was as one who stands on the sea-shore on a dark night. He feels the march of a resistless force though he can hear and see nothing. Then at last the waves touch his feet. So it was with me. Little by little the mysterious consciousness crystallized into thought. The waves touched my feet.

Then I became aware of a new experience. The sounds that had been clamoring in the silence died down and their place was taken by a sweet penetrating odor. It was the scent of a flower that I had never seen or heard of, so sweet, so satisfying, that my being seemed intoxicated with the sweetness as men are intoxicated with a new wine. That too passed away, and I stood as in the heart of a changing gem. I was flooded with the pure prismatic colors of the rainbow, ever changing, ever more beautiful, until they united together to form one marvelous tint, exceeding in brilliancy all that I had ever seen: an absolutely new combination, a new color infinitely more satisfying, more perfect, than anything of which I had ever formed the conception. It was a new color to match the new scent. Both were absolutely formless, yet between them were the essentials of a new flower which perhaps had its existence in another sphere. Then the color also faded and the silence wrapped me round without form, or sight, or sound. The wave had receded.

"Speak, Thorold," I cried.

And without moving he spoke, but no sound came through his lips. It was heard by the medium of another faculty.

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"To-night," he said, "you have had a new experience. You have for the first time become objectively conscious of your sixth sense. You have heard, you have seen, you have smelt, with a power other than those ordinarily employed on the physical plane, and this experience was real to you. You were not asleep?"

"I was never more awake in my life."

"Can you define the sounds? Can you recall and describe the scent? Could you paint the tint?"

"No. The impression was too fleeting."

"But not the less real while it lasted?"

"It was real enough. As real as anything I have ever seen or felt."

"Thought is the great Master-Builder. All that is, was at one time existent only in that form. From the least to the greatest, everything has been built by Thought. That was the true creative force used by the Infinite. When people talk of making a world out of nothing they speak of what they do not understand. As well talk of making that chair out of nothing. From nothing, nothing can come. Thought is the true creative force. It can and does bring forth after its kind. And the most serious part of the matter is that it never ceases so to produce. Sometimes the result is slow, sometimes it is rapid; always it is sure.'

"I know that sound will produce form: I have seen some curious experiments on that line: but—"

"What produces the sound?"

"Why, a musical instrument of course."

"And that instrument, what produced it? And those sounds, tuned to a perfect key, whence think you that they came but from the mind, the thought, of the musician? The deduction is clear. First the thought, then the sound, then the form."

"But the form that I saw was evanescent, of the most etherial structure. It could be shaken to pieces in a second."

"In fact it was as fugitive as that which produced it, and only slightly more material. A slow evolution. Do you remember the famous legend of the building of Troy?"

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"That as Orpheus played on his lyre, the walls and towers rose. But that is an absurd story. A tissue of nonsense. Legend, as you, yourself, called it just now."

"Do you think there is any legend without a sub-stratum of truth? You know that even now scientists are tracing myths back to a sure foundation in truth. The music of the spheres, inaudible to us, may be deafening on another plane."

Again the silence fell. But this time it was of a different nature. Thorold's words had raised some amount of antagonism in my mind. The sympathy between us was no longer perfect. He was to all appearance again lost in thought.

My mind drifted. The clock on the chimney-piece ticked with provoking insistency It struck the half hour past eleven. Two cabs rattled through the street. I heard Webster locking up. He had orders to do so and to retire to bed before midnight if I was alone or had only a single visitor. I could serve myself if I wanted anything. I did not care for the *gene* of constant attendance. I heard him lock two doors, and hen—

The wave of silence caught me. I did not struggle. I gave myself to it. I wished to see whither it would lead me. Again the inarticulate thought slowly rising and clamouring at the gate of consciousness. Sounds—they were not music, nor yet spoken words—struggled for utterence. The silence beat upon my ears in surging vibratory waves. It seemed as if some marvellous unearthly strain of music must break the stillness and roll through the great spaces of the air, audible to men and angels. But no sound came. The silence was voiceless. It wrapped me round like a garment. It pressed on me with a strange insistence. Now it was tangible—a silence that could be felt. It surrounded me with mighty arms. It pressed me in a strong embrace. At last I understood the words "supported in the Everlasting Arms." It was deeply satisfying. I know not how long it lasted. In such an experience time is not. Gradually, by the finest gradations, the peculiar condition passed,

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and I became conscious of the penetrating odor before mentioned, sweet, but not cloying; piquant, yet not sharp. Rose, lily and violet in one, and yet differing from each, for it was not compounded of many different perfumes, but one perfect perfume, pure throughout. It was the same scent of flower that I had perceived before; but now it was stronger, more decided and definite; yet it cannot be described, for who can describe a scent, especially one never perceived before. But it was now familiar to me as the voice of a friend. It faded. It passed. For a moment I was conscious of an acute sense of loss. Then again I seemed to be in the heart of the changing gem, wrapped round and round with colors of unearthly purity, opalescent, of a sunset hue, rainbow-tinted. Finally these all crystallized into the new color that was neither red, blue, nor yellow, nor any known combination of these. Pure as light itself, clear as crystal, indescribable in terms since it was unlike anything I had ever previously seen. Then, wonder of wonders! Mystery of mysteries! the scent and the color combined, and a new flower was born. Very faint, very shadowy, very indistinct as to outline, but clear in color and scent. It hovered for a moment before my astonished eyes and then faded slowly away.

"Are you convinced?" asked Thorold.

"How did you manage it?" I gasped in an awed whisper.

"I built the flower with my thought. That is why it was so dim. If you had done it yourself it would have been far more distinct. I tried, first, to give you a strain of music, but you are no musician and you could not grasp the suggestion. But color and scent appeal strongly to you, and the sub-conscious mind grasped my next suggestion at once. The form was indistinct because form appeals but little to your subjective mind. Yet in a short time that difficulty will be overcome and you will be able to construct your flower at will."

"How wonderful."

"Not more so than a thousand other natural processes which we never marvel at, because they are common, and we think they are

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produced by material means. Why should it seem more natural to you that a delicate bloom should be evolved from moist, warm earth impregnated by manure than that it should be built by the same creative power which formed the universe, except that the one idea is familiarized by use, and the other is, to a certain extent, novel?"

"Is this what you came to tell me?"

"Not exactly; not altogether. It is, as it were, the prelude to my story."

He hesitated for a moment. He then continued speaking slowly and with difficulty, as if at the same time unwilling and determined, driven by a dire necessity, the spur of human need seeking sympathy and fellowship.

"You understand now how things may be created," said he, "but you do not know, and I do not know, how they may be dissipated. We build, we are always building, but the Frankensteins of our creation sometimes become too strong for their creators. That is my case. I am a haunted man."

He stirred the fire, threw on more fuel and held his thin hands to the blaze.

I looked at him in amaze. His face was more lined, his figure more attenuated than I had before supposed. It was clear that my poor friend suffered in some way as yet unknown to me.

Again he spoke answering my thought.

"My Eastern studies have let in a new light on the nature of ghosts and other-world visitants. I have created my own devil, and now I cannot lay it."

"There is no devil," I exclaimed. "That notion was exploded long ago."

"True. There are no devils but such as we ourselves create. But when once we have created one, he becomes a very real personage, I can assure you, as real as your flower but not so innoxious. An embodied evil thought, an ever-present, malevolent entity, that—like Constance's child— sleeps with you, eats with you, walks

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with you, is ever with you, night and day, so that you are never alone, never in the absolute solitude so dear to the scientist and philosopher. And the Thing in itself is so hateful. Ugh!"

The expression of disgust, loathing and horror was so strong, so unmistakable, that I could but pity the man who sat before me deep in the recesses of my easiest chair, who glanced neither to the right hand nor to the left, but kept his eyes centred on the leaping, dancing flame. Suddenly the thought came to me that he was afraid to look into the dark corners of the room. I hate the glare of electric light and can neither work nor read by it, so that I still continue to burn soft-shaded lamps in my study. A "dim, religious light" always shrouds the corners of my room.

"You are not well," I said gently, "you are tired, over-fatigued, perhaps over-excited."

He made a gesture of dissent.

"No. If I must confess the truth, I am afraid. Yes, I, the strong man, the man of science, am afraid of a creature that I, myself, have created. It is very absurd is it not? But at the same time it is true, and truth is the goddess of our devotion; we cannot deny her. Don't speak to me: don't say one of the words that I see hovering on your lips. The commonplaces are too common for this case. I know them all, but they are of no avail to me. You call my devil the 'baseless fabric of a vision.' Nonsense. It is as real as you are—I loathe it; how I loathe it no words can say." A hideous expression crossed his face as he spoke. "I would murder it if I could, but I cannot. I have no power over it; none. It comes and goes as it pleases. It it in the room now. You cannot see it, of course not, yet look between the curtains of the second window."

I looked. Was it fancy? It seemed to me that at one spot the shadow was more distinct, that it took a form, and at the same moment I was conscious of that vague feeling of discomfort that one experiences when entering a dark room that should be empty, but is not.

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I felt that there was another presence in the room, other than Thorold's and my own, and that this presence was inimical. I shuddered.

"Bah! You are infecting me with your fancies," I cried, striving to throw off the impression so unwillingly received. "We are like women telling each other ghost-stories till they are afraid to go to bed." Yet even as I spoke I carefully averted my eyes from the Thing in the second window.

Thorold did not answer this remark. Perhaps he did not hear it, or it seemed to him below contempt. He now drank off the beverage that I had placed by his side.

"Have you ever felt a longing, an uncontrollable longing to commit murder?" he asked in a thrilling whisper. "Longed to do it as the only way to be rid of an unbearable incubus; and been unable?"

I never had, and I said so. I glanced towards the window. The shadowy Thing was more clearly defined and certainly it had advanced nearer towards us.

"How long has it been here?" I asked in an awed whisper. "Can it hear what we say?"

"It hears what we think," he replied. "There is no escape from it. It haunts me day and night. Wherever I go it follows. It has followed me from the East to the West; from Delhi to London. Distance, land and sea, make no difference to it. There is no escape from it. Its constant presence is driving me mad. No. I am not mad yet, whatever you think; but I soon shall be; mad or dead. The constant presence of this hateful thing is wearing my life away. Sometimes I actually long for dissolution in order to get rid of it. But even then I might not escape. It might follow me even beyond the veil. If I could only kill it or dispose of it in some way."

Again the malign expression disfigured his fine face.

I regarded him in sorrowful silence. He used to be a man of noble instincts and high aspirations. Whither had these finer sentiments gone? Could it be that the hate of which he spoke had

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so warped his nature that the finer tissues had disintegrated? For many years I had loved and admired him more than all other men. It was a poignant grief to me to witness his present deterioration. Haunted he had called himself. Haunted and hunted he looked. His very attitude called forth my sympathy and appealed powerfully to me for help. He had changed, and changed for the worse. But I loved him as much as ever. He was still to me the first of men. We do not cease to love our dear ones because they are ill or in trouble, even though that sickness be of their own making.

"If I could only escape from it," he repeated, glancing furtively around like a criminal who fears the police.

"What does it want? It must want something."

"I do not know." His tone had become strained,unnatural, forced, and I knew that he was telling me a lie. How much Thorold must have changed before he could be capable of such a subterfuge.

Then in a second the truth flashed upon me. He had created the hateful Thing himself with his own evil thought. It was his. It belonged to him. And in a sense he belonged to it. He hated it, but perhaps it loved him, its creator, and suffered through his repudiation. Was not this the key to the enigma? It was not only his own devil but in some way he had given it power over him so that he could not escape from the sphere of its influence. How, I know not. Perhaps according to its own nature it loved him. It might be in its essence hateful and deserving of hate, but after all it was his. It was his own creature such as it was, bad or good. He was its creator and it was linked to him. In some mysterious manner it was his fate, and so long as it existed must be fraught with inimical influences to himself and others. For here, as always, the cause must be followed by its effect. The law cannot be broken. A devil of his own creation; and yet inasmuch as he had created it not necessarily all bad. Not perhaps entirely evil, but capable of, or containing, some germ of good. Else why did it seek him so persistently? So far as I could ascertain it had never done him any

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harm though it followed him in such an objectionable manner. Born of hate, nourished by fear, it might yet be capable of some small quality of love. Surely if it did not follow him for ill, it must be because it desired his presence, it had some yearning affection for him, and if so it could not be all evil.

Then a deep silence once more enveloped me. In that silence something communed with me. This time it was not Thorold's mind. The thoughts were other than his—not beautiful, refined, highly intellectual, scientific, but sad, yearning, tender—the breath of a simple, humble affection, too humble to expect return, too self-distrustful to deem itself worthy of notice, yet withal too fond to exile itself voluntarily from the object of its regard. It was the love that lives and clings in spite of hate, and scorn, and many opprobrious terms, blows even, if blows could have been given: the love of Patient Grizzel and other old-time heroines. Never before had I been able to understand a sentiment of this nature. It had seemed to me cringing and worthless in the extreme. Now all at once I felt it myself. I knew what it was to love and to be scorned. How sad! How pitiful! And, alas! how infinitely common. The great tragedy of life; unrequited affection.

A great wave of pity filled my heart.

"Alas! poor human nature! Alas! poor ghost!"

An inspiration came to me. I rose suddenly to my feet. Faced the window and the shadowy Thing which had now grown nearer and more distinct. I feared it no longer. I would willingly have taken it to my heart and soothed it in my arms. I advanced toward it. Surely it read my thought, for it also drew nearer, as one's shadow draws towards one's feet as the sun approaches the Zenith.

"Love alone can dissolve that which Hate has created." I murmured softly, though I knew that words were unnecessary. "Hate is evanescent. Love alone is eternal. Return to the stream of Love and Life, and be at rest."

I held out my hand with some show of authority.

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The Thing grew more and more shadowy, more and more indistinct.

I repeated my words. Almost imperceptibly it melted away altogether. One moment it was there, and the next, the place that it had occupied was empty. Neither between the windows nor in any other part of the room was the Thing to be seen which had exerted so strange an influence over Thorold.

A sense of freedom, lightness and indescribable peace came into my heart. Scent and color flooded me. The mystic flower was again before me, well within reach of my hand. I could have touched it.

A heavy sigh broke the spell. I looked quickly round.

Thorold had fallen on his knees, with his head in his hand.

"What Hate has created, Love alone can dissolve," he murmured. "God grant that the converse be not also true. That Hate may never conquer Love."

"That is impossible," I answered confidently. "For all is good and all things are good. From it they came, and to it they must return."

The rich scent and glorious hues of the mystic flower filled the room, glowing and growing with indescribable splendor. The silence wrapped us around with unutterable peace. My soul and the soul of my friend were alike at rest. Love had conquered Hate.

F. E. COTTON.

What is done interests me more than what is thought or supposed. Every fact is impure, but every fact contains in it the juices of life. Every fact is a clod, from which may grow an amaranth or a palm.

I would beat with the living heart of the world, and understand all the moods, even the fancies or fantasies of nature. I dare to trust to the interpreting spirit to bring me out all right at last —establish truth through error. —*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

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THE SECRET SONG.*

IN "THE SECRET SERMON ON THE MOUNT" OF HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

Let all the waiting world attend
With open ear,
With nature all aware,
To hear my hymn of praise ascend
In circling words to God's immortal sphere.

Be opened, Earth; and ye, ye barred gates of rain;
Be still, ye trees,
Nor tremble in the breeze;
Ye heavens, be opened, and ye wandering winds,
Stay silent where ye are, returning not again
E'en while I sing to Him—Creation's Lord
The One, the All, Who is of all adored.

To Him who hath created everything—
To Him I sing:
Who fixed the whirling globe, set free the skies,
And to unbounded ocean gave the word
Sweet waters to afford,
To nourish all the world, and man support,
Lest his frail body dies;
Who made His fire to burn in gods and men alike.
The force of all their acts—or ill or wise.

Let all together give all praise
To Him Who rideth high, sublime,

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*A paraphrase from the two prose translations of Dr. Everard and Mr. G. R. S. Mead.

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Upon the circling spheres;
To Him Who stands beyond all time,
Prime source, and end of nature's countless days;
The secret of her deep, unfathomed ways;
To Him Who is the Eye of universal Mind,
Illumining what else were darkness to the blind;—
He will accept the praise which all things bring!

Ye Powers that are within, sing glory to the One,
Together with my Will, sing to the One, the All.
O Knowledge,* ever bless'd, illuminating,
By Thee I magnify the Light that Mind alone
Can comprehend; and joy, in Mind rejoicing.

Sing praise through me, each, all ye Powers within;
Sing praise, my self-control, and thou, my righteousness,
By me sing praise to that which Righteous is;
Do thou, O selfless Power which in me shares with all,
Give praise likewise to Him Who still is All;
Sing through me, that which is my truth,
Sing praises to the Truth,
And what in me is good, praise thou the Good;
So that, O Life—O Light—O Spirit, God,—
From us to you our praise returneth in.

I give Thee thanks, O Father, Thou
The energy of all my powers:
I give Thee thanks, O God, the Power
Of all my energies;
Thy Reason sings through me Thy praise;
Take back through me Thy sacrifice,
The all take back—my reason's sacrifice!
For all the Powers within me cry these things;

*Lit: Ὁ γνωσις (O. Gnosis.)

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They sing Thy praise, they do Thy Will;
That which Thy Will and Counsel brings
To pass, to Thee they do return it still.

The All that is within, O Life, preserve;
Do Thou illumine it, O Light, O Spirit:
It is Thy Mind that is of men the guide,
Thy Mind which plays the shepherd to Thy Man;
O Thou high Worker, Who Thy Spirit gives
To dwell with man—to draw him back to Thee,
E'en though he wander blindly, far and wide.

For Thou art God; Thy Man thus cries to Thee
Through fire, through air, through water, spirit, earth;
Through these, and all Thy creatures, now I see
From Thy eternal kosmos spring to birth
The means whereby we bless and praise Thee ever.
Deep rest is mine, for in Thy Will I rest;
Long was my search, and vain, but now I find
Its object in Thy Will, and now confest
Doth stand what once was hid, revealed by Thine own Mind.

EDITH SAGE.

GOD-MANHOOD.

There is a spiritual nature of man in which God abides, and ever reproduces Himself. There is a spiritual nature of man which makes, not only throughout our globe but throughout the universe of space and thought, the immortality of duration, one humanity. In every man that spiritual nature seeks to realize itself wholly; and therefore, as you ally yourself with it, and give it effect in your bosom, you enter upward into a union of absolute life and Godhead, and you enter outwardly, into a union with all humanities, all souls, all immortalities, now and evermore. —*D. A. Wasson.*

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AH! THE WOE OF IT!

BY MADAME A. PUPIN.

And I came to *this* world. My home is in that lovely star that shines so bright above your heads. There the days are always radiant with sunshine and the nights are cool and balmy. No storms disturb our peaceful valleys; no tempests rage upon the hill-tops. Life is filled with tranquil happiness—no tears—no sorrow—ah! you could not understand—you never would believe.

Surely *this* world, too, is beautiful, I said; the fields are filled with ripening grain, the fruits are hanging in bounteous clusters on the trees, the budding flowers, brilliant in color, rich in fragrance, raise their heads in thankfulness to Him who made them. All is beautiful! No blot upon this fair and lovely landscape. But what is this I see! Good God! the man is hungry. What manner of world is this—food in plenty all around, yet this poor creature creeps along, clutching at his breast for hunger. Ah! succor is at hand. Those fellow creatures, clad in bright array and swiftly drawn by prancing steeds, will surely help—but no, they see him not, they pass him by, and the winds bring back the sound of mocking laughter. Is *this* the world He came to save? Ah! the woe of it.

I sat me down upon a mossy stone, I mused till darkness fell upon me. All through the fragrant night, I pondered on this mystery. At length the stars withdrew their shining, and another day began. I passed along the roadside; all around the smiling landscape lay; it was as if it said—Now look at me and raise your thoughts to Him who made me.

But soon a weird sight fell upon my eyes. A hundred forms with drooping heads wound slowly o'er the field. I drew me near, that I might learn what this strange scene should mean. The forms were robed in black, the color of despair, and as they walked, some wept and wrung their hands, and others sobbed convulsively. Can it be true, I cried, that those who dwell in a world so fair do cling so closely

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to the cast-off garment of the resurrected one; do lay it in the ground to breed disease and pestilence and pollute the air that living mortals breathe? And have they not the vision clear to see? Then I drew near to her who stood beside the grave; I plucked her veil and said, "Dear sister, look above, dost thou not see him there? The happy radiance of his face is slightly dimmed that thou shouldst not respond." She still looked down, she saw him not, nor did she heed my speech. I stepped aside near two who stood apart and talked; they spoke of her. She said if she *only* knew; if one would only tell her where he was; 'twas sad to hear her sobbing—he was here but yesternight, and now is gone forever; I shall never see him more.

The black-robed throng dispersed, but just above the head of each, the glorious light revealing, there shone a loving happy face; but they, with heads bent down to earth in sombre veils enveloped, saw naught but blackness and despair. And have *these* His name? Ah! the woe of it.

At length I spied a stately mansion set upon a hill. With its lofty turrents and its many pointed gables, with its grand majestic portal and its broad extensive gardens, surely *this* must be the home of happiness. I wandered through the graveled walks, plucking here and there a flower; I listened to the splashing of the fountain and breathed the soft sweet summer air.

The door stood open wide; I entered through a spacious hall and followed down an ample corridor. But what means this? The door is barred and double-locked. The rooms along this corridor were neat as wax and pure as snow. In each there sat a—what? A vision of dispair. A little further down, the rooms were closed all but—a grating in the door. Still further down the air was rent with shrieks of anguish, like wails of tortured souls. Can this be Hell, I cried, and turned and fled, nor paused until I came upon the road again. There one who met another on the way was pointing to this stately edifice, and as I passed I heard him say—The State Insane Asylum—and then I caught the whisper—twelve hundred,

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all incurable.—Were *these* the souls *He* came to save? Ah! the woe of it!

Before me lay a great and glorious city, spread upon a plain. By this one sign I was to know where *He* was known—the spires would point to heaven: and there they stood, so white and still, as if each breathed a prayer. Methinks where men do congregate together, *there* I'll find the realm of peace and happiness. I wandered through the busy streets—the streets of commerce and the streets of homes. I saw the homes of wealth, as also places of the public trust, and all were barred with bands of iron and steel. But can it be, I thought, that man doth fear his brother man! Is it not said, that perfect love doth cast out fear? Can these be followers of Him?

I walked all through the night, all through the day I walked, to learn the lives of men. One night I saw, when men should sleep—I saw an awful thing. I saw a human creature smite his brother man. That human face, made in His image, made to be an angel face, took on itself a horrid form. Can there be devils? Could this be a demon's face? He smote his brother man, and in his fury, smote and smote again. Then that which had had life lay stiff and stark upon the ground. In this fair world, can one take life, which life he has not power to give? Ah! the woe of it!

Everywhere I sought to find the image of the Divine—man made a little lower than the angels. Once I saw a human being, clutching at his bags of gold, with face deep seamed in lines of fear lest they be torn away from him. One night a spectre came, tore *him* away from them, and out into the dark he went, convulsed with mortal fear.

Here, there and everywhere I saw the human form divine clothed with deformity. With bloated shapes and double-faced, men walked with pride upon the earth. How had the angel man contrived to lose his fair and graceful form and take upon himself the face of brutes? At length I learned the horrid truth. Despising Nature's bountiful supplies, he gorged himself with flesh of beasts.

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What marvel then, that man can kill his brother man! Ah! the woe of it!

And many too, I found that valued not God's greatest gift to man—the gift of human reason—but drinking deep and long of poisonous juices, robbed themselves of this divinest gift and fell, and lower than the brutes they fell. Ah! the woe of it!

I sought and found a maiden fair—as fair and pure as maids in *our* bright world. That night I dreamed of angels, but—when next I sought my maiden fair, alas! she was no longer fair. What could have wrought this mischief? Oh man, hast thou—? Thou hast, thou vile deceiver; is nothing sacred in thy sight?

I went among the sleeping infants in their beds. Oh heaven! what sort of world is this? These innocents, these bits of Paradise come often undesired. Adieu fair world! I stifle in your atmosphere—the atmosphere of selfish greed, deceit and hate. In that bright world to which I go, we have no laws beginning "Thou shalt not." The one unwritten law dwells in each human heart—The Brotherhood of Man. Ah! the joy of it! Oh happy world, I come again to thee. Our one grand law helps us to comprehend the greater mystery—The Fatherhood of God. Oh Love! the Sun that lights and warms our world. Oh Love Divine! May this fair earth soon learn, like ours, to know the Joy of it—the Peace of it.

MADAME A. PUPIN.

Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole past, so thou wilt transmit to the whole future.—*Carlyle.*

All objects are windows through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude.—*Carlyle.*

All things are symbolical, and what we call results are beginnings.—*Plato.*

All strength lies within, not without.—*Jean Paul.*

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THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS

(XVIII.)

"When the King heard the word 'Begin' his anger knew no bounds. He roared in his wrath, and forgetting his utter helplessness, shrieked for his guards; but these protectors of the Royal Person, being seven flights below stairs, failed to hear his august commands, and had no idea of the King's pressing need of them.

"'Come, Sire, be reasonable,' urged the Magician.

"'Be reasonable'! yelled the sovereign, 'do you call that 'reasonable' to wish to be made one with this Fool? I *won't* be made one with him, sirrah—I tell you I *will* not—"

"'Your Majesty's will loses all power here,' quietly interrupted the man of magic. 'For the sake of your suffering kingdom I intend to make it possible for you to become, as nearly as is possible for you to become, as nearly as is possible for human to become, a whole—a perfect being, and to restore to this defrauded half of a man his divine rights.'

"'You defy me?' roared the King.

"'I defy you,' answered the Magician coolly. 'You are a coward, and therefore I, to accomplish my goodly purpose, shall threaten you with the most terrible punishments in all the world if you even dare to *try* to go against my desire to make a man of you.'

"The King saw that for all his angry opposition he would be obliged to let the Sorcerer have his way. So he threw himself into the throne, and glared in sickly silence at the radiantly happy face of the gentle little Jester who stood, in smiling expectation, at his knee.

"Meanwhile the Magician was busying himself with the bringing in of two light, narrow boxes, differing in size, but both suggesting in shape, a square coffin, or ordinary casket.

"'What are those for?' asked the King, his curiosity enlivened by his fear making him break the silence.

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"The patient Magician explained to him that the boxes were for the use of himself and the dwarf, inviting the monarch to read upon the engraved plates fastened upon the lids of the boxes the *real names* of the two who were to occupy them. The curious King peered at the letters inscribed on the lid of the big box, and spelled out the word 'Demonio;' then on the little box, and read 'Angelo.'

"The Magician (without imparting any real secrets) explained to the King, as well as he was able, the process by which the two were to be incorporated—there go Pinkie's eyes asking questions of the user of such a big word. 'It's from the Latin word, *corpus*, Pinkie; *corpus*, a body. *Corporate* means to shape into a body, and *incorporate* means to gather together more than one—let us say 'substance,' and mix, unite, combine them until they form one single body—just as yeast and flour and water and salt are incorporated to make bread-dough, or as copper, tin and zinc are incorporated to make bronze.

"Now we are coming to another big word, bigger than this one, Pinkie, and I'm going to define it before the Magician gets a chance to use it himself. The word is *disintegration*. It comes from the little Latin word *integer*, meaning entire, whole, perfect, something from which nothing is lacking. To *disintegrate* is to go to pieces; to break up into fragments; to crumble to powder, as rocks do under the action of heat and cold and winds and waves. Thus disintegration means the act of going to pieces, and that is what the Magician told the big man and the little man would have to be done before he could combine the particles together to form a perfect being.

"'Do you mean that after you have reduced us both to a mass of particles that you can go to work and make one man of us?'

"'I shall not need to 'go to work,' Sire; I shall simply wave my magic wand over your caskets, and, presto! you will both crumble to shapeless masses of little atoms. I shall then empty the contents of the small box into the large one, put on the lid again, wave my wand, and, presto! Angelo and Demonio will be one and indivisible.'

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"'Will it take long?' asked the Jester.

"The Magician turned to face the little questioner. 'No, not long; that's the beauty of real magic,' said he; 'time has nothing whatever to do with its wonderful workings. It is like eternity itself; IT IS, and knows no limitation.

"'Do you know,' went on the Sorcerer, smiling a little half-sad, half-kindly smile down at the dwarf, 'I am reluctant to use my marvelous art, and put you out of existence—that is, apparent existence, or a being apart from the King.'

"Why did he feel that way?" asked Pinkie, as the Wise Man paused to accept a glass of water from the thoughtful Violet.

"That's just what the wondering little dwarf asked the Magician."

"And what did he say?"

"He said, 'It is because you have been so good and true and kind and generous to every one that it saddens me to think that our little friend must be apparently lost to the world that so loves him. Many more than you dream of will miss you; and no one save the Demonio and I will ever know what has become of you. His Majesty will, naturally, scorn to impart such information, and you yourself are far too modest to even suggest to the world your whereabouts. Haughtiness and humility will neither allow the news to go abroad; and I, who because I am I, and the worker of the miracle of which no one (save one exception I reserve in my mind) must receive a hint, dare not speak of what is about to happen and sorrow beforehand with those who will miss you so sincerely.'

"'But I can do more for them when—' The Magician shrugged his shoulders as if to say 'perhaps, but it was doubtful,' and glanced meaningly at the King, who sat looking frowningly into the larger casket.

"'*But I promise you I* WILL!' whispered the dwarf.

"'You'll have to fight a few hard battles with Demonio first,' replied the old man sadly; 'but I, also, have a promise to make: I shall help you all I can.'

"'Why will it be so hard,' asked the little fellow, seeing that the

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King was too absorbed in his own thoughts to take heed of what he might say, 'if I am the brave one and he the coward?'

"'That is too easily answered, Angelo. Demonio has had possession of the body of His Majesty so long that he has formed habits, scores and scores of them. Bad habits, Angelo, because you were not there to help him to form even a few good ones; and these you will have to contend with every hour (for the first months, perhaps years) of your life together. Oh, it will be a battle royal in more ways than one; but you must win, Angelo, you *must win* for the sake of the race!'

"Here the King stirred slightly, and turning to face the Magician, asked suddenly, 'If you mould the Fool's particles and mine together, what sort of giant will you make of us?'

"'No giant, at all, Sire. You are not solid, you see. For all you seem to the eye so perfect and fine a physical man, there are hollow places in your frame that it will take every particle of Angelo to fill. Your heart, for instance, is perfectly hollow; your brain-cavities filled here and there only, and, though it may seem a good deal to add to your present bulk, it will be scarcely noticeable. Let me illustrate.'

"With these words the Magician brought out a broad crystal basin which he placed upon a table near the throne. This he filled with clear water. He then fetched a large goblet full of ruby-red wine, and held it up before the King.

"'It would seem, Sire;' he began, 'that the basin could positively hold no more; yet it will hold all this wine and not overflow,' and as he said these words the Sorcerer poured the wine from the goblet into the brimming basin.

"'That is pure magic,' said the King, astonished that nothing seemed added to the contents of the basin.

"'It looks like magic—and *is* as much magic as anything we magicians do, although it is simply a well-known law in physics, or natural philosophy, that wine will thus enter into the pores of water without increasing its bulk. As this broad basin seemingly already

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filled to the brim easily accommodated the big goblet of wine, so will your large body accommodate many added atoms. And, Sire, you sorely need your heart for which Angelo has cared for so long a time; likewise the brain which the heart he has cherished has helped him to fill with wise, kind and loving thoughts.'

"The King listened in silence; the wine and water experiment had impressed him. Seeing this, the Sorcerer continued:

" 'As Demonio, Sire, you are simply power, activity, force—invaluable possessions all three, but, because of your lack, possessions all gone wrong. With Angelo to help you, you will make *good* use of all three—be a power for good, not evil; be active righteously, and use the force (that has had no tenderness nor regard for others to guide it one hour of its whole misused existence in your hands) as a creator instead of a destroyer.'

"Then with a sneer which the Magician pardoned, the King said: 'For all you have so condemned me, you yet give me to understand that there is something of worth—real worth—in my possession?'

"'Power, activity and force,' repeated the Sorcerer.

"'Which the little Fool here lacks?' demanded the King.

"'Which he lacks to make his heart—sympathy and heart—wisdom-full, positive, working factors for good in the world.'

"'Then he needs me as I need him?' again questioned the sovreign; 'you confess that?'

"'I confess that. His great need of you might be said to be simply a question of dynamics; in other words, to be of use to the world, Angelo must be supplied by you, Demonio, with that which will enable him to manifest in energy and motion the righteous thoughts he thinks. Each of you has need—vital need—of the other as long as the world has need of you both.' "

The Wise Man smiled to see the faces of the eager little listeners turned to him as flowers to the sun. So absorbed had they become in the story he told, that few comments had suggested themselves. But now Blackie, caught by the word "dynamics," ventured a remark.

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"We studied 'dynamics' at school last winter," said he.

"What's it all about?" asked Goldie.

"Oh, about power and motion, and how it's produced and used. We learned it was from a Greek word meaning 'powerful.' I liked that better than all the other lessons put together."

"'And after you understand a little in that branch of mechanics,' said the teacher, 'you can far better comprehend me when I speak of the forces that are still under the law, yet which are invisible. There—that's an absurd statement, for you, Blackie, boy. 'Invisible?' Did you ever see a force that was *visible*?"

"That's right! There's nothing *visible* about it; that is, that which contains force doesn't show it is there—until—" and the boy interrupting himself, made a gesture with upflung arms that, to the interested children, was far more expressive than speech.

"You look at glycerine, and you look at niter, and neither the hot, sweet oil nor the innocent looking crystals show that somewhere in them is stored a force so great that, if they be properly combined, they will show forth in explosive power mighty enough to move mountains. You cannot see the force which destroys itself at the moment it does its work; but, it proves its presence unmistakably in the hands of the dynamiter."

"And if dynamite—"

"Never mind about dynamite, Blackie, we want to have the rest of the story. Please go on," said Snowdrop, her slender little sunbrowned hand reached out to lay a coaxing touch upon the arm of the amused Master.

"We'll be obliged to 'mind about the dynamite,' lassie,—human dynamite that rouses people to activity—if we proceed with our story."

"Very well, then; but do, sir, go on, please, or they'll never get in—in—incorporated."

"Snowdrop, while we've been talking that's all been done—the incorporation has taken place; for magicians lose no time in casting their spells. And, now, as we return to the tower, we find the won-

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derful miracle performed, and a perfect man seated upon the throne gazing at the Sorcerer with questioning eyes."

"And the old man at whom he looks moves about the room putting it to rights. He carries off the basin and goblet; lifts the light boxes, and takes them from the apartment. For some mysterious reason he desires the King to be the first to speak, and so appears to be unaware of the fact that His Majesty is watching him with eyes that seem to look at familiar objects as if they were strange. Isn't it odd, my hearties, how very different our moods, as we gaze, make the very same objects appear to us? If we be cross and sad and absorbed in our own poor selves, all beauty vanishes from that which is really beautiful, but if we be kind and glad and full of pleasant thoughts of others, homely things will take upon themselves a loveliness furnished by our own happy moods."

"And I suppose Demonio, who must have been too hateful to see anything beautiful even in his own splendid castle, was obliged to let Angelo look *his* way a little, and that, naturally, made him wonder at what he saw." This from Goldie.

"Or maybe it was the other way," suggested Blooy. "Maybe Demonio was making poor Angelo wonder why things he had always thought so bright and pretty were so sort o' dull and—and—uninteresting looking."

"Not much!" cried Ruddy, "he couldn't fool Angelo that way!"

"Why not, Ruddy?" questioned the story-teller, smiling with pleasure at the lad's enthusiasm.

"Because, sir, Angelo *knew*. He was wise, and he knew in spite of moods, that things weren't ugly. Demonio didn't. His own mean, unkind thoughts had always made everything hateful to him. But, you see, Angelo loved everybody and everything, and folks that like people just *have* to be happy, and when a fellow's happy he can't see anything but loveliness anywhere."

"That is true, indeed, Ruddy. And think how simple a thing it would be to make the whole world a glorious instead of a gloomy place if only the inhabitants of it would fill their hearts with love

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for one another—fill them so full that they'd have to overflow and spread gladness everywhere. All truths are simple things and may be taught and told in simple words."

"It seems to me as if just being unselfish would be the first best thing to do. Selfish people can't see very much beauty anywhere; and if you're unselfish, everything else will follow—all the nice, pleasant, joyful things, I mean."

"Yes, Snowdrop, it is love that makes things lovely to the eyes of the lover. And when our hearts are full of it they are full of heaven itself; and you have been told to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and, having found it, that 'all things' shall be added unto you."

"Is that what it means, *really*?"

"I think so, lassie."

"Poor Demonio," breathed the compassionate Violet, "it is as if he's lived all his life in a desert with nothing beautiful upon which to rest his eyes. But Angelo will help him, now, surely?"

"We shall see."

"Oh, let us see quickly! Did the King speak first as the Magician wanted him to?"

"No, but don't be disappointed, Pinkie. He would have spoken no doubt, but just then there was the noise of someone pounding on the landing-door, and whatever the King might have been going to say was stopped by the mighty din.

"The tower was separated from ground floor, as I have said by seven flights of stairs, and few people ever ventured near the Magician's quarters. They feared him, not knowing that there were White as well as Black Magicians, and that the wonderful power possessed by the former was used only for good, the good of the race. The White Magician's power began and ended in that most potent of all forces—love. But, as I have said, the people, being ignorant, feared him, and seldom ventured high enough to stand upon the landing leading to his lofty domains. Sometimes a young page sent upon an errand by

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the King climbed the narrow, winding stairs with slender legs that shook until the little knees knocked together like castanets from pure fright. Sometimes the Sovereign himself brought a visiting prince to call upon the Sorcerer; and sometimes—but this was a professional secret kept from the Court,—the Queen herself needing advice (and knowing by her woman's wit—which some folks call 'intuition'—that this good old man would work only the kindest of spells for her) would steal up the steep stone staircase, and beseech the wise man's aid.

"The pounding grew louder and louder. With a hurried apology to the silent King, the Magician hastened to the third door (shutting carefully the two inner portals behind him) that opened upon the landing, and with a turning of the great bronze key in the lock, and the turning of the ponderous handle, threw back the heavy oaken door.

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

Raphael's Almanac for 1901, has the following astrologic prediction for August.

"A great amount of money will be spent on war materials and the despatching of troops. Serious disasters will occur in traveling. Terrific storms and heavy rains will interfere with the ingathering of the harvest. The labor market will be much agitated and strikes will occur in some of the building trades—also keen disputes in religion and the church will become divided against itself."

September is not cheerfully described. Trade is to suffer, and there are to be many commercial failures. Sickness will be prevalent, in short it it is to be "a month of stirring events" in the world according to "Raphael."

The celestial bodies are the cause of all that happens in this sublunary world; they act indirectly on human actions, but not all the effects produced by them are unattainable.—*Thos. Aquinas.*

Nothing that has been dominant for fifty centuries can be wholly false. —*Bossnet.*

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The World of Thought

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

ASTROLOGIC FORECASTS.

Raphael's Almanac for 1901 makes predictions for the months and days of the year, which often appear like a genuine prescience. The weather is foretold, fortunate and unfortunate days for action, and matters of public importance are forecast. The chief drawback to all this is that they are made with relation to the other hemisphere, and so apply to this country only to a limited degree.

For the month of September, the weather is described as generally unsettled and showery, which is more likely to be the case in England than in the United States. The favorable days for most forms of business and transactions of a personal nature are the 3d, 7th, 10th, 11th, 15th, 16th, 19th, 21st, 23d, 24th, 26th, 27th, and 30th. Days noted as doubtful and unfavorable are the 2d, 4th, 6th 12th, 13th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 22d, 25th and 29th. In those days the advice is sometimes given to keep quiet. Certain days are indicated as suitable for visiting, courtship and asking of favors; these are the 1st, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th, 21st, 23d, 24th, 26th, 27th, 28th.

The probable fortune of children born on each day is also described.

Under the head of "The Voice of the Heavens" the positions of the planets are set forth, and their purport defined, from an English point of view, as follows:

"These positions and aspects imply great disturbances in the political world, and a harassing and anxious time for the Sovereign and Government. The nation will be much agitated, as events of untoward and disastrous character will be constantly occurring. There is great fear that not only will there be danger of a rupture

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with some foreign Power, but that hostilities will commence or be in progress—also there is denoted a heavy loss to the nation by a death of the first magnitude. Trade will not be good, and the revenue is likely to suffer. There will be many commercial failures and stocks and shares will fluctuate to a great degree. Sickness will be very prevalent, and the highest in the land will suffer. It is likely to be a month of stirring events; and from our colonies we shall have news of an unpleasant nature, and probably necessitating the despatch of an armed force."

It will be remembered that in the METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE for April, 1901, there was presented to our readers a prediction by Mr. Julius Erickson, in relation to the second presidential term of Mr. McKinley, made two days after his inauguration in March. Mr. Erickson had given a similar forecast in 1897 of the previous years, which was remarkable for its correctness. The following extracts will, we think, impress readers as peculiarly significant:

"The Moon is the President's ruling planet during this term, and is fortunately placed in good aspect with lordly 'Jupiter,' who rules the house of commerce and trade; a very fortunate testimony for the people, and for the President also, as it denotes that *he will be very successful in carrying out his ideas*. It also denotes that the people *shall thrive* and have *abundant crops* and meet with *much success* from all natural causes."

"The aspect of 'Uranus and Mercury' is very evil. It denotes a sort of uprising or protest against the powerful landed interests of monopolists; hence disastrous disputes between labor and capital may be looked for ere long."

"The present high-rate, bullish stock market will suffer a disastrous reverse, destroying some powerful commercial combination; and a serious, though short-lived panic will swamp many speculators."

Of President McKinley the following predictions are made specifically:

"I look for marked and unusual success in all our foreign rela-

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tions. But as the Sun is afflicted by 'Uranus,' ruler of the 8th house, it denotes a very serious illness for the Executive and grave danger of death. He will be in grave danger of accident or some such event while on a long journey."

"An especially vexatious and serious time may be looked for during the early part of June, 1901." The President will be in danger of illness or accident about that time.

"In short, the President is under aspects somewhat similar to those in operation when Lincoln and Garfield assumed office."

If any exception should be taken in regard to the designation of June for danger to the President, it may be explained that exactness of date is not always to be expected in regard to impending events. Even the famous prediction of the Gospel was qualified by the words, "The day and the hour knoweth no man." Yet it was none the less inevitable. The severe illness of Mrs. McKinley, which almost overcame her illustrious husband with terrible anxiety, will be remembered. The trip was finally abandoned because of this illness, thus doubtless thwarting plots then existing.

In regard to the agency of astral bodies to forecast or influence events on the earth, the statement of the Scriptures may be cited, that on a certain occasion "the stars in their courses fought;" and also the account of the Creation in the first chapter of *Genesis*. It is there distinctly stated that God placed lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night, and to be for "signs" or portents. If, indeed, coming events cast their shadows before, as the sun in the morning is seen above the horizon sometime before it has actually risen, there is a science and an art by which their occurring may be shown beforehand. Such has been a general conviction of mankind in all ages.

The predictions respecting President McKinley are so significant that we may expect some event to occur which shall be appalling in character, and engage the anxious attention of the whole combined world. But the outcome, we are assured, may be hopeful, and even fortunate.

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THE MALIGNANT MUSKETOE.

One of the most wonderful discoveries of the century just closed would seem to be the deadly malignity of the musketoe toward human beings. The insect, always a female, had been supposed heretofore to be guided by a taste for a diet more exhilarating than its natural pabulum. Now, however, spruce nosologists are discovering a profounder malice in her intentions. Malarial fevers, as they are called, filaria, elephantiasis Arabum, leprosy and yellow fever, are the principal iniquities laid to her charge. Now, however, physicians in New York are holding her guilty of disseminating small-pox. It is a wonder that the recent tuberculosis congress had not added consumption to the list. Cancer and the itch are likewise yet to be included. Alaska, Greenland and other Arctic regions that are infested with the pestiferous insect should be duly notified of their extreme peril. It is a pity that we did not know all this before. There will be a chance to concoct some new loathsome culture of filthy rottenness to inject into luckless wretches' veins to render them immune, as has occurred at Havana to kill the patients, if not the musketoes.

Truly great is Science, but greater in this day the humbugs seem to be that are stalking abroad wearing it as a disguise, like the ass in the fable, clad in the skin of the lion.

HABIT OBLITERATING IMPRESSIONS.

An object which is familiar to us will not impress our attention, because the waves of light reflected by it have been repeated so often as to make no vivid impression. Perhaps it is from an analogous reason that individuals in advanced years, while remembering with accuracy the incidents of earlier life, are obtuse and forgetful in relation to those of more recent occurrence. —*A. W.*

No man can at the same time ring the bell and walk in the procession.

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A STEP TOWARD GENERAL PEACE.

The alliance recently made between Russia and France is said to have a far-reaching purpose. The young Czar has desired to carry out a plan like that of Henry IV, to put an end to war between the nations, as was ordered at the Hague Conference. The new alliance is not founded on political speculation, but to install a movement, in which other countries may participate, to prevent a sanguinary collision between the peoples of the earth.

Apostles are not miraculous personages of superhuman endowment, but individuals pressed into service by the conditions of the times, and inspired for the occasion. —*A. W.*

A WAY TO BE WISE.

Our deep ignorance is a chasm that we can only fill up by degrees, but the commonest rubbish will help us, as well as shred silk. The god Brahma, while on earth, was set to fill up a valley, but he had only a basket given him in which to fetch earth for this purpose; so is it with us all. No leaps, no starts, will avail us; by patient crystallization alone, the equal temper of wisdom is attainable. Sit at home, and the spirit-world will look in at your window with moonlit eyes; run out to find it, and rainbow and golden cup will have vanished, and left you the beggarly child that you are. The better part of wisdom is a sublime prudence, a pure and patient truth, that will receive nothing which it is not sure it can permanently lay to heart. Of our study, there should be in proportion two thirds of rejection to one of acceptance. And amid the manifold infatuations and illusions of this world of emotion, a being capable of clear intelligence can do no better than to hold himself upright, avoid nonsense, and do what chores lie in his way, acknowledging every moment the final truth, which no fact exhibits, nor, if pressed by too warm a hope, will even indicate.—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

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THE ALPHABET.

The alphabet as we now have it, so far as modern research has traced it, was begun by the Egyptians, continued by the Semitic races, and perfected by the Greeks—to whom, through the Roman world, we trace back our familiar A B C. —*A. J. Evans.*

PRESENT CONDITION OF "EXACT SCIENTISTS."

Swedenborg's following increases rather than decreases. Mesmerism, once derided, is now introduced as "hypnotism," and practiced by "regular" schools of medicine. The almost simultaneous birth, rise and development of Theosophy, Christian Science and Mental Healing among intelligent people are phenomena which physical science has not explained.—*Florence Huntley.*

AN ASTROLOGICAL ALMANAC.

EVERY MONTH.

On the first of October we shall begin the issue of Hazelrigg's Astrological Almanac which will give each month a general forecast of affairs—political, social, religious, scientific, etc. Special predictions will appear from time to time relative to the various countries, nations and peoples of the world. Calendar tables, maps, etc., giving specific information will be issued together with forecasts for each month and interesting reading matter on Astrological subjects. We believe such a publication will be highly appreciated. Mr. Hazelrigg has proved himself highly capable of editorially conducting such a work and we anticipate an extensive circulation from the start.

The subscription has been placed at $1.00 a year. Single copies 10 cents each. The subscription books are now open. The Almanac will be for sale on all news stands and at book stores.

THE METAPHYSICAL PUBLISHING CO.

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GET RICH BY MORAL MEANS.

There is no duty before the academic and religious world in America more pressing than the duty of strengthening the demand that methods of acquiring wealth come wholly under the dominion of the moral sense. There is no opportunity more significant, more in danger of closing forever, than the opportunity of convincing the public at large, by definite sacrifice of worldly advantage, if need be, that the intellectual life of the country as represented by organized centers, is disinterested, honest and free.

—*Miss Scudder.*

ZEST IN PICTURE AND HISTORY.

The best portraits are those in which there is a slight admixture of caricature; and we are not aware that the best histories are not those in which a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative is judiciously employed. Something is lost in accuracy, but much is gained in effect. The faintest lines are neglected; but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind forever.

—*Macaulay.*

Indecency is a creation, not of God or of Nature, but of the indecent.

He was like the bird pausing and singing on a bough too slight to sustain him; he was not frightened when it gave way beneath him, for he had wings.

Some there are who work in the true temper, patient and accurate in trial, not rushing to conclusions, feeling that there is a mystery not eager to call it by name till they can know it as a realty: such may learn, such may teach.

—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

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THE
METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. OCTOBER, 1901. No. 4.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF UNITY.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

"O Thou, who giveth sustenance to the Universe;
Thou from whom all proceeds, to whom all must return;
Unveil to us the true, spiritual sun,
Now hidden by a disk of golden light,
That we may see the truth, and do our whole duty,
On our journey to Thy sacred seat."

—"*Gayattri.*" *From the Hindu Scriptures.*

If we analyze our lives and conscientiously examine our motives, we shall find largely the same peculiarities, virtues and vices in ourselves as we have admired or denounced in others. If we proceed with our examinations and apply them to humanity as a whole, we shall make the further discovery, that the phases and epochs of international history are the projections on a larger scale of the phases and epochs experienced in the history of a single human life. The ultimate power impelling every movement of true growth, is universally identical, is the *Power of Unity*—the Law of the *One Life*, which includes and characterizes all other laws. Of this *One Life* we are all parts—just as the one little drop of water is part of the ocean, and the sunbeam of the sun. In consequence of this law, one portion of humanity cannot separate itself and attempt to live independently of the other parts, lest the whole aggregate humanity suffer the loss of life and power consequent on the disrupture; and no individual can break this law without seriously interfering with the progress of others. It is

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because that all of us, more or less, are breaking this law of life, that the universal harmony and equilibrium have been disturbed and have given rise to stirring upheavals in the world's life.

In his "First Principles," Mr. Herbert Spencer, by a train of keen reasoning, and supported by a universal analogy, shows, "that behind all forms in the two worlds of matter and of consciousness, deeper than all changes, must be held to lie an absolute reality, which on the one side is the substratum of consciousness, and on the other of matter, whilst in it inhere all the laws that rule the changes of both." It is in this "absolute reality" that the threads of life and destiny have their center and origin. It is in this "unknowable" of Spencer that the rise of "Being from Non-Being," or the emergence of *consciousness* from *unconsciousness* has its timeless and spaceless theater of action. It is in this all-embracing world-power that the thinkers and philosophers on earth during all ages have found an exhaustless source for speculation, meditation and inspiration. The desire to rend the veil of impenetrable silence and darkness which hides from our personal consciousness the awe-inspiring mystery of a "First Cause," gave to the Hindu mind an impulse to write the *Vedas*—that imperishable monument of the highest achievements of intuitive power ever recorded in the annals of human thought. But the impulse did not exhaust itself in the inspiration of the *Vedas*; like a tidal wave of resistless energy, it rolled through the ages, lifting in turn one by one the races of earth to its crest of civilizing power. Egypt, India, Chaldea, Persia, Greece and Rome, had all their rise, followed by their fall. Proceeding along the path of human culture, these races, as the impulse moved onward, have in turn lighted their guiding fires at the sacred altar of truth, and in turn suffered them to die out.

Swelling over Europe with the last of its momentum, and through its soul-heaving touch causing the grand *Reformation* to take form and substance, this mighty wave sent a current to philosophize Germany, stimulating the Teutonic mind into master efforts which in intellectual audacity and speculative daring remind one of the

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builders of the symbolic tower of Babel, who threatened to conquer Heaven by bare mechanical force. But the task was too gigantic even for German metaphysics, and the would-be cloud-compellers of the eighteenth century tumbled down with dizzy heads from their speculative heights. As of old, however, when the Greek demigod hurled Antæus to the ground, the contact with earth—the old nurse and mother—imparted new and truer strength to the fallen. "My entire philosophy," cries the keen-witted Jean Paul Richter, "has both commenced and ended in astonishment;" and the intellectual Titan, Immanuel Kant, after having finished in his "Critique of Pure Reason" the boldest metaphysical thought-structure ever erected by intellect alone, modestly declared, "that the two things which never cease to fill me with wonder and reverence, are the starry heights above me, and the moral abyss within me." No less expressive as a realization of the insufficiency of single-handed intellect to solve the world-problem, are the words of Herder, at the closing retrospect of his life-work: "To enter the Kingdom of Nature, requires the same qualifications as to enter the Kingdom of Heaven:—we must be like unto children." This ultimate tendency of the mind to turn from the intellectual to the intuitional, from the metaphysical to the mystical, from the personal into the universal—noticeable, more or less, in all higher systems of philosophy—express the central fact that all thought is rooted in the same source of intelligence, and at the bottom of every sane mind is found a unity of consciousness.

According to the *Vedas*, the aim and object of universal manifestation, is the attainment of *Self*-knowledge. But a knowledge of *Self* is possible only under conditions through which the self is discoverable. Hence the temporal sundering of Being into *object* and *subject*. The great incomprehensible, at once both mystery and fact, of a Deity absolutely perfect in every aspect, yet under the necessity of evolution, has been the *petra fiscales* in the path of every sincere student of truth. Yet there is a way of approaching this mystery, or at least viewing of it from a standpoint where its seeming

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contradictions cease to trouble. A human being may be perfect in every aspect of mind and body and yet remain ignorant of the fact. For nothing but the presence of a reflecting medium in which the *subject*—the real being, can see itself as *object*—the reflected or unreal being, can ever give rise to *self*-knowledge, or the change of consciousness into self-consciousness. Through this process no new element of knowledge has been added to the individual consciousness. The change has simply amounted to a realization in the mind of powers *already present.* Nevertheless, an epoch has been introduced in the life-history of the individual. The first realization of what we are (even as material entities) the position of our organs, the grouping of our anatomy, expression of features, etc., must have filled us with impulses and sentiments of greatest evolutionary consequence.

Now if Swedenborg, in his vision of "Correspondences" saw aright, and God be the "Grand Man," then the experiences proceeding through the consciousness of man must constitute an index to the experiences proceeding through the consciousness of the Absolute. Desiring to know Itself, the Absolute is manifest as object—appearing in the guise of differentiated existence. The eternal Unit-Essence—*The One*—has sundered itself into numberless fragments—each fragment being a separate existence, a conscious entity. Cosmic manifestation in all its complex, multiform entirety, is thus the Absolute, reflecting Itself in the media of *time* and *space*; and every creature in the two worlds of mind and matter, every nucleus of form and consciousness, constitutes a ray of living light, issuing from the Infinite Godhead. And when each ray or quality of this first and only reality has become reflected in universal existence—*i. e.*, when each creature on earth has discovered its true relationship to the Divine source from whence it came, then self-consciousness has become established on all planes of existence, and the end of manifestation is accomplished. Humanity, having discovered God in themselves, reflect in their harmonious and loving interrelations the complete Divine Image

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of which every entity forms an integral part. The cause of universal manifestation would thus be found in the formula: Absolute Consciousness has become Absolute *Self*-Consciousness.

The objective world, with all its teeming millions of creatures being thus the *reflection* of the Absolute, is simply a gigantic illusion, receiving its permanency only through an unbroken connection with its engendering and qualifying source. Every thought, word or deed, and every thinker, talker and doer, constitutes flitting, unsubstantial appearances, whose guarantees for eternal fixity of existence depend upon their self-conscious connection with the one ultimate, all-determining Reality, in which all existence has its source, and outside of which no enduring life is possible. And as a quality of this Infinite Reality is active in every progressive creature, a study of ourselves in connection with our fellow-men, will reveal to us its mystery and equip us with its powers. Hence a study of man is the study of God. Only through an understanding of man, his motives, his wants, his hopes and his ideals, shall we ever learn to understand that source of Universal Intelligence of which man is at once the temporal and eternal expression: Whatever ye have done for one of these my brethren, that ye have done for me.

As there is a central power—a heart—in every organism, where the springs of life lie hidden, so there is a heart in the universe from whose mystic depth unceasing pulsations carry currents of life and light, strength and wisdom, to every individual heart. The heart of man is a "local station" so to say, through which we may enter into communication with the central station of the system—the Heart of the Universe—and thence to every other heart. But the admission-fee to this system is ever the same—an understanding of the human heart; an understanding, obtainable only through sympathy and loving interest in the fate and destiny of humanity. He who has gained admission to the sanctuary of *one* heart and become a sharer in its life, is admitted to *all*. There is no mystery in the world, but its solution can be found through a study of the

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human heart. Our entire destiny hinges on this supreme fact. No philosophic tenet has ever expressed this truth clearer and more forcefully than the profound saying of Jesus, in Matthew 5: 23: "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." The altar with its sacrificial offerings symbolizes this spiritual communion with God.

"Out from the central heart of all
  Whose rythmic beating rules the world,
Life-bearing waves in silence roll,
  The burden of a love unfurled—
A love that stirs in human hearts,
To conquer hearts."

Unity in the midst of variety; unity as a holding, central force, gauging and controlling the vital operations of the universe, has furnished a cherished subject-matter to the contemplations of the world's greatest thinkers. "The essence or peculiarity of man is to comprehend a whole," said Plato, "or that which in the diversity of sensations can be comprised under a rational unity." The connecting thread which gives cohesion and unassailable completeness to his system of dialectics, is the idea of unity—unity as *ideal*, as *source* and as *realization*. To illustrate the actuality of unity, or as he expressed it: "The Union of Impossibilities," he introduces "bisectional line;" through the ingenious division of the "pairs of opposites" he shows how the two poles of being—truth and falsehood, construction and destruction, life and death, ascension and descension, are incessantly related to each other through the progressive balance upheld by a Supreme Good, in whose mystic essence is found the seat and center for every operation in the universe.

In the Platonic scheme of *fundamental ideas*, the idea of unity by comprising all other ideas, is of highest importance. Starting

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from this idea, the "Divine Philosopher" introduces the deductive method of reasoning, which from a study of the universal—the unit—proceeds to a study of the particular—the variety. Differing in method, without differing in principle, Aristotle—the great disciple of the great teacher—takes up the other section of the unit line, and proceeds from a study of the particular, to a study of the universal, from the detail to the whole—*i. e.* out of diversity finds his way to unity. The complex reasoning processes consequent upon so laborious a system of thought and mental calculus, earned for Aristotle the title of "father of logic and inductive reasoning."

The difference between the two systems is most readily appreciated when we realize that the idea of unity which Aristotle, through his inductive reasoning proceeds to prove, already is applied as premise and self-proven fact in the Platonic argument. Gauged by sense-observation, the former, through a study of the *illusive* and the *transitory*, proposes to find the *Real* and *Eternal*; while the latter, gauged by intuition, and with a basis in the real and eternal, goes to explore the transitory and illusive. Trying to prove the *Unknown*, by an agency—sense-perception—the very nature of which, because of its illusiveness and unreality, he has no power of knowing, the "father of logic" naturally arrives at the conclusion, later on emphasized by Herbert Spencer, that the Absolute is not only *Unknown*, but also *Unknowable*; while the "divine philosopher," realizing his essential identity with the Absolute, concludes that a knowledge of his own nature must infa 'ibly lead to a knowledge of the nature of the Absolute. Therefore Plato, while conscious of being on every side surrounded by the *Unknown*, refuses to recognize anything as *Unknowable*. "All things are knowable," he exclaims in *Timaeus*. They are knowable, because being from One, all things are identical in essence. The rational method of study is to comprehend a *whole;* or that which, in the diversity of sensations can be comprised under a rational Unity.

The naturalist who in order to know the nature of a tree, studies each of its leaves separately, employs the inductive system; while

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the deductive reasoner concentrating his powers of observation on the tree itself, realizes that by knowing the nature of the tree he will simultaneously know the nature of all its leaves.

But to attain to a complete knowledge of things—both in the abstract and concrete, both as ideal and as form—a union of the two methods is required. Through deduction, the philosopher solves the problem to himself; through induction he solves it to others. And these two systems of research, one from within outward, and the other from the outward again to the within, are the world's two eternal ways. Unity is the impelling force underlying them both. If presented to us by Lao-Tse in China under the formula, "The identity of contraries," or by Heraclitus, the speculative Greek, in the maxim of seeming paradox: "Difference is at Unity with itself"—or by Plato in his "Union of Impossibilities"—the same imperishable truth is foreshadowed by them all.

> "Divine philosophy
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,
> The harmony of one all-stirring breath
> 'In which we tremble like a swelling bud.'"

Swedenborg, the great Swedish philosopher and seer, is likewise dominated by the idea of Unity, an idea which forms the fundamental support and logical premise to his stupendous thought-structure known as the "Law of Correspondences." Like the *Vedas*, he comprehends existence as manifested or published in two editions: *Microcosm* and *Macrocosm*—"The Little Man and the Grand Man." The former *has* in potentiality what the latter *is* in potency. "It is a constant law of the organic body" observes this clear-sighted visionary, "that large compound, as visible forms exist and subsist from smaller, simpler and ultimately from invisible forms which act similarly to the larger ones, but more perfectly and more universally, as to involve an idea representative of their entire universe." "A spirit may be known from a single thought.

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God is the *Grand Man.*" Through the Law of Correspondences, which is merely another name for the "Law of Unity," Swedenborg obtains a master-key, which, if understandingly applied, opens the door to every secret in earth and in heaven. For if Unity lies at the root of all, and the *many* are contained in the *one*, then what is real and fundamental in one object must necessarily be so in all others; and to trace the course of this never-changing essence as it ramifies through all forms of life, is by Swedenborg called the "Philosophy of Correspondence."

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, that monarch of Teutonic poetry of whom Emerson once said, "the old Eternal Genius who built the world has confided himself more closely to this man than to any other"—found in unity the cementing force which limits every phenomenon to its due range of influence. His remarkable knowledge in almost every department of universal nature through which he unfolded many a deep secret, is the result of his application of this fundamental truth to the phenomena of life. To Goethe we are indebted for the central fact in botany, that a leaf or even the eye of a leaf, is the unit of vegetative growth, and that every part of the plant is only a leaf transformed to meet a new condition. "The plant grows from knot to knot, closing at last with the flower and the seed—each step synthetizing every condition of the past and presaging every condition of the future."

This unparalleled craftsman in nearly every departure of human intelligence, in geology, chemistry, astronomy, botany, mythology, philosophy, natural history and literature, owes his mental grasp and power of penetration to the ingenuity by which he applies to problems of life the master key of unity. "He who knows the true essence of one thing, knows the essence of all."

To the extent that man is able to comprehend this ever-present, ever-active principle of unity, and understandingly apply it to his endeavors, be it in Art, Science or Philosophy, to that extent will he succeed in giving expression to the genius of the hour. Thomas Carlyle gained immortality for his "French Revolution" by reveal-

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ing in that book an inner, underlying purpose, which through external chaos gauges the currents of events into their proper historical and evolutionary channels. Carlyle's conception of history is not a hap-hazard shaking of dice, with chance to decide the character of the throw, but the organic and systematic growth of life and consciousness—the working out through the minds of men of the mandates of a *Divine Reason*:

> "Fortuity and Chance, approach me not.
> And what I will is Fate."

"History," he cries, "is not the aimless rushing to and fro of an agitated mob, but the orderly unfoldment of a cause into its natural effects: the ever-moving woof of time on which eternity weaves its motley figures." And what is this but a recognition of Unity guiding the movements of variety?

"History," observes another great thinker—Baron de Montesquieu, "is an already-solved mathematical problem; its succession of events being the scientific demonstration, furnished for the purpose of instructing the scholar." The vicissitudes of man considered as part of the human race, are foreseen and planned; *free as individual*, he is yet inexorably *law-bound as totality*. Like Carlyle, Montesquieu saw in every historical event the expression of an inner invisible power, synthetizing and unifying the incongruities of human undertakings, or in the words of Lessing, "The translation, through the human mind, of revealed, or intuitively conceived truths, into terms of intellectual understanding."

Disconnect unity from history and there remains a mosaic of disordered, purposeless action. From this point of view, Voltaire writes history. "An inorganic, chaotic aggregate of events, once set a-going by external stimuli, history is the fortuitous outcome of some extreme, extra-cosmic energy, whose subsequent retiring from the scene of action leaves the actors of history unguided and unaided to exhaust by themselves the impulse." Hence in the philosophy of Voltaire, human history is a collection of fragments—a variety

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of unconnected efforts, energized by caprice and terminating in aimlessness and unreason. And while Voltaire has the keenest power of observation and is matchless in analysis, the absence of unity in his conception of history renders him as an historian unreliable and therefore worthless.

No field of inquiry yields at the same time more interesting and more conclusive proofs of the function of unity as a regulating factor in human events, than history. Without straining history to yield testimonies not logically accruing from her events, it is easy to convince the unbiased reader that an unbroken chain of interrelated occurrences, links races and individuals to their destinies—a chain, as suggestive of "historical" evolution, as the chain of vegetable and animal fossils is suggestive of "natural" evolution. Like all organic and evolutionary growth, the growth of history starts with a "nucleus in a sphere;" and the character of the action and interaction ensuing between these two elements, determines the character and evolution of history. In the early days of history during the reign of Hindu adept-kings, and Egyptian Pharaohs, society as an active force was chiefly made up of one element—the despots—its central and determining power.

The great outer sphere was as yet dark and unknown. The despot was the supreme ruler and arbiter over the weal and woe of every one of his subjects, who were all slaves. This constituted the first form of government, and crude and brutal as it may appear nevertheless represents the first scene in the great drama of historic unfoldment. For in this form of absolute despotism, we recognize the first manifestation of the historical unit, the mathematical point or center in the sphere of embryonic society. The only shining point in the void of this dark, silent, unknown, down-trodden sphere of existence, is the despot, who stands as a symbol of central, original power.

As the historic unfoldment proceeds, the scene changes. Gradually life and motion begin to manifest in the silent sphere. Points of life begin to glimmer here and there in the darkness,

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indicating that society is approaching stages of higher life. The changes, however, cover the lapse of centuries, and the next scene of the historic drama, introduces to us the government of ancient Greece with its several free states or republics, which, in spite of their name, are in reality nothing but small states of despotism, each one governed by an unconstitutional ruler, whose will decides the fate of the ruled. In these republics of ancient Greece, the spirit of Asiatic despotism reappeared in a new and modified incarnation. The central power had sundered itself into several smaller ones and in place of *one* despot *several* appeared. Motion and life began to be manifest in the system.

Meanwhile the historical differentiation continues; the numbers of individual lights are increasing, while a tendency has set in to move towards the center, around which is gradually forming a luminous and continuous belt. The evolutionary purpose of this belt will be visible in the next scene, where we are brought to face a Roman commonwealth in its process of solidifying into the powerful agency of a Roman Senate. This new unfoldment accords nicely with the working-out of an underlying historic plan. The mission of the Senate is to act as a medium between the center of active power, and its outer sphere of passive obedience; transmitting to Cæsar the supplications of the plebeians. Through the introduction into history of this intermediary sphere a mighty change of intersocial relations takes place in the life of the nation, resulting in a stirring-up into the minds of the trampled down millions, a feeling of social self-consciousness, which in the subsequent establishment of the feudal system in the Middle Ages, gives rise to the formation of four distinct social castes: nobility, clergy, burghers (free citizens) and peasants. This form of government has been called the *pyramidal*, because of its graduated social ascendency; the commonwealth of peasants constituting its basis, while on its crowning apex is placed the monarchical throne. From now on currents of vital and mental energy begin to find their way through all the layers of society,

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transforming the serf into a citizen and opening by degrees the whole social sphere, from center to circumference, into a play-ground for mighty, leavening impulses. This feudal system, with its four castes of citizens, constitutes one of the latest forms of transition between mindless serfdom and liberated, self-conscious statehood.

Through the feudal system, from which springs the principle of parliamentarism, and kindred political and social changes, individual forces are liberated, with an aim of bringing to a social level all distinctions of birth and tradition. The ideal of social unity can be realized only when society ceases to recognize fixed and impassable barriers between individuals. Yet the leveling forces must be directed in appropriate and evolutionary channels. The new impulse must not be brought to bear on a *lowering of the apex to its basis* in our social pyramid, which would simply bring us back to once-abandoned conditions—the dead level of serfdom, at the base of an elevated center. Nor will the end be won by turning the pyramid upside down, as such a procedure would unavoidably bring about a downfall of the entire structure. The only possible method is to start from below, and to gradually raise the basis until it stands level with the highest point of the social edifice, a method which has its initiatory stages in the parliamentary forms of government at present adopted by all civilized nations. This gradual introduction of the democratic principle in the form of social government, indicates that the tendency and purpose of the whole historic process is towards a return to unity and equality, but elevated from the material to the moral and mental plane. Through a long series of mental and moral epochs, the unity of barbarism and serfdom—unity as an unrealized, mechanically-enforced factor—is to be raised into a unity of self-conscious intelligence and equality of soul, which constitutes the basis of all true, enduring brotherhood.

Thus the common destiny of man is unity; and the realization of human brotherhood is the indispensable condition for its attainment. The awakening of the consciousness of brotherhood reveals

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to man the fact and absolute certainty that he is a soul—a soul who has been a slave for ages, but having once become awake to a realization of his importance through the electrifying touch of the spirit of the time, boldly claims his divine birthright—the right of equal membership in the great brotherhood of mankind. The self-conscious soul knows of no social distinctions, and regards universal brotherhood as a self-asserted fact.

If brotherhood be not its base,
Equality is but a dream;
The differences of mind and race
Can brotherhood alone redeem.
For while not all men think alike,—
All love alike.

Unity, as idea, constitutes the seed or nucleus out of which all the complex social systems of the world have grown, to appear and disappear in response to the requirements of human progress. Or, in other words, Unity, after having revealed its possibilities and purpose through the *variety* of social movements, returns into itself. And further still, the individual realizing the powers and harmonies contained in unity, recognizes his place in the social movement, not as a result of external mechanical force but as an inner dynamic impulse ; having understood the purpose and meaning, and consequently the necessity of *personal* surrender to the requirements of a united *whole*.

History abounds with evidences as to the presence in human society of this ever-guiding force which in the evolution of the mind follows the same unvarying laws of progress—from unity to variety and again back to unity. The polarity thus ensuing constitutes the universal all-regulating method, which throbs an unceasing diastole and systole through every expression of life and growth. The primitive mind of man, through its instinctive desire to know and to acquire, is drawn within the action of these two forces, or rather two aspects of the same force—which gradually gives

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rise to a realization of its dual existence—of an inner and an outer identity, the one swayed by the sense of unity and the other by the sense of variety. While under the sense of the latter, the mind becomes overpowered by the display of physical nature, and gradually loses its identity in the contemplation of the many.

The idea of unity, of which the mind as yet is merely instinctively conscious, is gradually dissolved in the impressiveness of outer form and appearance, and the mind consequently proceeds to identify itself with the things and objects which appeal the strongest to its sense-perception. This stage of consciousness gives rise to the idea of polytheism, which meets us in the popular beliefs of India and Egypt, and later on in the elaborated and systematically worked out nature-worship of the early Greeks. Setting out from the pole of pure *monotheism*, as expressed in the abstract unit-essence of the Vedantic philosophy, the unstable, ever oscillating pendulum of evolution swings over to the opposite pole of Greek polytheism, after the monotheistic idea has gradually exhausted itself in its downward grade through the intermedial Hebrew conception of an "Abraham's God"—a one-sided, sterilized, carnal and outlived monotheism.

But polytheism is a mere episode in the history of Greek culture. The returning vision of truth dispels the illusion of the senses, and the transformation of vulgar polytheism into the *symbolism* of exalted Greek art, marks the next swing of the historic pendulum towards its ascending arc of reappearing monotheism. The subjective depth of Socratic, Platonic and Marcus-Aurelian thought calls up from the polytheistic tombs the spirit of unity. Yet as action and reaction constitute the indispensable condition for evolutionary growth, the Grecian philosophy could sustain its poise on these ideal heights only for a season, and the pendulum again gravitates towards once-deserted levels—this time through the descending grade of Neoplatonic generalizations over to the final breakdown of the idea of unity in the clash and bizarre blending of outlived heathendom and new-born Christendom, as witnessed

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in the hosts of deified saints and carnalized powers, springing up within the fold of the rising Roman Catholic Church. But from this chaos of religious feelings soars Phœnix-like in the purified Christian faith, a grander conception than ever, of religious and philosophic unity. Through the universality of its ethical application, Christianity has combined unity with variety and in the surging sea of universal Brotherhood introduces the unifying principle of an all-embracing Fatherhood. The swing of the evolutionary pendulum has reached its highest historic poise, and to judge from the tendency practically of modern society to apply to the needs of humanity the concept of Unity, this poise is destined to be transposed to ever higher and higher levels. The key to the civilizing triumphs of Christianity lies in its practical realization of the principle of Unity.

The Teutonic philosophy claims to comprehend the historic development of man under the symbol of a self-conscious intelligence —"Der Zeitgeist"—(the spirit of the time) marching through universal history. Protean in its manifestation, the Zeitgeist appears in ever-varying guises, discarding form upon form in the course of its progress through centuries and millenniums. Like the fossilized forms of plants and animals, once deserted in the march of natural evolution, so the form of a belief, after having exhausted its measure of usefulness, is left behind in the wake of mental and moral evolution. Each step or stage of human progress, represents a scene in a historic drama, already planned and written, but left to the individual actors to endow with characters and histrionic equipment, fitting the conditions and environments of the time. This temporal enactment of a preconceived eternal plan makes it possible for history to "repeat itself." Thus the religious conflicts in which the Christian Church has been engaged throughout its historical career, are already presaged in the differences of faith and religious conception held by the three foremost apostolic writers. Peter, who stands for *form*, for *ceremony* and *religious works*, strikes the keynote which ever since has been vibrating

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through the Church of Rome. He even holds that circumcision is conditional for salvation. His polemics with Paul have their basis on these issues. For Paul places *faith* higher than form, proclaiming that "the letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive." Faith and prayer are the principal pillars in Paul's religious conception. "For by grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God" "Not of works lest any man should boast," etc. In the latter days of his apostolic activity he adds love to his religious virtues and refers to it as the basis of faith.

Thus while ceremonial Peter represents the Roman Catholic Church, St. Paul with his passionate demands on faith and inner purity, impersonates the spirit of Protestantism. Martin Luther places Paul above the other apostles, and not infrequently imitates the crude forcefulness and inconsiderate vigor in the expressions of this apostle. The pioneers of Protestantism have ever referred to Paul as the chief authority of their faith.

The last apostle of the trio is John, whom the Master of Nazareth calls the Apostle of Love. John stands nearest to Jesus; and sacred paintings of the Master and His Disciples represent almost without exception John as nestling at His Master's breast. It is also stated that he spent his closing days on Patmos incessantly reiterating the immortal sentence, "Children, love ye one another." His entire life was an offering on the altar of love. An apostle of universal Love, John is still waiting for his church—a church, however, which is not to be reared of brick and mortar, or on creed and argument, but in the realization of the universal Brotherhood of Man. Its doctrine is formed by the sacred outpourings of an "humble and a contrite heart." The future belongs to John—a future with its Brotherhood of Man, when work and faith united under the banner of love, shall give birth to a religion of works, to which Faith will give power, Love give light and Unity a world-saving purpose.

The same principle of Unity that actuates and regulates the changes of international history underlies the processes of natural his-

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tory. This rocky world, with all its display of life and power, is poised on an all-sustaining center of Unity, "from which all proceed, to which all must return." In accord with this view is the statement made by Sir Isaac Newton, that under the play of certain conditions, the whole universe in strictest conformity with verifiable physical laws can be condensed into the space of an English walnut. He bases his statement on a law of *inter-porosity* which he finds inherent in all natural substances, and through which the latter are endowed with a tendency to penetrate and absorb each other. Why the great philosophy stopped the process of a possible world-absorption at the time it reached the size of an English walnut, is perhaps more difficult to understand than the process itself, as in this respect any limitation would naturally be arbitrary and unphilosophical. The only logical limit, would be the *illimitable*, *i. e.*, the mathematical point, where all form would cease.

The mathematical point has two aspects: the geometrical and arithmetical. The former constitutes the unit, form and genesis for the whole series of geometrical figures, while the latter forms the unit and genesis for all the issues of arithmetic. The whole progression of numbers receive their qualifying characteristics from *their relation to the first number*. Hence the *second number* in the series does not represent the *double value of the first*—a second unit added to the original one—but is simply the sundering of the latter into two equal parts.

If the second and all the following numbers are to be understood as self-determining units, then all these endless values, all these entirely new and self-sustained—from all chains of causation isolated powers—must be looked upon as creations out of nothing—effects without causes. This difficulty, however, is removed as soon as we regard every new, successive number as the conditional sundering of the first number, the *one reality* and indestructible unit, in apparently separate units, (mere arithmetical auxiliaries) whose values as numbers are derived from the position they occupy in the ensuing series. Consequently every number refers to the first, in

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and through which, it receives its explanation and purpose. Thus 2 is 1 divided into two equal parts; 3 is 1 divided into three equal parts; 4 is 1 divided into four equal parts, and so on upward, the thousandth and millionth being but the *one original unit* sundered into a thousand or a million equal parts. None of them, except the first, possess any value in themselves; they are mere measurements for expressing the value of the unit, means of demonstration to render intelligible the essence and purpose of unity as manifested in the passing symbols through which the infinite finds expression in time. The *first* number, the unit, is the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end of all arithmetic.

This symbolism of numbers, through which the *whole* is manifest in parts and particles, reveals to some extent the meaning and purpose of unity. What is manifested in numbers is likewise to be found in other sciences. According to the theory of Dr. Weismann, the organic structure of any organism, in its final analysis is found to consist of an original, eternal, imperishable cell which manifests and grows by virtue of an unceasing division of its own form and substance into new cells of similar nature—each forthcoming cell being in its turn the parent of others, thus relating every new cell through the original ideal parent cell—the geometrical point or unit which is found the genesis of all organic structures. Consequently every cell in the human or animal body being a replica of the single parent cell—is found to contain all the elements and evolutionary possibilities of the entire organism. If Dr. Weismann's theory holds good—and so far no one has yet effectually succeeded in disproving it—a most powerful argument has added strength to the view here taken, the view that unity lies at the bottom of all organized existence.

"The beginnings of life," says Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, in his book, "The Evolution of the Soul," "thus traced down to the unit-cell of protoplasm seem a very simple and basic starting-point, when in fact it is the form only which has become simplified, the function being plunged into a more intricate

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maze of obscurity. That which in the higher organism was the work of hosts, of differentiated cells and complex organs, is in the cell all accomplished without any such aid; the simple, unorganized, undifferentiated speck of protoplasm performing many of the complex and all of the necessary functions of life, without any of that specialization of labor in the complex form. Desiring to change its locality, limbs are protruded for the occasion; feeling hungry, a temporary stomach is manufactured, and so on; all the varied function of locomotion, nutrition, reproduction, digestion, with many others being done by means of the same undifferentiated protoplasmic substance, showing clearly that there is an inner power, merely using the protoplasm to exhibit these functions. It is thus seen that the function that seems so simple, when the form was complex, has almost passed beyond the possibility of explanation when the form in turn has become simple."

The researches carried on within the domain of the science of zoology, furnish additional proofs as to the prevalence throughout nature of a gauging, determining principle or unit-basis. To refer to a most striking example, zoology knows and describes some seventy species of pigeons, which all show individual traits by differing widely from each other, both in color and characteristics, and ranging in size from the giant Cape dove, to the midget Hispaniola. Yet not even through the keenest microscope can any difference in the contents of the eggs be discovered, simply because, that in the egg the variety of form is concealed in the unity of essence, which latter escapes the detecting power of the microscope.

Prof. Agassiz, the famous ichtyologist, is said to have been able by merely looking at the scale of a fish to determine its sex, genus and family, a statement wholly incredible were it not for the fact that every atom bears the stamp of the unit-essence from which it springs. Thus in every scale of the fish is found a record of its whole life-history, and he who has gained access to this record will know the nature of the fish.

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Nature abounds with testimonies as to the prevalence of unity in all her kingdom. In one of his writings, Mr. Darwin mentions the remarkable case of the *hydra*—a kind of tropical water-snake—which, through natural growth, is able to restore large pieces cut away from its body. The same can be observed in cases of tape-worm and in species of the common water-worm, which, no matter how mutilated, is capable of reproducing to the minutest details the parts of its body. The explanation of this marvelous generative power lies in the fact, already referred to, that every cell in the organism contains as ideal type every other cell and the *organism as a whole*. The remaining unhurt part of the worm, carrying within its cells a subjective design of the entire body, as it appeared before its mutilation, expands by cellular multiplication, until the ideal form has been restored.

In no less degree do we meet this determining synthetizing principle in the vegetable world. The flower with all its wonderful and complex imagery of leaf, blossom and fruit, is contained in the seed. And the purpose of the seed is not only to provide the world with material support, but likewise, and in perhaps still higher measure with mental and moral support. By the process of growth the seed makes known to man the mystery of its nature, by revealing through a series of metamorphoses the marvelous energies locked up within its bosom.

These energies would forever remain slumbering and unknown in the seed, if the sluices of the inner life of the latter had not been thrown open, through the magic of growth, and the floods of beauty, harmony and sweetness poured out into the physical world, for man to admire, to study, and to imitate. Thus, for the thinking man, nature is ever a source of knowledge and wisdom. And when the lesson contained in this unfoldment of the plant is delivered, and man has been offered a new opportunity to learn, the curtain drops over the scene and the performance is over; nature again withdraws behind the screen of the noumenal, and the plant rebecomes the seed.

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Says Doctor Faust in Goethe's immortal drama:

"Ye instruments, forsooth, ye mock at me—
With wheel and cog and ring and cylinder;
To nature's portals ye should be the key;
Cunning your wards, and yet the bolts you fail to stir
Inscrutable in broadest light,
To be unveiled by force she doth refuse.
What she reveals not to thy mental sight
Thou wilt not wrest from her with levers and with screws."

Numerous other instances may be cited in support of our view, but *sat sapienti*. In conscientious application of proofs lies more convincing power than in their time-wasting multiplication. And having ascertained the truth, let us follow Emerson's advice, and honor it by its use—by practically applying it to living issues. The practical aspect of the philosophy of unity lies in its practical realization. This philosophy teaches us that every conscious entity is a soul engaged on its pilgrimage either from unity to variety (from center to circumference) or from variety, with its wilderness of trials, shams, illusions, defects and hard-won victories, back again to Unity: charged with the wisdom of soul-stirring experiences. Hence the difficulty experienced by most people in learning by other's trials. The individual must explore the mystery of his own being, and from its awful depths uncover the pearl of life to the light of day.

"All the world I traveled over, seeking still the beacon light,
Never tarried at the wayside, never sought repose at night,
Till one day a reverend teacher all the mystery declared—
Then I looked within my bosom and I found it shining there.

The evolution of humanity has a semblance to the rising temperature of water, gradually heated to the point of boiling. As the heat enters the water, a constant ascent and descent takes place in its liquid mass. Having attained a certain degree of heat, the particles nearest the source of warmth ascend and leave room

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for others, the exchange being continued until the whole body of water has attained the same degree of heat. At that stage the water boils. So with humanity; in spite of the individual race for selfish knowledge and power, the fate of each human being is so interwoven with his fellow-men that he never shall be able but apparently to separate himself from them. The selfish man who lives for his own evolution only, is like a passenger restlessly pacing up and down the ship in anxious hurry to reach his port of travel yet powerless of bringing himself a step nearer to it. A passenger on the ocean of life, the individual has no other possibility of accelerating his own progress than by adding speed to a movement which will further the progress of all.

> "Man stands and falls and hopes with man,
> And wins with man."

The great object of life is to discover the principle of unity in the ever-shifting phases of each day's existence. We must study the soul of things; must carefully and conscientiously discriminate between *means* and *ends*, between variety and Unity. Every act of *time* should be a means to measure the Eternal. In the latter the soul finds itself identical with every other soul. Eternity is the concentric point into which the three divisions of time, present, past and future, send their radii. Ascending on these converging lines of spiritual evolution, the soul for each step of ascent will more overwhelmingly feel the sense of Unity and Oneness. Once having reached the unit-point of the life-sphere, the individual becomes a citizen of the universe, equipped with powers to function in the timeless and spaceless—and Plato and Confucius, Zoroaster and Aristotle exchange ideas with him across the abysses of infinitude. "Who is man?" asks Carlyle, and gives his own answer: "A breath, a motion, an appearance. A visionalized idea in the eternal mind." Proceeding from "the everlasting nay"—the scepticism which follows upon the awakening of the mind in its first rude contact with the struggling world—the individual gradually

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after soul-heaving tossings between the realities and unrealities of life, passes into a stage of calm expectancy—" the center of in difference "—to reimerge into the positive life and unwavering faith of true knowledge—the "everlasting yea."

The way to Unity leads through human brotherhood. Its realization opens the door to the sanctuary. Through love for man we shall attain to love for God; and in making the sorrows and joys of our fellow-men our own we shall be sharers of their benefits and become living receptacles for universal love, wisdom and power. To see and feel parts of ourselves in every soul; to endeavor to realize in the weaknesses and strength of others the weakness and strength of ourselves; to do unto others as we wish others to do unto us, involves a knowledge of the deepest springs in human nature—a knowledge of the identity of all souls with the Over-soul.

" Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

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THE HERO OF THE AENEID.

BY THE HONORABLE BOYD WINCHESTER.

An epic fable must be important as well as interesting; great actions, great virtues and great distresses are its peculiar province. Such is the hero of the Aeneid; he is the son of a goddess, a virtuous prince, saved from the ruins of his country, and his life the working out of the divine decrees. He is daring without rashness and prudent without timidity. He is refined in sentiment and correct in conduct. After the perfidy of the Rutuli and his serious wound he exhibited the calm and superior intrepidity of the hero, rushing again to the field and restoring victory by his presence alone. In Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," Pandarus says: "That's Aeneas, is not that a brave man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you."

Aeneas shows a singular devotion to his son, Ascanius, and when he parts with him before going to his last victory, "in his mailed arms his child he pressed and kissed through his helm." He is a dutiful son to his father, Anchises; and, in spite of the unfortunate way in which he lost his wife, an exemplary husband. In his abandonment of Dido, Aeneas acted in obedience to the command of Jupiter, communicated by Mercury, which bid him, "set sail, be this our message." Admiration for the queen and her work touches the imagination of Aeneas, love for the woman, his heart. The king and the queen alike forget their mission. But the commands of heaven are clear. The founder of Rome must not be united to an Eastern queen. He must stamp down and hide within the deep recesses of his heart the "care" that the mild entreaties of the woman he loved, aroused within him. The life that had swung for an hour out of its course, must return to its old bearings. He crushes his love; he follows the express commands of Jupiter, and of his father's spirit which visited him in his dreams and with dreadful summons urged his departure. The sense of the wrong done

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to his boy is another force uniting to drive him from Carthage, and for his severance from the queen;

> "Ascanius, too, my boy, his claims I slight,
> Him of Hesperian realms remote, I wrong."

He leaves the queen to her fate. He is the man of destiny, and must go where the fates lead him. Once more Italy and his destiny become his aim and fatherland, "there is my love, there my country is." As Dido turns from him with eyes of "speechless reproach," he pleads, "not of my own will, it is Italy I follow."

Then we must remember, that the Romans, in the time of Virgil were little scrupulous in their behavior, even to those with whom they had formed a legitimate union; and would not bestow severe censure on Aeneas in an age when Augustus divorced his wife Siribonia, merely that he might espouse Livia, whose husband was still alive.

Virgil, indeed, has drawn Aeneas with infinitely more virtues and fewer vices, than Homer has represented either in Hector or Achilles. Aeneas combines almost every excellent quality which Homer has been content to ascribe to his heroes separately. He is affectionate, just and devout; they often negligent of the most sacred duties. He has the virtues of the Homeric combatants—courage, endurance, wisdom in council, eloquence, chivalrous friendship, and faith to plighted word; and with these mingle virtues unknown to Hector or Achilles, such as temperance, self-control, unselfishness of aim, loyalty to an inner sense of right, the piety of self-devotion and self-sacrifice, refinement of feeling and pity for the fallen and weak. The charmed wanderings of the son of Laertes, by isle and mainland, over the sea whose waters are blue and many-voiced, have been retraced with delight by every subsequent age of mankind. But Aeneas' wanderings are much more skillfully contrived than those of Ulysses, both for pathos and dignity. Ulysses goes from one place to another, weary and sorrowful, just as it happens, or, rather in order that he may exhaust all the possibilities of adventure, with which the Greeks were acquainted when the

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poem was written. Aeneas is always on his way to the land appointed for him. The meeting of Aeneas with Helenus is much more moving than the meeting of Telemachus with Menelaus. The parting of Aeneas and Dido presents a finer image of sorrow and tenderness than that of Hector and Andromache.

In fact the remarkable founder of the Romans is presented both as a traveler and a warrior, uniting the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" in one conception. To raise Aeneas to the place of Hector, to make him the virtual successor of Priam, the last and greatest of the heroes, this was the purpose of Virgil:

> "Aeneas was our King, than who
> The breath of being none e'er drew
> More brave, more pious, or more true."

What attracts Virgil in Aeneas, before all things, is his piety; just as Homer is attracted, before all things, by the courage of Achilles. All the Grecian heroes were vociferous in bragging to each other and to their foes. Achilles was an unusually brutal savage, cruel, treacherous and utterly devoid of generosity towards an enemy. Aeneas is not fierce and unrelenting like Achilles, but he is patient, just and dignified; and his courage is tempered by the sagacity of Nestor and the prudence of Ulysses.

In Aeneas is proposed the image of a perfect law-giver; and, as such, his duties included the establishing religious as well as civil government. The Romans were a believing people, most careful in all ceremonies and observances, visiting anything like sacrilege with a cool ferocity worthy of the Christian religious wars in later days. The highest civil officers in the Roman State were also the highest dignitaries. The true glory in Aeneas is in that religious character which was inseparable from his duties as the leader of the people. It is meant that he, above all other men, knows and keeps the will of Heaven. We are expected to feel to Aeneas almost as we feel to a man who obeys the law of God; and the condemnation of Dido and Turnus is that they are fighting against destiny.

Aeneas is "*pious*," not merely "beautiful" and "brave;" and at

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the sacrifice even of poetical effect, his religious dependence on the gods is brought into prominence. By connecting the doings of man immediately with a will above his own, has, without in any way impairing the truth, at once carried out the sublimity of his character.

"We surpass all other nations," says Cicero, "in holding fast to the belief that all things are ordered by a Divine Providence." Aeneas is the chosen instrument of a divine purpose, working out its ends, alike across his own buffetings, from shore to shore, or the love-tortures of the Phoenician queen. The memorable words "*Cedo Deo*"—that is, bound before a will higher as well as stronger than thine own, are, in fact, the faith of his own career. Therefore, we find in his conduct something predetermined, hieratic, austere. And when from that soul in Paradise he has learnt the secrets of the dead, his temper thenceforth is rather that of the Christian saint than of the Pagan warrior; he becomes the type of those medieval heroes, whose fiercest exploits are performed with a certain remoteness of spirit, who look beyond blood and victory to a concourse of unseen spectators and a sanction that is not of men.

BOYD WINCHESTER.

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PHILOSOPHY IN CHINA.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

Every custom of the great nation beyond the Pacific Ocean is consecrated by antiquity, and every mode of its activity seems to have been shaped by some long-forgotten experience. We are wholly unable to note the period when it did not exist. The Chinese made paper and printed books many centuries ago. They were using the magnetic needle to direct them in their journeys when the inhabitants of Great Britain and Northern Europe had neither floors nor chimneys in their dwellings. They early invented gun-powder, but only employed it for peaceful purposes, such as the manufacture of toys and playthings. Their wares and fabrics were sold in Western Asia and ancient Egypt, and cubes of their making have been found in deep excavations in Ireland. From them were adopted many of our common luxuries and domestic conveniences. The affectation that we possess a civilization so very far superior to theirs has a strong flavor of conceit and sciolism. They appear odd to us chiefly because their ways and customs have continued without change from archaic times. Their manners and even their fashions of dress seem to have had their origin in periods beyond our computing.

While the Western speculative philosopher contents himself with the determining of abstract points of reasoning, the Chinese thinker directs his attention to those of practical application. He is as ready as the other to grasp ideas, but he hurries to put them to some use. Everything in Chinese literature and institutions runs into details, how this and that should be done. Everything is elaborated. It is so in the language, the books, the religion, the government, the methods of instruction, the etiquette. The point in all their ethics is conduct. The Chinese civilization is orderly, educated and industrious. It is without priests and lawyers. The people are more free than those of the West. They love peace and

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are punctilious in all their observances. Their standard of excellence is appropriately set forth by Confucius: "The man who in the prospect of gain thinks only of justice, who, in the presence of danger is ready to yield up his life, and who does not forget an old agreement however far back it may extend, is a complete man."

The Chinese venerate their patriarchs, carrying their devotion beyond death. The communion with spirits is a general belief. Every individual is believed to have his guardian and director, a spiritual essence, and is diligent in rendering worship.

The *Analects* of Confucius are regarded as comprising the sum of all wisdom and moral duty. The Great Master, after many years in the service of his prince, became an exile from the court and traveled about the country, attended by his disciples. Whatever he observed he made the theme for a maxim. One day as he was going along at the foot of the Tai mountains, he saw a woman weeping bitterly and sent a disciple to ask the cause. Her son had been killed by a tiger. On further questioning he learned that her husband and her husband's father had lost their lives in the same way. Then he asked her why she did not leave a country which was so infested. The woman answered, "Because we have a good government." The sage turned to his disciples and uttered this sentence: "Remember that an oppressive government is fiercer and more dreaded than a tiger."

At another time he observed a fowler sorting his birds into different cages, and remarked that none of them were old. The fowler explained that the old birds, when they saw a net or snare, flew away and did not come back. The young ones that kept in company with them also escaped, but those that separated into a flock by themselves and rashly approached the snare were taken. "If," he added, "if perchance I catch an old bird, it is because he follows the young ones." The sage thus addressed his disciples: "It is also thus with mankind. Presumption, hardihood, want of forethought and inattention are the chief reasons why young persons are led astray. Elated with their small attainments, they

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have barely made a beginning in learning before they think they know all, and when they have done a few things well they fancy themselves at the very height. They do not hesitate, but rashly undertake measures without consulting the older and experienced, and following confidently their own notions, fall in the first snare that is laid for them. If an old man is so unwise as to be charmed by the sprightliness of a youth, and thinks and acts with him, he goes astray with him and falls into the same snare. Remember the snare of the fowler."

A prince interrogated him about the policy of putting unprincipled persons to death for the sake of those who are better disposed. "Why kill men at all?" Confucius demanded. "If you govern uprightly, no one will think to do wrong."

Another prince asked him whether he was a sage. Like Pythagoras and Socrates, he replied that this was a distinction above his attaining, he only learned without satiety, and taught without becoming weary of it. "Master," said the prince, "you are truly a sage."

To a young person preparing for an active career, he said: "Hold fidelity and sincerity as the principles of life, and endeavor continually to do what is right."

A disciple asked him: "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for one's life?" The Master replied: "Is not RECIPROCATION such a word? What you do not wish to be done to yourself, do not to others."

Again he said; "Those who are born possessing knowledge are the highest class of human beings. Those who learn and so get possession of knowledge are the next. Those who are dull and stupid and yet encompass the learning are another class next to these. As to those who are dull and stupid, and yet do not learn they are the lowest of the people."

"What Heaven has conferred is called The Nature; an accordance with this nature is called The Path of Duty; the regulation of this path is called Instruction."

After the death of Confucius, the rulers and people of China

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became conscious of his superior excellence. They revered him for his wisdom and honored him as a divinity. They placed his statue in the temples that he might receive homage from the worshippers as truly just, far-reaching in intelligence, and as a God among men.

In the coming century there arose another in China, worthy to be esteemed as the successor of the Great Master. Mencius was the son of a widowed mother who had taken extraordinary pains to develop in him the love of mercy and goodness. He became afterward a disciple of the grandson of Confucius, and a teacher of a School of Philosophy and Economics. His views were in accord with the spirit of patriarchal imperialism, and at the same time broad, liberal and democratic. Government, he held, was from heaven, but the rulers derived their authority from the assent of the people. He regarded the population of the Empire as a family of which the Emperor was father and protector. As such the sovereign represented Divinity itself, and, therefore, he should be animated by a spirit of benevolence. His aim should be to make the people prosperous; and having done this, to educate them. He might in no case be indifferent to their happiness, delighting in war or indulging in luxuries which they could not share. Taxes should be light and every encouragement given to agriculture and commerce. Thus would the ruler become the minister and representative of heaven, and the people happy and orderly.

In those days, the scholar and the sage were esteemed the equals of kings. Mencius, like the prophet Elisha, did not hesitate to blame and rebuke the kings for their misgoverning. He even contemplated their supplanting and the appointment of others to take their place. It was for the people to find out for themselves, he declared, whom Heaven had made fit to govern. If the sovereign is unworthy, he should be deposed, and a better man placed upon the throne. This was a duty which, first of all, devolved on the royal family. They should disown an unworthy monarch and appoint another. If they neglected to do this, then any Minister of State, acting under the obligation to consult the public good

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might undertake the matter. When, however, both the royal family and the ministers were remiss in this duty then Heaven itself would interpose to raise up a leader for the people. This should be an individual whose life and example had already attracted attention, and pointed him out as the man for the occasion. It should not be necessary to raise any standard of revolt, but only one of justice. He should be able by that to attain the highest dignity.

At this period China was distracted by misrule and conflict between the rulers of the different States. Teachers arose to promulgate disturbing doctrines which aggravated the general disorder. One taught the absolute equality of mankind, the leveling of ranks and the abrogation of learning and statesmanship. Another presented a doctrine of love that should make no account of family relationship or other obligation. Mencius, now forty years old, set himself to reclaim his country and people. He boldly assailed the doctrines of the other teachers, and went from one court to another in the hope to find a prince worthy and competent to administer the affairs of the Empire. He remained long periods with each sovereign, admitted to the greatest intimacy and receiving honorable attention. In this way he spent twenty years, failing to realize his hopes. He then returned to private life, and we know him henceforth only as a teacher of Philosophy, Ethics and Political Economy.

Human nature he declared to be intrinsically good. "The tendency of man's nature to goodness," said he, "is like the tendency of water to flow downward. By striking water you may make it leap to your forehead, and by damming and leaving it, you may make it go up a hill. But such movements are not according to the nature of water; it is the force applied which causes them. When men do what is not good their nature has been dealt with in this way.

"All have compassionate hearts which cannot bear to see the suffering of others. If they see a child fall into a well, they will,

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without exception, experience a feeling of alarm and distress. We perceive that commiseration, shame and dislike, diffidence and reverence, and the disposition to approve and disapprove are essential principles of human nature. The feeling of commiseration is the principle of benevolence; that of shame and dislike is the principle of justice; that of diffidence and reverence is the principle of propriety of life, and that of approving and disapproving is the principle of knowledge. We are certainly furnished with all these. They are not instilled into us from without, but we have them as we have organs to the body."

Mencius further insisted that the nature is good because it is constituted for doing that which is good.

He says again: "I love life and I also love justice; but if I cannot keep both, I will let life go and hold fast to justice. Although I love life there is that which I love more than life, and though I dislike death there is that which I dislike more than death; and therefore there are occasions where I will not avoid danger."

Another utterance is worthy to be preserved as an aphorism. "The disease of men is this," said he, "that they neglect their own fields and go to weed the fields of others, and that what they require from others is great, while the burden which they take upon themselves is light."

He thus describes the superior man: "That when he is in a high and prosperous situation it adds nothing to his excellence, and when he is in low and distressed circumstances, it impairs it in no respect."

"When Heaven is about to confer a great responsibility on a man," he says further, "it first exercises his mind with suffering, and his muscles and bones with toil. It exposes his body to hunger, subjects him to extreme poverty and confounds his undertakings. In all these ways it stimulates his mind, strengthens his nature and supplies his defects."

The Chinese literature abounds in aphorisms and proverbs.

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These powerfully illustrate the practical character of the people. A few of them will serve to indicate the general tendency.

"It is safer to believe that a man possesses good qualities than to assert that he does not."

"Wisdom, virtue, benevolence and rectitude, without politeness, are imperfect."

"He who can suppress a moment's anger will prevent lasting sorrow."

"Never engage in what you fear to be known. It is only the naked who fear the light."

"In the enacting of laws rigor is indispensable, but in the executing of them there should be mercy."

"As it is impossible to please men in all things, our only care should be to satisfy our own consciences."

"A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' mere study of books."

"If a man's desires and wishes are laudable, Heaven will certainly further them."

But China had teachers of philosophy before Confucius. Li, better known as Lao-tse, was more widely known. It is said that he had traveled in the West before he began his career as a teacher, but of this we have no particulars. An eminent writer believes that his doctrines were extant before he lived. This would be in strict analogy with facts elsewhere; the principles enunciated by the Buddha, the Sermon on the Mount, and later systems, had been propounded before the individuals appeared who gave them the form in which they exist. They did not come into existence in full maturity like Athena from the brain of Zeus. "Long pent up in the vales and water-sheds of the Oxus," says Forlong, "a mighty and spiritual faith had developed itself, which many centuries before had silently permeated all the highlands of India." The time came for its more open manifestation; and almost simultaneously Lao-tse, the Buddha Gautama, and the Seven Sages of Greece, began to declare the advancing thought. Such periods oc-

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cur almost regularly, and with them mankind take on new life and higher connection.

The doctrine as unfolded and given form by the Chinese philosopher, was named TAO, the Way, in which term is comprised, not only the Path which leads to truth, but the source and principle of Truth itself. It signifies the spirit of the universe, the Supreme Energy and ultimate of Essence. The concept, however, is better expressed in the famous utterance of Lao-tse himself: "They who know, do not speak, and they who speak, do not know." It is the ideal which we may perceive but cannot hope to comprehend. "I do not know its name," says Lao-tse, "and for want of a better. I call it Taŏ, the Way." Its exercise and discipline consist in becoming at one with the law which is in and yet above all, and in moving spontaneously with it.*

Dr. Carus considers the name *Tao* as having a close analogy to *logos* or "word" in the Gospel, and "wind" or "breath" in the fourth hymn of the *Rig-Veda*. But Lao-tse presents the Tao under two aspects; that which was in the beginning and that which is individualized in human beings; primitive instincts lying in the soul ready to be employed, and it is the province of experience to set them in action.

Lao-tse wrote but little. One little book of two chapters, the Tao-teh-King—A Treatise on the True Way—is all that we have from his hand. But Chuang-tse, a disciple living in a later century, has more fully explained his views, yet they are hardly intelligible except to those who are intelligent to comprehend their meaning.

All philosophy begins with contemplating the Source and Origin of all being. Lao-tse taught that all things of the universe were from the first elementary matter; and that prior to this was only an immense silence in the illimitable space, an immeasurable void in endless silence. There was only Tao, the Infinite. It projected the One, the One produced the Second, and the Two pro-

*This is the equivalent of the Vedanta maxim: "There is no law or *dharma* superior to that which is," the absolute real.

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duced the Third; and then the Three created all things. "Conceived of as having no name, it is the Originator of heaven and earth," says Lao-tse; "conceived of as having a name, it is the Mother of all things. Under these two aspects it is really the same, but, as development takes place it receives the different names." Unconditioned, it is Being, that which really is; but in manifestation it is Existence, an issuing forth to form. The philosopher offers us the explanation: "All things repose in the passive or feminine principle, and embrace the positive or masculine principle, and a fecundating spirit maintains the harmony."

"All are produced by the Tao and are sustained by its outflowing operation," he says again. "They receive their forms according to the nature of each, and are brought to completeness according to the circumstances of their condition. All, therefore, honor the Tao and glorify its outflowing operation. It brings them into existence, yet makes no claim to any owning of them; it carries them through their processes of development, but does not vaunt its ability in doing this; it brings them to maturity, yet exercises no dominion over them. This is called The Working in Secret."

In the operation everything takes place from a force or principle within itself which acts spontaneously and without any impulse from private motive. Neither is there any compulsion from without. It is for us to do in like manner, What we do should be done for its own sake, free from selfish motive and external direction.

This philosophy is summed up in the cardinal virtues of benevolence and sincerity. Everything, even to unkindness and injury, is recompensed with kindness. "To those who are good to me, I am good," says Lao-tse; "and to those who are not good to me, I am likewise good; and in this way all may be led to be good. To those who are sincere with me I am sincere and to those who are not sincere I am also sincere; and so all are made sincere."

He demands the surrender of personal and selfish ambition. Man should act according to nature. "There is no greater sin than

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yielding to desire," says he; "no greater misery than discontent, no greater calamity than acquisitiveness."

Again he says; "To know the unknowable, that is elevating. Not to know the knowable that is sickness."

The appeal is made to the instinct of goodness which is innate in every one, and not to rules of conduct. Benevolence and justice when considered as virtues exercised from external prompting are everywhere set forth as of little account. For example, it is not necessary to prescribe by legislation that a woman should love her child, and it must not be thought necessary to direct by moral precepts that a man shall act justly and generously toward others. To the just man such precepts are unnecessary, because it is natural for him to be just and benevolent. The sun embodies light and shines without effort, because this is the law of its existence. "Heaven and Earth do nothing, and yet there is nothing which they do not bring to pass." So the true man does everything by the necessity of his being, just as the seasons are brought about in their order by a law inherent in the constitution of the world.

The functions of the body are performed by a law innate in them, and would be disturbed and disordered if we were conscious of them and should attempt to regulate them. The harmony of life is destroyed in like manner by too much meddling. A government which is too strict and specific in its legislation actually induces crime. An overstrained pressure and enforcement of external rules of constraint and restriction destroy self-reliance and suppress the natural developing of a true and virtuous life, either by producing a moral atrophy or by arousing a reactionary feeling to evade them. Men should be taught to depend on their innate goodness, and not upon an artificial and factitious code framed by ethical rule and compass. "We should be careful," says Chuang-tse, "not to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart. Man's heart may be forced down or stirred up. In each case the issue is fatal. But if you try to cut and polish it, then it will glow like fire or freeze like ice. In the twinkling of an eye it will pass beyond the limits of

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the Four Seas. No bolt can bar, no bond can bind the human heart."

"It is a sad substitute," says James Martineau, "when, in later years, the native insight is replaced by the sharper foresight, and we compute with wisdom the way which we should take in love." The Chinese sage remarks in the same vein: "A man's own truth is what he himself has received from heaven, operating spontaneously and without changeableness. Hence the wise take their law from heaven and prize their own Truth, without submitting to the restrictions of custom. Others do the reverse of this. They are not able to take their law from heaven, and are influenced by other men; they do not know how to prize the inherent Truth of their own nature, but are subject to the dominion of ordinary things, and change according to the customs around them."

The learning now commonly known as science, which overlays the natural faculties of the mind, and would bury them underneath academic scholarship, was regarded with little esteem. Activity in those arts was thought harmful, as tending, in the elaborating of the various processes, to obscure the higher intuitions and impulses. Our philosopher, instead of overloading the mind with accumulated facts and precedents from the outside world, sought rather to cultivate that superior faculty of the soul which is able to perceive. "Choose that which is within you," says Chuang-tse, "and shut off that which is without; for much knowledge is a curse. Then I will place you upon that abode of Great Light which is the source of *positive power*, and lead you through the gate of Profound Mystery which is the source of the *negative power*. These powers are the controllers of heaven and earth, and each contains the other."

The passive condition, or inactivity which is insisted upon so strenuously, is by no means to be regarded as a state of inertness or indifference; it is simply receptive and reciprocal, the placing of one's self in the proper attitude of mind and quietly awaiting the event. "It is the way of Heaven," says Lao-tse, "not to strive and yet it overcomes; not to speak, and yet it is skilful in obtaining a reply it does not call, and yet men come to it of themselves."

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There is no condition of doing nothing, but a seeking to make ourselves right, and simply allowing our actions naturally, and without strain or striving, set forth the principles by which we are governed. The Way is found by quiet submission and not by overwrought exertion; by perceiving and conforming to the Right and the True and not by acting from self-prompted impulse. The exalting of the soul to the divine standard, joining it to the Infinite Eternal is the ideal. A writer eloquently describes this ideal as the doing of everything by a necessity of being; not obeying the Law as something extraneous, but as being oneself the law, the very embodiment of law. "The Taoist has relinquished the mortal condition in choice and will, and taken up his abode with the Eternal—become transformed into it—He is no longer the sport of Time, or liable to Time's casualties, since he knows that he holds a life that Time cannot touch, and that his being is one with that of the universe." ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

PROJECTION FROM THE WORLD BEYOND.

Subject to the sudden revelations, the breaks in habitual existence, caused by the aspect of death, the touch of love, the flood of music, I never lived, that I remember, what you call a common, natural day. All my days are touched by the supernatural, for I feel the pressure of hidden causes, and the presence, sometimes the communion, of unseen powers. It needs not that I should ask the clairvoyant whether a spirit-world projects into ours. As to the specific evidence, I would not tarnish my mind by hasty reception. The mind is not a highway, but a temple, and its doors should not be carelessly left open. Yet it were sin if indolence or coldness excluded what had a claim to enter; and I doubt whether, in the eyes of pure intelligence, an ill-grounded, hasty rejection be not a greater sign of weakness than an ill-grounded and hasty faith.

—*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

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KING ASOKA, "THE CONSTANTINE" OF INDIA.

The greatest religious event of the Buddhistic age, 315 B.C. to A.D. 500, was when Chandragupta's grandson, King Asoka, embraced the religion founded by Gautama, which for two centuries had been making slow progress among the humble and the lowly, but had then become the state religion of India.

Chandragupta had met Alexander the Great in the Punjab, and after Alexander's retreat he conquered all Northern India, drove the Greeks from the Punjab, and Northern India became a united empire. Chandragupta was succeeded by his son, Bindusara, about 290 B. C., and *his* son, the renowned Asoka, succeeded him in 260 B. C. This prince added Bengal and Orissa to the vast empire he had inherited, and extended to the extreme East the light of Aryan civilization, which Northern India had enjoyed for fifteen centuries. 8,400 Buddhistic monasteries were built and flourished through his broad empire, and the land is known to this day as "Behar," that is, the land of monasteries. He supported 6,400 Buddhist priests, and at one time sent five hundred of them to convert Thibet. The great monastery of Nalanda sheltered ten thousand monks and novices of the eighteen Buddhistic schools, who studied here all the sciences, theology, medicine, law, philosophy and all others known in the Eastern world. These students were supported by the royal treasury.

Asoka had a special department of religion and justice which protected the purity of the doctrine, and his monasteries were centers of religious zeal. His version of the canon of sacred scriptures in the Magada language, still prevails among the Buddhists of Southern India, Ceylon, Burmah and the eastern Archipelago. Asoka sent missionaries into all countries. No violence was ever used. The sword was never drawn. All men were treated as brothers, and hospitals were erected for the animals as well as for his fellowmen. Ample provision was made for the stranger and traveller; hospital-

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ity was practiced as a religious virtue. Shade-trees were planted and wells dug along the highway to refresh "the passer by," for *practical* Buddhism meant self-control, kindness and divine compassion to all men and the brute creation.*

Fortunately for the world, Asoka left his edicts engraved on rocks and on granite pillars in various parts of India. His decrees are still found in rock caves, in Delhi and Allahabad; they are most striking and venerable memorials of the ancient world. The edicts were inscribed in the thirteenth and fourteenth years after Asoka's coronation, and can be seen in different parts of the land from the flowing Indus to Orissa.

Romesh Chunder Dutt in his admirable primer on "The Civilization of India," states that Asoka's fourteen edicts were carved on rocks and pillars. The finding of "King Asoka's Stone" was a memorable day, when modern scientists learned of him and gained an insight into his times and administration. The first edict prohibited the slaughter of animals. The second provided medical aid for men and animals. The third enjoined a quinquennial Buddhist celebration. The fourth made an announcement of religious grace. The fifth appointed religious ministers and missionaries. The sixth chose moral instructors to regulate the social and domestic life of the people. Edict the seventh proclaimed universal religious toleration. The eighth recommended pious pastimes and enjoyments. The imparting of religious and moral instruction was enjoined in the ninth edict. The eleventh claimed the imparting of religious instruction as the *best* form of *charity*. The twelfth proclaimed the king's wish to convert unbelievers by moral suasion. The thirteenth spoke of Asoka's conquest of Bengal and of his treaties with five Greek kings, into whose country he sent Buddhist missionaries. The fourteenth was a summary of all the edicts, and contained remarks in regard to their

*Bishop Hurst's "Indika," and Sir William Hunter's "Brief History of Indian People," Monier Williams' "Religious Life and Thought in India."

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engraving. The thirteenth is considered the most important from an historical point of view. That celebrated edict makes mention of five Greek kings who were Asoka's contemporaries, and speaks as well of the nations of Southern India. Megasthenes, Greek ambassador to the court of Chandragupta, who was an eye-witness of India's life in the fourth century B. C., is the author quoted by Mr. Dutt. And he writes: "These five kings everywhere conform to the religious instructions of the Beloved of the Gods (King Asoka). There the people heard of the duties of the religion preached on the part of the Beloved of the Gods, and conform, and will conform, to the religion on all sides."

Of the three councils held, the first was formed on the death of Buddha; the second came a century later, and for two centuries Buddhism continued its quiet work, gaining disciples and supplanting Brahmanism. The third great Buddhist council convened in 244 B. C., and one thousand Elders constituted this august body. Heresies had arisen and were corrected and Buddhism received that form which it still retains.

The eight edicts inscribed on Asoka's pillar, are of less historical importance. One of them expressed the hope that religious instruction would lead men to the right path, and proclaimed good will to all people and hoped for the conversion of all sects.

Greek records show, that in the third century B. C., Antiochus ruled in Syria, Ptolemy in Egypt, Antigonus in Macedon, Magas in Cyrene and Alexander in Epirus, and the edict of Asoka proves that Buddhist missionaries preached in these Western lands in the third century B. C. They continued their fruitful labors, preached their doctrines and parables from generation to generation. Their communities, bound to a life of celibacy, increased from age to age as outsiders received instruction and joined their ranks. Their doctrines and precepts were widely known in Palestine when Jesus Christ was born.

In Pliny's "History Natural" the Essenes of the first century *after* Christ, show results of Buddhist work during three hundred

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years in Syria. This sect he describes as "dwelling on the western shore of the Dead Sea, but far enough away to escape the noxious breezes. They are a hermit clan and marvelous beyond all others in the world, without women and the joys of domestic life, without money, and they are the associates of palm trees. Daily is the throng about them renewed, men resorting to them in numbers, driven through weariness of existence, and the surges of ill-fortune in their manner of life. Thus through thousands of ages, incredible to relate, their society in which no one is born, lives on perennially."

Asoka died two hundred and twenty-two years before Christ, but the religion he loved and lived, survives, and six hundred millions are still believers in Buddha's doctrines. Although Buddhism was largely driven out of the land of its birth, it holds forty per cent. of the world's population and it is taught in three hundred languages and dialects. The noblest survivals of Buddhism in India are not found among any *peculiar* body, but in the religion of the *whole* Hindu people. It is that principle of the brotherhood of man, with the reassertion of which each new revival of Hinduism starts, in the asylum which the great Hindu sect of "baishnavas," affords to women, the widow and the outcast, and in that gentleness and charity to all men which takes the place of a Poor Law in India.*

One of the most significant features of the *permanent* effects of Buddhism in India, is to be found in the fact that the English government in providing public instruction for Burmah, made the ancient Buddhistic Monasteries the *basis* of its new system.

The devotees of Buddha and Asoka, who adore their memories still proclaim the brotherhood of man from the ice huts of northern Thibet, to the palm groves of Singapore on the Equator, and try to imitate the holy calm of the founder of their faith, and sing with ecstatic fervor the Great Renunciation. MARIE B. SMITH.

*It was the mission of Buddhism to throw down the barriers and to unite Aryans and non-Aryans into that one great community now known to us as Hindus.

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THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XIX.)

Before the Magician, upon the landing, clinging to the carved banister, pale and white and wan, her lovely eyes wide with anxiety and fear, stood her majesty, the Queen!

"'Daughter,' he began, for, although he was in no way related to them, it was in this manner that the man of magic addressed all women, "'you seem frightened.'

"'I am frightened, father,' answered the Queen. 'Worn out with anxiety, as I lay on my couch wondering what might be chancing here in the tower, I heard my name called suddenly by a ghostly voice. I sprang to my feet, and wishing to know what it meant, I hastened, alone, to you.'

"'A ghostly voice you say, my daughter?'

"'Yes, father, a voice that did not seem to speak, yet which I heard.'

"'The voice was my voice. I called you.'

"'From here, father—you called me from here?'

"'From here,' said the man of magic, smiling, as he took the cold, white hand the Queen held out to him, and, clasping it kindly, led her into a little closet of a room next to that in which the King still sat, silent and dazed, upon his throne.

"'There are,' he went on as the Queen sank upon a bench near the inner door, 'ways of calling other than those requiring audible sound. I had need of you. I thought my need to you, and you came in response to my thought.'

"I've done that," interrupted Goldie eagerly, "*it's true!*"

"You have mentally called another, Goldie?"

"No, sir, just been called *to*. Father needed me once when I was playing dominoes with some fellows in a little playroom we'd fixed up over one of the boys' father's stable, and though I tried to think he didn't, because I was enjoying myself so much, I just had

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to go home and leave them all there. It seemed to me I heard him call my name as clearly as though he had been at the foot of the stairs, where I knew he wouldn't be at that time o' day."

"And you found him at home?"

"No, sir, he never gets home until after six o'clock. So I threw my books in the house, called to mother where I was going, and flew down town to his office. And there he was sitting at his desk writing."

"What did he say?" inquired the curious Pinkie.

"He said he'd been wishing with all his might that I'd come for an hour, for he needed me to go on an important errand. The clerk was away on his vacation, and he could'nt leave the office as a man was coming to see him on business, and there was no one in the house he felt he would dare to trust with the papers and packages he wished to send. I told him that I knew he wanted me, and that I heard him call me. He just smiled, and said that he often thought to mother, and she always knew it; but he said he'd never thought that I, a boy, would respond so quickly."

"I beg your pardon, Goldie, lad, if this seems a bit personal, but I should—we all would like to know, if you will kindly tell us, what thoughts your father could so readily impress upon your mother."

"Oh, I'll be glad to tell you what they told me. Sometimes when father was detained and couldn't get home as early as usual he would make mother know this so she wouldn't worry. Often I've rushed in hungry for supper, and mother has said 'Father will be a little late to-night, let's be patient'. If mother could know that, I'm sure the Queen could know the Magician wanted her when he called her."

"She didn't know who called her, Goldie," corrected Pinkey; "she just knew she had been called. But please, sir, what did he want the Queen to do?"

"He wanted her, first of all, to listen to the strange story of the perfected King; then to help him to help Angelo to help Demonio."

"Wasn't she awfully astonished at what he told her?"

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"Yes, Pinkie, I think she, naturally, must have been. But as the Magician proceeded he discovered that the beautiful Queen was as delighted as she was surprised. The wise old man knew how mean (the only word, my Urchins, that will cover all the cruelty, unkindness and brutality of His Majesty's actions toward the gentle woman) the King had been to his sovereign lady, and how she'd come to dread his very look."

"Any man who can be cruel to a woman," declared Blackie, his dark eyes flashing at the mere thought, "doesn't deserve to—to—"

"To be called a man, Blackie, isn't that it? Cruel to anything weaker and more helpless than he. What is a man's strength *for*?

"To go back to the Queen. The Magician (who could read the hearts of people) knew that the pretty Princess, whose young eyes had been fascinated and flattered by the rank and splendid presence of the great King, cared really for the Jester. She wedded the former, but discovering almost immediately that the King's comeliness was but a cloak hiding a lawless, evil nature; discovering also by means of bitter experience, proofs of the Jester's goodness, in her secret heart she turned from the empty casket to the jewel that should have been enshrined within it.

"The King was fiercely proud of his beautiful young bride, but there was no tenderness, no gentleness, no loving kindness in his manner toward his wife. And his subjects, noting this fact, ceased to expect anything merciful, just or generous from one who could (this word they spoke in whispers among themselves) so abuse his gentle spouse.

"More for others than for herself did the Queen wish the King different. But she soon discovered that it was a hopeless task to intercede for those who prayed that compassion be shown to them. At sight of his harshness, cruelty and cold indifference to the sufferings of his subjects, her heart chilled toward her royal husband, and she shunned his presence whenever she dared to do so.

"It was a joy to the Queen when the goodness of the Jester discovered itself to her. She listened in amazement and admiration to

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his daring speeches to the King, and blessed him silently for his merciful intercessions in behalf of worthy souls, who, but for his wise and willing aid would too certainly have suffered disgrace or death.

"Gradually she herself turned to him for sympathy, and it was he who bade the Queen seek the Magician and heed his loving counsel. Day after day she came to watch for the noble dwarf, to meet his kind eyes, as he, secure in his office, saucily approached the throne; to listen to his mocking, musical voice, and, above all, to feel that with him beside her dreary place of state she was in the presence of one who would, to the extent of his abilities (and they were not small), shield and protect her from harm.

"Many times, forgetting the King, she dreamed dreams in which the Jester was the central figure. In her pleasant visions he grew in stature, ennobled and enlarged, and made straight and comely by reason of his nobility and beauty of character.

"At night she was wont to name him in her prayers, thanking heaven for each new and goodly deed he was sure to have done that day, and, as I have said, calling blessings down upon the, to her, first gentleman of the King's court. Did you know, my Urchins, that a blessing is a very real thing? If you could only see it with the eyes of your spirit you would wonder at its beauty—just as you would shudder at sight of a curse."

"*See* a blessing? *See* a curse?"

"It is possible, Blooy. Haven't we agreed that thoughts are things?"

"But to *see* a blessing—to *see* a curse—that seems too much of a fairy story to ever be true."

"A blessing *must* be beautiful," said Violet, "and bring the greatest happiness with it. It is just love, isn't it, overflowing from the heart upon the person beloved—no, it's more than that; for not satisfied with its own loving it asks all that is good and holy and sweet to rest upon the object so precious to it. Oh, I can't explain it as it appears to me, sir, but I know exactly what it is, I think."

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"I am sure you do, and, in a way, you can nearly see it, my Violet. It is very real, and at your beseeching will surround the one so blest, and even if its presence be not realized by the object of your love, it will prove not only a benefit and a comfort, but a barrier to the myriads of little evil forces that at times so beset the unguarded."

"But a curse—it is horrible, isn't it?"

"As horrible as a blessing is lovely and desirable. All its energy is put forth to drag down and make miserable its victim. But blessing or curse either may be likened to a sort of boomerang, which, although, as you know, is sent swiftly toward the object it encircles, yet makes its way back unerringly to the sender. Choose which you will send out to friend or foe, and your choice will return to you full force, no matter to what distance it has flown. And it is with redoubled strength that it smites the sender, having gained rather than lost force during its journey."

"Did the Queen, who blessed the Jester, curse the King?"

"She was too gentle, sweet, compassionate and wise to do that, Ruddy. But others he had abused cursed him, and he walked about his beautiful palace shadowed by hideous things called down upon him by his wrathful subjects. And the more they cursed him, the meaner, of course, he grew."

"Neither he nor they knew enough to stop whacking back (as you told us once we'd have to do to stop the wicked curses from making bad effects) did they?"

"Let us hope not; for if they did know and willfully went on doing such things they would be obliged to pay a far heavier punishment than if they had been ignorant of the truth."

"A sort of '*noblesse oblige*', sir?"

"What's that, Violet?"

"Tell her, lassie."

"It's a little French phrase I learned at school, and which has, since our teacher fully explained it, always meant so much to me. It means, Pinkie, that from those who are of high rank, of superior

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station, those who know more than the common-place people, more is naturally expected—that nobles are obliged to do and be what is noble."

"And it will apply to the moral world as well as the world of chivalry. From you, my Urchins, who have learned somewhat of wisdom, who know a few of the letters of the alphabet, more is to be expected than from the children to whom such truths as I have taught you are unknown. It must be '*Noblesse oblige*' with you, always; remember that."

"Was the Queen glad to find out that the good Jester was, after all, a part of her true husband?"

"Gladder than words can tell. She listened to the Magician with a heart so full of joy that her pretty eyes were filled with tears of gratitude, and she promised eagerly to do exactly what the Wise Man said she must do to help him perfect his wonderful work."

"And what was that? What could *she* do to help?"

"Snowdrop, if you were angry at some thing, Ruddy, let us say for instance, had done, and, chancing to meet him suddenly, you should begin to find fault with him in the crossest, hatefulest voice you could command, which of him do you think you would arouse to answer—the demon or angel—the Demonio or Angelo nature?"

"Why has *everybody* got two natures—even Ruddy?"

"Surely, Pinkie. The King was just a man, and we are learning our lessons from his behavior. The Magician solemnly bade the Queen to always, no matter what dreadful and cruel act the King might be doing, to call upon Angelo, sharply and with all her will."

"Why, sir, please?"

"Because this *must* fetch a response of some sort from Angelo, giving him power to manifest himself in some degree, be it more or less; and as he, perhaps, involuntarily responded to that which she gave him to understand she expected of him, he would, naturally, at once (and in such measure as the unanswering Demonio was forced into the background) be able to manifest himself to her.

"And every such victory strengthens the victor. Just so much

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or so little as his effort to be that which is demanded of him allows the higher to assert itself over the lower nature, just so much or so little will he gain in the battle of life."

"That's right! I know a boy that is good or bad at school according to his teacher," said Brownie. "He used to be so hard to manage that folks said he would surely live to be hanged. It seemed as if that boy just felt what folks expected of him, and didn't care to disappoint them. But when he got into the seventh grade and the teacher there took him in hand, making him feel that there wasn't a doubt in anybody's mind but that he was going to be all that a boy should be, why, there was a regular miracle worked then and there. It was astonishing, and nothing less, how that boy acted up to all the new teacher (who made him know that he was an object of real, loving interest) expected of him."

"That's the only way to help a fellow, Brownie. it makes him have faith in himself—in the Angelo of him—and if he once believes in himself there's nothing he cannot accomplish."

"Not anything?"

"Not anything he wills to do. It inspires one (such treatment as he received from the new teacher—a teacher worthy the name and calling) to the doing of good deeds; lifts one to a more exalted plane of thinking and doing; encourages one to be all that which one in ones' heart of hearts would like to be thought—honorable, good and true."

"Isn't that something we Rainbows could do, easily, too, every one of us? Why there's not a solitary Rainbow but could do, and finds chances to do, just that very thing; for I'm sure we all know lots o' boys and girls that we could help to be better by showing them we thought they *were*. And they'd never guess what we were doing for them, never; for we could be careful and make it appear natural for us to take a special interest in them. Don't you think, sir, that a *special interest* shown in a fellow warms that fellow's heart?"

"It couldn't help warming it, Goldie: You are right, dear boy,

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and it's a beautiful missionary work you are planning for the Rainbows. To plant the seeds of hope and faith in the desert of discouragement; to cultivate little oases here and there in the very Sahara of despair; to cheer and sustain the weary little wayfarers who too often must cross the wastes alone, and who, instead of sweet, refreshing breezes as they journey on, face adverse blasts that sear and burn and scorch the very hearts of their best intentions. Surely it's a mission infinitely to be preferred to those which send people to foreign lands to upset the peace of the heathen, whose gods are symbols of a Greater God, and as much as the small and unevolved mind and heart of a savage can grasp.

"Do this grand work, my bright Rainbows, and the celestials will smile upon it. Watch warily in your school-rooms for this boy or that girl among your less favored mates, and without ostentation of any kind, secretly and untiringly (for I warn you your patience will, of a necessity, be oftentimes severely taxed) do this great labor of love for the sake of humanity.

"To help one such struggling soul along the sometimes too rough paths that lead to the golden highway of Self Recognition is to help the whole race. As surely as the tiniest pebble thrown into a pond will send invisible ripples to all the sloping shores surrounding it, so your efforts, however small, cannot fail to be felt by all the little world in which that encouraged boy or girl lives; for they are, we are, everyone is a living center of a world of our own. The things that we, each of us, think and say and do are as the tiny pebbles thrown into the pond. The waves they start into motion may to our eyes soon become invisible, nevertheless they do not fail to find the furthest shore that surrounds the waters upon which our little life boats sail."

"Then anything a person thinks and says and does spreads out further than most people imagine it does."

"Yes, Ruddy. It's like the radiant light from the star that starts out into space and keeps on its silver track for years after that star

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has gone beyond our earthly range of vision; its soft splendor still reaches us; its influence continues."

"Like that of a great man whose influence, even though he should die, must continue?"

"Like that, my boy."

"Then everything is important?"

"Everything thought, said and done with will—yes."

"And nothing dies out?"

"The thought, the word, the deed may have an end, but that which they create is deathless. By calling forth good thoughts, good words, good deeds in others you help others to become in turn creators of that which bestows blessings upon the world of men."

"Then we must always talk to the Angelos in folks, and never let the Demonios suspect that we know they exist?"

"Yes, Snowdrop, that's the secret of true helpfulness—to recognize only the good in people, for that is the Real Self always—that built in the image and likeness of the Heavenly Father. Evil is simply the errors mortals make through allowing ignorant forces to rule. Brownie, you're smiling—come, sir, share the fun! What's amusing you?"

"I was just thinking how like a man is to a telephone; just the instrument, as it were, that a person talked through to the good or bad of him. You get acquainted with us fellows—that's just knowing where the telephone is; then you offer a remark—that's ringing the bell. There's an answer to your remark—that is 'Central,' and then, having the line of communication open, you call up whichever of him you'd rather talk to—the Angelo or the Demonio of him; and 'Central' will give you whichever you choose every time."

"A first rate simile, Brownie. That's about what the Magician made the Queen promise him—that she would shake up Angelo every time she met the King, and to take great care never to arouse (or if aroused to not recognize) Demonio.

"If she succeeded in getting Angelo to respond before Demonio

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could, she would make it just that much easier for the good nature to overcome the evil one. It's an open secret that everyone should know, my Urchins."

"And did she keep her promise? When she saw the King and remembered how dreadful he was, and how mean he had been to her, could she keep from shuddering with fear?"

"Wait until the Magician opens the door and you'll see, my curious Pinkie."

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW CHILDREN ACCEPT BELIEF.

What takers-on children are! How readily do they think and feel rather from without than from within! Give a child counsel really grave and wise, which anticipates his experience, and it goes for nothing, the impulse of his life overrides it. But live on his own level, and there touch his sympathy and imagination, and he will believe of himself anything whatsoever that you believe of him.

—*D. A. Wasson.*

HOPE AND FAITH IN THE CONTINUING LIFE.

Love of life inspires every living thing. It is, however, man alone who hopes for immortality, It is safe to say that all men desire to live after physical death. Most of them hope for such a life. Many have faith. There are, however, more whose hope and whose faith alternate with misgiving and doubt. For hope is not faith, nor is faith knowledge, yet both are inspirations to life. Hope is but a fleeting intuition, while faith is the steady expectation of the soul. Hope for and expectation of life beyond physical death appear to be almost inseparable from human intelligence In this desire and expectation the savage, the seer, and the child find common ground. —*Florence Huntley.*

Fraud and deceit are always in a hurry, take time for all things.

—*Franklin.*

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The World of Thought

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE JUDICIALLY RECOGNIZED.

The recent decision of Surrogate Fitzgerald, of the County of New York admitting the will of Helen C. Brush to probate, if not set aside by higher authority, determines an important question. The testatrix had bequeathed the sum of $90,000 to the First Church of Christ, Scientist, and the usual contest was made to procure the setting aside of the instrument, on the pretexts of undue influence and unsoundness of mind. The argument was made that the beliefs of Christian Science which she had cherished were an insane delusion, and that several healers of that school had induced her to make such a disposition of her property.

The decision was accompanied by a full statement of the facts, with the declarations made in former cases involving the points at issue. After duly considering the beliefs of Christian Scientists as brought out in the contest, and in their standard writings, the Surrogate summarily disposed of the point in contest. "It is evident," says he, "that however opposed these teachings may be to the beliefs or actions of others, they are founded on the religious convictions of those professing them. This being so, the Court cannot say that those persons are mentally unsound. The truth or falsity of a religious belief is beyond the scope of a judicial inquiry."

The deceased woman had cherished an interest in Christian Science for eleven years. "There can be no doubt," says the decision, "that the decedent's belief in the religion which she had adopted, and her strong adherence to the church wherein she worshipped, were the cause of the making of her will. Consequent-

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ly, the only question which concerns us is as to the effect of this belief on her mind; the belief itself not being any evidence of insanity. Did it unseat her judgment, dethrone her reason, and thus deprive her of capacity to make a will?"

The evidence bearing on this point seems to have consisted largely in the dissensions which arose in the family of the decedent. But it was shown that she had been greatly attached to her sisters, only that their conflicting views had resulted in estrangement. She was sensitive and they often spoke to her and to friends in terms of ridicule of her belief. Nevertheless there was a friendly correspondence maintained after they were living apart.

A physician who had visited her put her a number of questions such as materialistic individuals are fond of asking, when they desire to entrap by the replies. Much effort was put forth to create the impression that she gave evidence of mental unsoundness by her explanations, but the Court swept all this away. "It is fair to infer from what has been testified as to the teachings of Christian Science," the Surrogate remarks, "that the decedent meant that, since everything was possible in her faith, life could be preserved, even in the miraculous manner supposed, providing that in the given case the healer could adequately realize the powers of, and place herself in sufficient harmony with, the Divine Mind. There is nothing to show that views involved in her answers to the doctor were acted on; and if the belief in Christian Science is not an insane delusion I fail to see how mere conviction of the efficacy of its powers in supposed cases can be termed evidence of insanity. Nor will the decedent's repeated declarations that she had been healed of disease by Christian Science be termed an insane delusion."

The other evidence was disposed of with equal fairness. The Surrogate ruled out extraneous questions, and rested his decision upon the actual state of facts. "The decedent, being of sound mind, and free from restraint, had the right to do with her own as she pleased, and her will must therefore be admitted to probate."

It has been quite common to accuse individuals of unsound

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mind who had adopted some belief repugnant to those making the charge. "Thou art beside thyself," says Festus to the Apostle Paul; "much learning hath made thee mad." When the late Doctor Ives, Bishop of North Carolina, embraced the doctrines of the Roman Church, the rumor was assiduously promulgated that his mind was disordered. We all can cite analogous examples. When the will of a well-known citizen was under consideration a witness testified that a man eager to be very rich was insane.

The decision of the Surrogate, however, extends to a more important matter. It places a proscribed religious belief on the same legal basis with its rivals. Christian Science can no more be driven away from judgment-seats as an insane delusion. It has obtained its standing, and the millions who accept its teachings are henceforth to be recognized as having rights equal to those of other citizens. Their controversy has well nigh passed the ordeal of sneers and become matter of rational discussion.

PROPOSED DISMEMBERING OF TURKEY.

The bankrupt condition of the Turkish Government, and the general disorganization which exists in the remoter parts of the Empire, have revived the demand for an entire dismembering of the domain and the restoring of the European territory to christendom. The Mussulman power has certainly been unable to gain any other place than that of an interloper in Europe. It failed in Spain, and it is yet alien in Greece. But worse than that, it is in its present form an obstacle to civilization itself. Under the benigner rule of the Arabian Khaliffs, the touch of learning and social enlightenment was preserved unextinguished in the Middle Ages, and relieved the darkness of barbarism that prevailed over Europe. But the Turkish rule has been a scourge of nations, and a very blight on the soul. It found Asia Minor abounding with populous cities so numerous that it was almost impossible to get out of sight of one; now the region is impoverished and depopulated. The country of the Euphrates had been the seat of "Eden, the Garden

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or Paradise of God;" it is now a desert region where an Arab wanderer hardly dare set up a tent. The sand of the Syrian Desert is steadily encroaching upon all the contiguous fertile regions From Hamath to Alexandria, the marts where the merchants of the world once transacted all matters of commerce have disappeared, or are of little importance. The valley of the Nile, once the supplier of wheat to the Byzantine Empire, now does little more than sustain a moderate population. The States on the Mediterranean became little else than organized piracies. Civil government there is none, except the primitive forms that the populations establish for their necessities. The Turkish dominion is little else than the rule of the plunderer to rob the people of what can be extorted; and often in the East the locusts dispute with the peasants over the crops. The very fruit-trees are cut down to escape the tax levy in unfruitful seasons.

The question of the Christian powers relates chiefly to the suitable division of the loot. Turkey has not, like China,wealth created by an industrious people, and greed must appease its rage upon the soil. It might be feasible to extend the Grecian authority, but it is an open question whether it would be stable. The Russian policy for two centuries past, has been to transfer its seat of empire to Constantinople. The other powers have prevented this, lest the prestige thus obtained should be dangerous to them. Probably either of these measures could be executed without bloodshed; any other would certainly demand the arbitrament of war.

The effect which the overthrow of Turkey would have upon the future of Islam would be salutary, rather than otherwise. Temporal power withers spirituality in a religious body. The moral power of the Roman hierarchy has actually increased since the Papal States were annexed to the kingdom of Italy. The influence of Judaism has been more pronounced in the affairs of the world since the national existence was terminated. We may confidently promise a similar future for Islam. It will become emphatically a religious power, and perhaps follow the example of the Buddhists

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in propagating its faith by missions and teachers. It has already set out in that direction to marked advantage, gaining in proselytes more than it loses by death and apostasy. The overthrow of Turkey would operate to increase effort in this direction and so prove of lasting benefit.

SENSATION WHILE DROWNING.

John Shafer, a lad belonging in Brooklyn, N. Y., having been rescued after having lain half an hour in the water, tells the following story: "I took my first high dive from a pile that stood a good distance out of the water. I hit the water and went down. I remember feeling pretty well satisfied with myself for the good dive, and determined to repeat it as soon as I came to the surface. All at once it occurred to me that I was going down a long time. I asked myself why I did not start toward the surface. There appeared to be some kind of suction that was dragging me down all the time. I thought it was a ferry-boat going out of the slip, and that I would soon go up. My eyes became dim, and my ears rang, but I felt no pain. I do not remember when I began to breathe and fill up with water. All I remember is floating around down there for a long time. I did not think of dying, nor did the events of my life pass through my mind. All my faculties seemed to be bent on trying to figure out why I did not go up. Just as my eyes were getting so dim that I could scarcely make anything out, I saw some object coming toward me from the surface. It advanced and receded several times, and finally it touched me. (A boy endeavoring to rescue him). The next I remember was a feeling of exultation at being in the sunlight. But the bright air seemed oppressive. Then I fell into unconsciousness, and did not recover my senses till the next day."

ETERNAL NOT ENDLESS.

The Rev. Edwin Fairley, a Presbyterian clergyman in Roseland, N. J., writing to the New York *Times*, declares everlasting punish-

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ment not a Biblical doctrine. So tremendous a doctrine, he declares, should have been brought forward very early in revelation and emphasized strongly, but we all know that it is not. And when we come to the New Testament, the doctrine of endless punishment seems to rest upon a very slight textual basis. Perhaps the key to the whole discussion is the word "*aionios*," sometimes rendered "eternal"' and sometimes "everlasting." But he adds that it is not primarily an adjective of time, but is one of quality. It refers to a certain kind of life or punishment. In speaking of eternal life our first thought is not of the duration of that life, but of its "quality;" so likewise of eternal punishment. "We should think of it as punishment which is to take place in eternity," but not that it will last throughout eternity. The Bible does not pronounce definitely upon its duration. All punishment worthy of the name is reformatory and remedial in its nature. "Hell-fire is cleansing fire. We might welcome it, if it purify us of sin." He adds in regard to missions to the heathen: "Let us teach them to do right because it is right, and not for hope of reward."

THE SULTAN AND THE MICROBES.

When the plague broke out in Constantinople the physicians declared to the Sultan that it was caused by the drinking water. He called at once for six empty bottles, and they were filled in his presence from the same well, sealed up and sent out for analysis. In the report it was stated that four contained plague microbes, one simply putrid water, and that in one the water was pure. Abdul Hamed quietly shrugged his shoulders but did not venture to dispute the doctors. He kept his thoughts to himself.

STARTING POINT OF BEING.

My conceptions of man's being begin always with an absolute soul of man. This I hold to be infinite in depth, contained in God, heir to the utmost resources of His being. That is the starting point—pure spiritual unity, or in other words, pure personality.

—*D. A. Wasson.*

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BOOK REVIEWS.

"THE TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS." By F. B. Dowd. Fourth edition, revised, and enlarged by the addition of several new chapters. 12 mo. cloth, gilt top, 324 pages; price $2.00. Eulian Publishing Co., Salem, Mass.

The origin of the powerful secret order of the Rosy Cross is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is the source and inspiration of those more sublime teachings given in the higher degrees of Masonry. Those versed in mystical lore aver that it was introduced into Europe early in the 15th century from India, where the cult dates from the dawn of history. The novels of Bulwer Lytton, a Rosicrucian initiate, have familiarized the English reading world of our day with the characteristics of this mighty brotherhood of highly developed men, true alchemists, masters of nature's mighty forces and teachers of humanity.

Mr. Dowd discusses nearly every problem of the human soul. With the mental scientists, the author of this volume holds that "unwavering persistent thought is the sustaining and noiselessly moving power of the universe." He believes and gives reasons for his belief that man is the architect of his fate and the master of all conditions in his environment. His effort is directed steadily to rousing the reader to a realization of his possibilities, "to wake the God within and make him worthy of himself."

The spirit of the writer is constructive rather than critical. His conception of God, the teachings of Jesus and his exposition of the nature and powers of the quaternary mind will be found enlightening. Among the subjects of the twenty-one chapters of the book are, "Nature and Life," "Body and Spirit," "The Psychic Senses." "Will Culture," "Soul Powers and Spiritual Gifts."

EXCHANGES.

THE SEARCHLIGHT, professing to be "Humanity's True Friend," is a monthly magazine published at Appleton, Wisconsin, by Doctors M. J. Rodermund and H. Booth Kendall. It is perhaps, the most radical medical journal ever printed. Unlike most medical journals its object is the education of the public in the cause and prevention of disease. The first sentence in the September number reads: "You are a sick person every night of your life." The editor proposes in future numbers to tell what he means. He runs plumb against the current popular notions, in his article entitled "There never was a Contagious Disease," declaring contagion an assumption and a superstition. He mentions a conversation with two prominent college professors in Chicago, about contagion and vaccination, in which one of them arose from his chair and said:

"Doctor, do you suppose we are * * fools enough to own up to the public that we are wrong? We know just as well as you do,

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that if they once learn these things, the medical business will be more than three-fourths killed."

Conversing with a surgeon, he remarked the unwillingness of men to pay any attention to fads on this subject. The surgeon replied:

"Doctor, you stand on awfully good ground, but we teachers must keep up these fashionable fads no matter how many they kill, or lose our job; because your ideas, which I believe to be true, would close up three-fourths of the medical colleges."

A third professor, when appealed to, replied:

"Doctor we are in this business for the money there is in it. You are a * * fool because you do not do the same thing."

"Well," said Dr. R., "that is worse than stealing horses or robbing banks."

"I know that," he said, "but the public do not know it, so what in h— is the difference?"

A significant appeal is made to readers: "If it is possible for a person to take a disease from another, who is ill with small-pox or any other disease, by going into his room a few minutes, do you not think that this room is a mighty poor place for the patient to get well in? The patient must breathe and inhale the same atmosphere for twenty-four hours every day, that you are breathing only for the few minutes you are in the room. Besides, you are a healthy person, while the patient's system is lowered by his diseased condition. If it were true that you could take the disease, would it ever be possible for the patient to recover?"

Dr. Rodermund has begun a crusade; our sympathies are with him.

THE DAWN is a monthly magazine published at Bhowanipore, Calcutta, to be an organ of Higher Eastern and Western Thought. In the July number are original papers of interest, on such topics as "The Mode of Training Youths in Ancient India," "Education and Examination," "The Problem of Religion among the Rishis," "The Arts and Industries of India." The comments by the editor on education are excellent and apply to the West as well as to the East. The examinations in schools are distinctly and justly reprehended. In defining the functions of the teacher and student, he sets forth an education, which, if carried into practice, would really educate. "The function of the student is to read, annotate, and consult books of reference, and to write exercises. The function of the tutor is to guide, suggest and supervise; to stimulate the energy of the student and bring out his latent capabilities." The paper on Arts and Industries advises the people of India to personal effort; to do for themselves what cannot be done by Government, and which can only be done by private enterprise. Then the Government will give its support, and only such a combination of Government and people "can revive the once world-famed industries of India, and

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thus in time make a very large portion of the now starving population prosperous and happy."

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM, Flushing, N. Y.—A choice list of papers is presented to those who love knowledge that is really knowing. The article on "The Sacred Books of the Jews" is an approval of the massoretic text. The next on the "Inner Life" is a sensible and intelligent paper.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for August abounds with reading of a superior order. The "Watch Tower" has a glowing notice of the exhumations now going on in Crete, Egypt and Eastern Asia. The Labyrinth is shown to be an actual structure, and a head of the Minotaur has been unearthed—a genuine Baal. The kings of the first two dynasties in prehistoric Egypt have been ascertained, and some of their relics found. "Flotsam and Jetsam" continues the subject, and our curiosity is whetted by "finds" in the Asian deserts. There was an archaic civilization there, and Emanuel Swedenborg has already called our attention to an ancient Scripture once extant there, and perhaps yet to be recovered. The other papers are important in their way as will be seen from the following list: II. "On Love," by W. C. Ward; III. "The Religion of the Sikhs," by Bertram Keighsley; IV. "The Relation of Theosophy to the Fundamental Laws and Doctrines of Christianity," by C. George Currie, D. D.; V. "A Religion of Mystery," by a Russian; VI. "The Prince and the Water Gates," by Michael Wood; VII. "The Life-Side of Christianity," by G. R. S. Mead; VIII. "A Dialogue on Deck," by Miss Hardcastle; IX. "The Seeds of Gossamer," by E. M. Stevens; X. "Flotsam and Jetsam."

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for September has a variety of interesting matter. The Watch Tower affords with other miscellany the assertion of the supreme fact of history and civilization, that they are created and moulded by the religious instinct. The original papers are excellent. Mr. Mead's paper "The Gospel of the Living Christ," brings to our attention the problem of the West, that the mind of Christendom is fast outwearing the forms officially established; but the writer would delay the formulation of this new life. "No longer," says he, "no longer should we be anxious to declare ourselves Christians or Buddhists, Vedantists or Confucians, Zoroastrians or Mohammedans, but we should strive to be lovers of truth wherever found."

The account of "A Martyred Nation" is of vivid interest. The Slavs of Arcona are sent out and they are described almost romantically. They were crushed five hundred years ago. The paper on "Dharma or Eastern Ideals" is a review of an article by Mrs. Besant. The papers by Mr. Fullerton and others are well worth serious attention.

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THE THEOSOPHIST, Adyar, Madras, India.—Colonel Henry S. Olcott continues the "Old Diary Leaves," and C. Kopel concludes his paper on "Rebirth," citing among other things several well-known European thinkers. The list includes Giordani Bruno, Paracelsus, Jakob Bœhme, Schopenhauer, Lessing, Hegel, Fichte, and Henry More the English Platonist. The other papers are No. IV, of "Glimpses of Theosophical Christianity, by Lilian Edgerton, Jîvachintamini, by Thomas Bacon, the Rama Gita, "Astrological Warnings," by Thomas Banon, "Socialism and Theosophy," by R. T. Paterson, the President-Founder's American Tour. Most of these are continued from former numbers, but are none the less interesting and valuable. Colonel Olcott cites two facts as encouraging; first, that interest in Theosophic doctrine has by no means died out in this country; second, that the obloquy thrown upon Theosophy and the T. S. by the impostures and caricatures since 1895, is sensibly moderating.

AMERICAN FUROR FOR EXCESSIVE LEGISLATION.

The multiplication of statutes, most of them worse than useless and often breeders of anarchism, is set forth by Mr. Brooks of *The Fortnightly Review*. The Americans, he declares to be incorrigible sentimentalists.

"They believe with all their might that legislation can cure everything," he remarks. "The passion for making laws is bred in their bones, and all their remedies are heroic. They gave a proof of it in granting the darkies the vote after the Civil War—a bit of foolishness it has taken forty years and an immense amount of illegality to set right. It is this spirit that will prove their greatest handicap in dealing sensibly with the Filipinos. They will go and dump down upon the islanders all the laws and institutions they have at home—elective assemblies, a free press, trial by jury, and heaven knows what else. They will in fact, repeat the precise mistake we have made in India. They are tremendous believers in the American 'idea,' and think that every one—white, black, brown or yellow—can be civilized by having it brought home to him; that it suits all people alike, and can be prescribed indiscriminately."

In our November number we shall give an extensive astrological prediction of President Roosevelt's administration, written by Julius Erickson, who predicted the McKinley tragedy and several other important events of the last four presidential terms.—ED.

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THE

METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV. NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 5.

A VERIFIED ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION ON PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S SECOND TERM.*

BY JULIUS ERICKSON.†

"In presenting to an indulgent and much-abused public my quadrennial Astrological prediction upon national affairs, I deem it but just to offer some slight excuse for so doing. I also consider that they are entitled to a measure, so to say, of my ability in the art of casting national horoscopes. I conclude, therefore, that a slight introduction in the shape of a resume, or sketch, of past achievements in this line may be acceptable. If, after perusing them, it should be found that the predictions quoted have been fulfilled, then may I be pardoned for again offering my slight contribution in this mysteriously fascinating line to please the fancy or feed the mind.

Astrology—Whence comes it? Who founded it? By whom was it first practiced? These and many others are queries which no man

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†Author of "An Astrological Prediction of Cleveland's Election, 1892."

An Astrological Prediction on Cleveland's term, 1893-7.

An Astrological Prediction on McKinley vs. Bryan, 1896. Predicting McKinley's election.

An Astrological Prediction on McKinley's term of office, 1897-01.

An Astrological Prediction on the War with Spain.

An Astrological Prediction on McKinley vs. Bryan, 1900. Predicting McKinley's re-election, etc.

NOTE.—This article was forwarded by the author to the Copyright Office on March 20th, and was filed March 22d, 1901. Three days later Attorney-General Griggs handed in his resignation. Copy for this article was received at the office of this magazine on March 10th, 1901 —ED.

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knows and no one ever will know. Buried 'neath the veiled mists of antiquity and shrouded in the gloom of a Brahman night, its early history must forever remain an unsolvable mystery. This much, however, is known; the early classics teem with its beauteous references; history is replete with its remarkable fulfillments. The Bible contains many beautiful illustrations of the remarkable truths embedded in its teachings, and embodied in its practice. We read in the first chapter of Genesis, 14th verse, "God said let there be lights in the firmament of the heavens to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years." Let us look at this in an astrological sense. "*Let them be for signs.*" What signs? Why the signs are the twelve signs of the Zodiac formed by *lights* of the empyrean, viz.: Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius and Pisces. "*And for seasons.*" The four seasons are ushered in when the Sun in his yearly circuit of the heavens touches the first point of each of the four cardinal " signs'' of the Zodiac, viz.: Aries (spring), Cancer (summer), Libra (autumn), and Capricornus (winter). The various seasons begin, as we all know, about the 20th of March, June, September and December, hence these four seasons bid us prepare for the various physical phenomena sure to follow the Sun's entry, as before noted. These then are the "*signs*" for the "*seasons.*" Pursuing along the same lines a little further, we see that Aries, (the ram) or spring, is in opposition to Libra (the balance) or autumn, and when the Sun rises with Aries in the spring it heralds the planting time, but when rising with Libra in the autumn it signifies the period of harvest time; so, too, Cancer (summer) is opposed to Capricornus (winter); we see, therefore, that these signs are for the "*seasons,*" which man, guided by intelligence, makes all due provisions for. "*And for years*"—in the eternal, ceaseless, myriad years, unnumbered in the past and hid in the limitless expanse of dim futurity, the symbols or "signs'' of the Zodiac, which in the form of a circle can have neither beginning nor end, may properly represent years, i. e., eternity. The first point of

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Aries, however, has long been settled upon as a proper point of beginning of the solar year, because it signifies the return of the Sun to his increase of power. This being the beginning, then from this point to the last degree of Pisces (the fishes) constitutes one year. As the Sun passes (or appears to pass) through the twelve "signs" of the Zodiac, transferring the influence of one season to another, he completes the year and begins a new one as he passes the last degree of the "sign" Pisces and enters once more the "sign" or house of returning strength—Aries (spring), thus metaphorically welding the years together in the forge of eternity's time. The foregoing explains in an astrological sense the meaning of the passage alluded to. There are many other purely astrological references, but the above will suffice for this article.

Four years ago I submitted my predictions to the editor of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, of New York. The paper was published the following August with a few editorial interpretations, which, however, did not alter the sense of the article in the least, being merely of an explanatory nature. The following predictions were made at that time.

"An American policy abroad."

"Martial men and martial affairs will play a prominent part."

"Army and navy will be increased."

"Appropriations for military affairs."

"Riot and disorder in Illinois."

"Rebuff or treachery from some foreign power."

"Suffer a serious naval loss."

"Spain sinks beneath the heavy hand of fate."

"McKinley will be re-elected."*

The reader will note that all were fulfilled to the letter.

The foregoing predictions were made in March, 1897, two days after McKinley had been inducted. The prediction was copyrighted, March 8th. We were at peace with the world, the war

*See THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE for August, 1897.

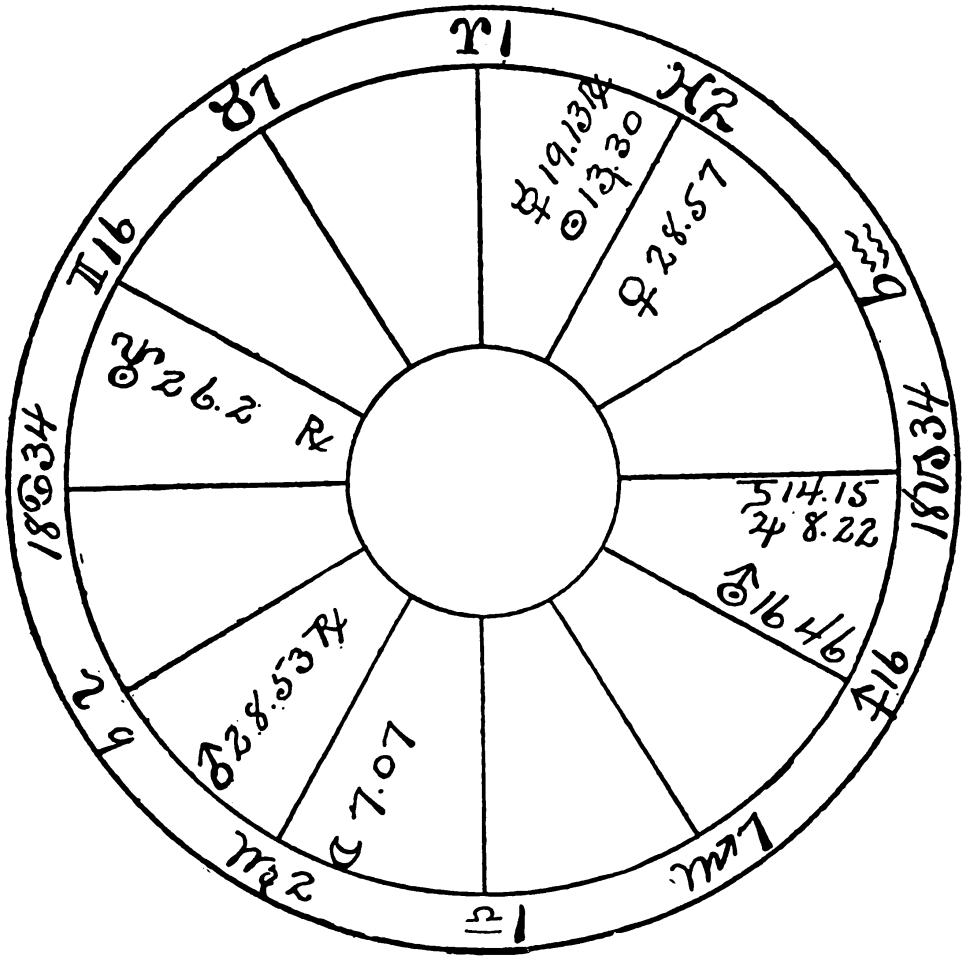
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with Spain had not cast its shadow o'er the political horizon, and the politicians of the land believed that McKinley would never be re-elected. Thus Astrology survives, and I apprehend that it will continue to, until some dilletante philosopher arises in his supereminent might, and waging a Quixotic warfare against it, crushes it to earth once more, when I suppose it will retreat only to arise at some other time.

Astrologists maintain that a horoscope cast for any very important event occurring, such, for instance, as the moment of birth of a child, or commencement of any important national work, not entirely controlled by will, will in general reveal the events likely to transpire during a certain period. Assuming that to be the correct astrological method, I have erected the following scheme, or horoscope, of the heavens for the moment when President McKinley took the oath of office, succeeding himself, and I subtend my judgment thereon:

At the moment President McKinley took the oath of office, the planets had assumed the positions indicated in the accompanying diagram of the celestial dome. The 18th degree of the sign "Cancer," which the Moon rules, was rising. The Moon is, therefore, the President's ruling planet during this term, and is fortunately placed in good aspect with the lordly "Jupiter," who rules the house of commerce and trade; a very fortunate testimony for the people; and for the President also, as it denotes that *he will be very successful in carrying out his ideas*. It also denotes that the people (as the Moon is general ruler of the public) *shall thrive* and have *abundant crops*, and meet with *much success* from all natural sources. Saturn is usually author of misery and woe, but as he is so very strong, and in good aspect to the Sun (the Sun is the President's general significator), I look for marked and unusual success in all our foreign relations; but as the Sun is afflicted by "Uranus," ruler of the 8th house (commonly understood to be the house of death) from the 6th house, it denotes a very serious illness for the executive and grave danger of death. He will be in grave danger of accident or some

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HOROSCOPE OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S INAUGURATION.

1.17 P. M. March 4th, 1901.

Longitude, 77° W.	Latitude, 38° 35′ 39″ N.
1.17 P. M.	S. T. 22.47
6.52 N. K.	No. Hrs. 1.17
6.25 No. Hrs.	T. of H. .04

" Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe.
By word, or sign, or star."—*Scott.*

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such event while on a long journey. The aspect of "Mars," practically in the 3d house, indicates some danger of a tremendous strike on some railway, which will probably cause Congressional action in the way of adopting some labor legislation. The civil service will also be subject to violent attack, but with no success. The aspect of "Mars" threatens some breach with a near neighboring nation, and we shall be in danger of rupturing pleasant relations with some foreign power, drifting into another war. I do not, however, believe it will culminate. The same position is also a very distressing one, as it denotes many bitter, acrimonious debates and feuds in the Senate and Lower House. The aspect of "Uranus and Mercury" is also very evil; it denotes a sort of uprising or protest by the general public directed against the powerful landed interest of monopolists, hence disastrous disputes between labor and capital may be looked for ere long; in this controversy labor will win a notable victory. Our foreign trade will increase by leaps and bounds, far overshadowing the past. The opposition of the Moon and the Sun will cause much annoyance to the President, for he will suffer much criticism and lose considerable prestige and popularity; there is also a strong probability that some of his friends in Congress and other personal ones will be likely to prove recreant. As Venus rules the 4th house, which denotes the party in opposition to the government (the Democratic, etc.), is afflicted by "Mars," it denotes that they are still like a ship at sea, without pilot or rudder; however, they will make strong gains in the Congressional elections two years hence. An epidemic of some strange disorder will infect many of our people; it behooves our health authorities to be on constant guard. A grave accident to one of our men-of-war is also denoted. An especially vexatious and serious time may be looked for during the early part of June, 1901. The President will be in danger of illness or accident about that time; in fact, the President is under aspect somewhat similar in nature to those in operation when Lincoln and Garfield assumed office. The President's present Cabinet will not all serve their full terms, for a radical change therein is

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denoted. The present high rate bullish stock market will suffer a disastrous reverse, destroying some powerful commercial combination and a serious though sort-lived panic will swamp many speculators. Much difficulty will be experienced regarding important treaties and trade agreements with foreign countries, but as the Sun is in favorable aspect with Saturn (ruler of foreign relations) we will bring all such matters to a gloriously successful termination. A Treasury scandal is likely to startle us, or else some concerted action by some commercial powers on the Treasury will be made, and continued appropriations for increased military maintenance may be looked for. A frightful holocaust in some mine will horrify the country. Toward the close of this administration the Democratic party will make almost superhuman efforts to heal all past wounds, but it will avail them naught. The Republicans will preserve much harmony in their ranks, and in 1904 they will place a notable man in the palæstra of political contest, who will go in with a tremendous majority of the popular vote, greater, in fact, than any ever before cast."

COMMENTS ON THE McKINLEY HOROSCOPE.

A curious phase of intellect may be noted from the fact that in all the various prophecies quoted in the Bible, the prophets, who doubtless understood Astrology, were content to merely indicate or prophesy the bare event; rarely did they set a specific time for its culmination, yet these prophecies are looked upon with considerable wonderment, if not actual awe, by the people to-day. But, an astrologer of to-day venturing a prediction and treading the dangerous ground of detail by even setting a probable time for its occurrence, is watched like the quarry by the searching eye of the hawk; and, if it does not eventuate within a few days of the time specified, he is held up to scorn and ridicule, and astrology denounced as untrue, in unmeasured terms. Why this difference? Simply because the people of to-day do not understand or care to study the infinite operation of these divine laws *unless they can see dollars in it.* Of course I do not assume that an astrologer is more gifted with

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these divine powers than is any other mortal; contrarily, my experiences with them have been that they are quite worldly; but all of them have become interested in this philosophy by actual experimentation in the laboratory of astral phenomena. All, and I write advisedly, have passed the three moods of man, who first despises or pities, then investigates, and finally embraces. I have been a conservative though earnest student of this celestial art for many years and am quite free to confess that I have found many anomalies, lapses, anachronisms and apparently unaccountable variations in its operation on mundane affairs; but, the failure or success of a predicted event may be properly charged or credited to that inexhaustible reservoir of all knowledge, divine and material—the human mind, which has but one limitation common to all creation—*fallibility*.

In the original prediction of McKinley's second term, the candid reader will note that the prediction reads as follows:

"*But the Sun is afflicted by 'Uranus,' ruler of the eighth house (commonly understood to be the house of death) from the sixth house—house of sickness;—it denotes a serious illness for the Executive and grave danger of death. He will be in grave danger of an accident or some such event while on a long journey.*"

Later the same was further emphasized by stating:

"*An especially vexatious time may be looked for during the early part of June, 1901. The President will be in danger of illness or accident about that time; in fact, the President is under aspects somewhat similar in nature to those in operation when Lincoln and Garfield assumed office.*"

The reader will note the absolute verification of both paragraphs and remember that he certainly did have a very vexatious time during May and June when his wife became ill in California. No doubt this did cause him great worry. The reader will also note the ominous sentence—"Uranus, ruler of the house of death" afflicting the Sun which is the President's general significator. Second, the "accident" would occur while on a journey. Third, aspects

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similar in nature to Lincoln and Garfield. Could aught be plainer? A literal translation could not convey any other meaning. He did suffer a similar "accident"—and *whi e on a journey.* Garfield and Lincoln were shot in Washington. Hence note the detail of "journey" thus furnishing another startling proof of stellar influence over mundane affairs.

Continuing this intensely fascinating subject I wish to call the astrological student's attention to a few remarkable aspects. When the President was shot, the sign Capricornus was rising with Aquarius intercepted in the ascendant. At his inauguration these signs occupied the seventh and eighth houses respectively; these two houses denoting "enemies" and "death" were rising at the moment Czolgosz so treacherously and foully shot him. The Moon, his significator at inauguration, was operating her exact conjunction with the mysterious Neptune in the twelfth house (house of assassins, secret foes, etc.,) of inaugural figure. The Sun had reached the opposition to his own place and was posited in the sign "Virgo," *ruling the stomach* and was in exact quartile (evil) aspect with "Uranus," who in turn had reached the exact quartile degree of the Sun at the inauguration. Venus, ruler of the fourth house of inaugural was placed in the fourth house, the house of the "earth" and the "grave," thus symbolizing the melancholy end. At the moment of the illustrious patient's death, the Moon was in exact square (evil) aspect with Uranus, Saturn and Jupiter. Uranus had reached the exact quartile aspect of the Sun on March 4th. Saturn had just turned direct on that very day, after his retrograde motion.

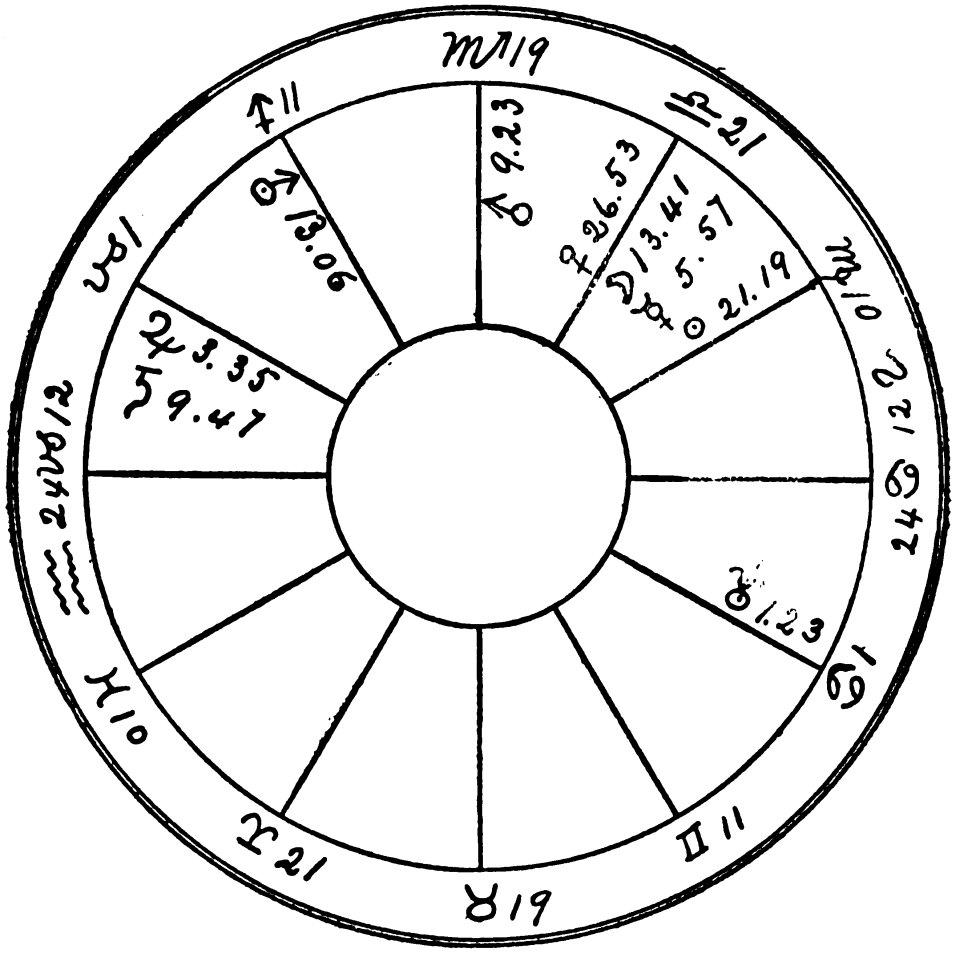
All of these testimonies contain a fund of astral information for the careful astrological student.

JULIUS ERICKSON.

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PREDICTION OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ADMINISTRATION.*

We will now proceed to a careful analysis of the horoscope for the moment Theodore Roosevelt placed his hand upon the Bible, and subscribing to the constitutional oath, became the twenty-sixth President of this glorious land.



HOROSCOPE OF THE TIME WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE, 3.35 P. M. SEPT. 14, 1901.

By a singular and most remarkable coincidence, the signs Capricorn and Aquarius were rising at the moment Mr. Roosevelt

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became President (the reader will note that these two signs were rising when McKinley was shot). Saturn is chief ruler, with Uranus co-ruler. However, I will make most of my deductions from Saturn as he is doubtless ruler. According to the rules of the ancient astrologers, this signifies that many alterations, amendments, or changes in the laws, customs, policies, treaties, religions, etc., of the land shall occur. Our enemies shall be confounded and the matchless, irresistible march of American supremacy will meet most wonderful impetus. Vast political problems, the like of which we do not dream of to-day, will present themselves for solution during his occupancy of the White House. He will prove himself a most consummate statesman, clever politician and wise ruler.

The "Sun," which in astrology indicates the President, and signifies "Shining from on high," is in sextile aspect with the meridian of the horoscope, and in trine with the ascending degree; a very fortunate testimony. This denotes that the President will be entirely successful in all matters of international importance.

The sign on the meridian of the horoscope is "Scorpio," the most "martial" of all signs and as "Mars" rules that sign, and is located therein, it denotes that he will live and act his own personality and impress the Roosevelt idea of unceasing activity and energetic aggression on all public affairs; no half-hearted, halting, hesitating policy will find lodgment in the President's active brain. A world-wide policy of sturdy Americanism will be developed. Its first evidence will be visible ere long.

In spite of popular clamor from some parts of the country, the military and martial spirit will continue to pervade the land, for, with Mars highest elevated, the "Hero of San Juan" will have a tender regard for the disciples of the "god of war."

The position of Uranus in the eleventh house is an ill omen as it denotes strange and remarkable political changes. In congress there will be great liability of unusual opposition. There will be many bitter disputes, and some unusual political expedients will be resorted to. There are also some aspects denoting a remark-

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able recrudescence of crime and outrages against the public peace and welfare; also plots, schemes, intrigues and fulminations against the government from unfriendly sources may be looked for. But Jupiter is in the twelfth house and therefore acts as a sort of protection (astrologically) for us against foes.

There are omens that a terrible calamity will befall some school, eleemosynary or reformatory establishment in which the general government has some direct interest; it may be a training school of some sort. The same aspect also portends the death of some *very intimate friend, relative, or cabinet official; probably the latter; this death will occur through "accident" or violence.*

It is remarkable that the great conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, in November of this year, will occur in the sign "Capricornus" which is the ascendant of this horoscope. This denotes that a new epoch, so to speak, will be ushered in in 1902; in these changes, the President will prove a remarkable figure, for he will be very victorious in most things.

All classes may look forward to a period of material prosperity for some years to come; still, I bid speculators beware,—a crash is surely coming and securities will certainly drop to rock bottom.

The Moon is singularly separating from Saturn and Uranus, which seems to symbolize the great sorrow the nation has just experienced; but she is now fortunately applying to Venus which adds promise of prosperity to our people and also denotes that the President will prove one of the most popular executives we have ever had. His picturesque aggressiveness will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of our people.

The President has declared that he will carry out the policies of his predecessor; he will, but only in so far as they do not conflict with his own theories of government; then he will inject his own ideas into the policies he will pursue. Those policies will meet the seconding acclaim of the people.

In the Prediction on McKinley occur these words:

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"*The President's present cabinet will not all serve their full term, for a radical change therein is denoted.*"

I merely wish to re-affirm that prediction. In so doing I wish to direct attention to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has asked them individually and collectively to remain with him during his entire term. We shall see.

The Sun is the President's general significator and is free from affliction of Saturn, Uranus or Mars; hence he need have no fear of deadly assault. Many rumors of plots against him will be heralded, but in most cases they will probably be hatched in the fertile brain of some fame-thirsting amateur detective.

In spite of the fact that the people will be generally prosperous, a strong spirit or element of unrest will come to the surface. Dissatisfaction will be rife, as indicated by Mercury in evil aspect and applying to Saturn in the "house of sorrow, discontent, etc.;" hence there will be a constant groping and searching for some universal political panacea which will take the form of many gatherings, meetings and discussions by political and labor leaders.

A national contest anent some will, legacy, treaty, agreement or some such affair will attract international attention and cause grave comment. The Sun and Moon signify our "foreign relationships" (governmental) and as they are both free from strong malefic influence I do not apprehend any serious results from certain matters of dispute with a foreign power which will manifest themselves ere long. Still, Mars is very strong in this horoscope and we shall witness a serious disagreement which may cause the timid to quake, but have no fear; "Bellona's call" will not startle us, at least not during this term. The civil service will be extended by the President but will meet bitter opposition in congress and amongst his friends. Many of the old "stand-by" politicians will fall into oblivion, for a new set of comparatively young men will forge to the front and with more activity and aggressiveness, hold the reins of government. Trusts and commercial combinations will continue their uninterrupted march, for the present, but there is a dark day

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ahead; slowly but surely the leaven of government ownership or regulation is working, almost imperceptibly, but the day is not far distant.

When Congress assembles we shall be treated to many remarkable surprises in the political policies of our land, and some of the late President's policies, which Mr. Roosevelt solemnly declared he would continue, will meet "death in the house of his friends." The campaign of 1904 will reveal the beginning of the end of the Democratic party as now constituted, and as the Republican party arose, Phoenix like, from the ashes of the old Whig party under the reconstructive influence of Uranus, the planet which always signifies remarkable events of a revolutionary order, so will the Democratic party date its final rehabilitation from the crushing defeat which will be administered to it in the election of Mr. Roosevelt in 1904, by an unprecedented majority. JULIUS ERICKSON.

ADDENDA.

After writing and dispatching the foregoing prediction, I received a letter from a correspondent who asks:

"Does not the death of McKinley annul the balance of the prediction which may not, up to the present have been verified?"

I answered, by no means! no more than did the death of John Brown stay or change the course of abolition. The "spirit" or "aura" of abolition was prevalent in the very "soul" of America. The "spirit" or "aura" of Wm. McKinley's administration will be present during the continuation of the presidential term ending March 4, 1905. The reader will note that the latter prediction embraces many items not mentioned in the first horoscope. The "darkness" or "shadow" in the first horoscope in which the assassination was foreshadowed by the ominous ray of "Uranus" was dispelled in the culmination of that dreadful event. Hence the trend of events will continue along similar lines, though somewhat amplified by the indications as signified in President Roosevelt's horoscope above submitted. JULIUS ERICKSON.

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A LETTER.

3304 Park Avenue,

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 1, 1901.

LEANDER E. WHIPPLE, EDITOR,

My Dear Sir:—

Will you be kind enough to mention at the close of my article, in your own language of course, that as some thoughtless, superficial or shallow minded individuals in various parts of the country have attempted to connect me in some way with the horrible crime of Czolgosz (because I predicted it) that it is due me to state that I am a man of reputation and responsibility in the community; that I am a Republican and believe in all our glorious republican institutions, that I voted for McKinley both times, that I predicted his election both times, that I speak of him in the same spirit that any true-blue American would feel when speaking of Washington, Lincoln, Garfield or Grant. And, his assassination, which, while it did not surprise me, owing to my knowledge of Astrology, came nevertheless, as a frightful shock. I also believe that Anarchy is a deadly poison in our body politic and no means can be too harsh to forever exterminate it.

Truly Yours,

J. ERICKSON.

THE PRIMAL SOURCE OF AUTHORITY.

"By the first civilizers, law and rule were thought to come only from above. They were, it would seem, predisposed to regard somewhat as sovereign over their own wills, and to think no voice of authority commanding enough, unless it was spoken rather through man than by him. Primitive sentiment knew nothing of law-*makers*, but only of law-givers, who transmitted a code without pretending to personal sovereignty. The laws of Moses, Manu, Zoroaster, Numa, appear only as confided to them, to be reported." —*D. A. Wasson.*

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PHILOSOPHY ESSENTIAL TO PROGRESS.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

Consciousness of the infinite God, of the immortal life, of the Eternal Right.

It is an instinct, the most energetic principle of our nature to look always forward and upward to the True and the Good. The "descent of man" from the superior life is necessarily followed by the impulse to return thither. When we speak of progress we always mean a going forward toward perfection, an improvement of condition, a cultivation of the mind, manners and character to a higher point of attainment. No one is bad and wicked of his own full will and accord, nor does any human being seriously and deliberately intend to remain always bad and wicked, except it be some prompting of despair. He always contemplates some period when he will be able to do better and become more deserving. Thus the sentiment of optimism, that everything is ordered for the highest good and for the best result for every individual, is grounded in our nature and is an inseparable constituent of our very existence. It is the outgrowth of the consciousness of the infinite Good, the immortal life and eternal Right which is innate in every one. The ca eer of every soul is toward goodness as the center and home of the spirit.

The province of Philosophy, therefore, comprises the whole of life, its essential principle, its scope and activity. It comprehends the human being as he is, with direct reference to what he should become. The divine motive, as it has been made manifest in the universe, and in every individual consciousness, is to bring each to the apperception of the Good and the True. What the ancients denominated *Wisdom* was more than a mere knowing of facts that might be learned by rote and stored away in the memory. It included, likewise, the knowledge that must be evolved from the

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remembrances that abide in the superior soul, that knowledge of goodness which is equivalent to its possession. Philosophy is, therefore, the love and pursuit of inherent goodness and truth. As summarized by Butler with his usual emphasis: "Philosophy is the love of Perfect Wisdom; Perfect Wisdom and Perfect Goodness are identical; the Perfect Good is God; philosophy is the *Love of God.*" Thus we see that the relations of philosophy are always to the Real, the Eternal and Permanent, rather than to the pursuit of phenomenal knowledge and changeable notions so frequently ranked as scientific. It is a mental and moral discipline for the purification and exaltation of the soul.

The day that Sokrates drank the poison, his friends having come to visit him for the last time, we are told that he entered into a discourse with them in regard to the soul and its conditions, the life beyond the present, and the office of philosophy. There were two men there from Thebes, Kebes and Simmias, who were spending a season at Athens in order to converse with him, and to them he is represented as addressing many of his remarks.

"Bid Evenos farewell for me," said he; "and if he is wise, that he follow me as soon as he can."

On their demurring at this, he remarked: "Perhaps, indeed, he will not commit violence on himself; for that, they say, will not be allowable."

"What do you mean?" demanded Kebes. "You say that it is not lawful to commit violence on one's self, yet that a philosopher should be willing to follow one who is dying?" Then he added: "I have heard Philolaos* and others say that it was not right to do this; but I never heard anything clear upon the subject from any of them."

Sokrates then explained to him that divine beings take care of us,

*Philolaos was a native of Krotona, living at Thebes. Kebes and Simmias were his disciples. He sold Plato the writings of Pythagoras, disregarding his obligation to keep secret the esoteric doctrines of his sect. He taught that the cosmic universe had a fiery mass at the centre, around which revolved ten celestial spheres, of which the sun was one and the moon another, with eight planets.

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and that we are their wards. A person, therefore, ought not to kill himself before his divine guardian laid such a necessity upon him. He then declared his confidence that all was well. "I entertain a good hope," he said, "that something awaits those who die, and that it will be far better for the good than for the evil."

He then set forth at length the grounds for his believing, but remarked that they who had rightly applied themselves to philosophy seemed to have left others ignorant that they were aiming at nothing else than to die and be dead.

It may seem paradoxic to define the aim of philosophy in this way, when we recall to mind that it has been more generally regarded as the genuine preparation for living. We need, however, find no discrepancy in the matter; for what we denominate living and dying are in the same bundle. The philosopher explains carefully why he takes his point of view. "Every pleasure and pain," he declares, "has a nail, so to speak, by which it nails the soul to the body, fastens it there, and causes it to become corporeal—deeming those things to be true which the body, through its senses, represents as being so. In consequence of forming its opinions and delighting in the same things with the body, it must depart polluted by the body, and consequently deprived of all association with that which is divine and pure and uniform."

Owing to this condition of enslavement to the passions, to the physical senses and the external life, the soul is buried away from the true mode of living, and so is rendered to be like the body, delighting in the same things, led by the same impulses and nourished from the same source. Even when death rends asunder the alliance, it is but a formal separation, and there will be a constant endeavor to find a way back into this earth-life, and to participate in its ignoble pursuits and ambitions. Indeed, we did not come into this world by being born, and we do not really leave it by dying. The soul itself must be separated from the sensuous life and become at one with the higher life, to escape impurity and pollution. Hence the philosopher, the one seeking after wisdom,

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frees his soul as much as he can from a life that is in common with the corporeal nature; although it may appear to the generality of men that he who takes no pleasure in such things does not deserve to live, and that he who does not care for such pleasures is in a condition very like to death itself.

The things which we apprehend by the senses, those objects outside of us, such as human beings, animals, material wealth, all change, grow old and decay. But thought never alters in any such way; love and the pure reason are permanent. The soul inspires its own activity, and is therefore immortal, and wherever it may be, it brings life with it. Coming into the realm of nature from the eternal world, it creates for itself a corporeal structure, which continues for a time, and then perishes; but the soul itself does not perish with it. For this reason, being itself the real entity, it requires the chief care, both in this life and always. If death was a liberation from everything, those who are wicked would find it a great gain, because all their vices would be sloughed off with the body; but as the soul, the real selfhood, retains with it whatever discipline and education it has received while with the body, death makes no change in this respect.

Philosophy, therefore, relates to the true mode of living, by which the soul shall become isolated, and so far as may be, insulated, from the dominion of the corporeal life, and be a denizen of the everlasting abode on high. In plainer speech, it means the love and pursuing of Wisdom; and by Wisdom is signified the knowledge and understanding, or rather the perception and conception of the causes, interior principles and groundwork of things. "It is absolutely essential," Aristotle declares, "that the complete man shall constantly contemplate the things which are true, and be the doer of those which are suitable." Zenô, the Stoic, further explained that philosophy is the exercise of virtue, and that virtue constitutes the technic or way of becoming skilled in the knowledge of real truth. "If any one desires to do the will of God," says Jesus, "he will know whether the doctrine is from him."

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Much has been uttered in later years of a Harmonial Philosophy. It assumed a place in the field of thought and activity which was by no means unworthy of candid as well as critical attention. It may be interesting to go back to the Greek language where the term *harmonia* was first used, in order that we may find what is the true meaning. It would sound queerly to our ears to hear the word in the sense in which old Euripides used it—"the stubborn *harmonia* or disposition of women."* It certainly did not mean a negative, good-natured accord of sentiment, of a forcible-feeble quality, from which positive, or decided opinion had been politely excluded. The idea denoted by the term, is that of a framework, an apparatus or mechanism, consisting of many parts arranged together in perfect symmetry—hence perfectness or completeness as a whole, a being suitable and worthy. The root-word *ar* has numerous offshoots, as well as kindred in other older dialects. It means, to *join* or *fit toge.her*, to *go*, to *love*. Hence it is close to everything in the history of human activity. At the Oracle of Delphi, love was named *arma*, as being the principle that mingled and united all. The well-built ship, the human body, the organization of society, and the cosmic universe, each bore the designation of an *harmonia* as being "fitly joined together." The articulation of a limb was also so designated. The arm was called an *harmonia*; so, too, *art*, skill, the adapting of means to an end, the technic or specific mode of a pursuit, worship, or avocation. Hence it includes all of man in action and history—the Northmen's mystic tree, Yggdrasil, with its every leaf a tale, every fibre an act, every bough the history of a people—the Past, Present and Future—rooted in the world beyond and extending through Time—"the infinite conjugation of the verb 'to do.'"†

In due time the poets, myth-makers and compilers of religious stories took up the theme and idealized it. The god of action was named Arês, the goddess of love and home-life was Ar-ma, and

*Hippolytos, 162.
†Carlyle.

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Harmonia, the organizer of society, was represented as their daughter. This parentage was not inaptly arranged. Harmonia, it was further fabled, became the wife of Kadmos,*—the Before, the Ancient, the Eastern One, who had come from Phœnicia in quest of his sister Europa, the Western† who had been carried away beyond the sea. He never found her, probably because she appeared to recede as he endeavored to approach nearer. Then he appeared in another character, as the builder of a hundred cities, the establisher of the Kabeirian Rites, and the bringer of the alphabet and Oriental civilization into Greece.

Very curious are these myths. While Kadmos was represented as the introducer of art, Harmonia, his wife, was the patroness of liberal knowledge. One writer affirms that she wrote the first books that were ever composed, thus virtually making her identical with Hermes himself. Nevertheless, the myths did not halt badly, for Hermes was the same as Kadmos, and was worshipped in the Samothrakian Mystic Rites together with his immortal consort—she as the Divine Mother and he as the Martyr-god. The whole system of the ancient arcane religion centered there.

Indeed, looking clearly through the fable we find it to imply that Perfect Order exists through the entire universe, so that the infinitude of stars perform their everlasting rounds without cessation—not a clash or any aberration. This is the harmony of the spheres which Pythagorean philosophers inculcated long ages before Copernicus and Johann Keppler.

Every arrangement of things, therefore, which moves and operates in accord with a single central directing principle, is a harmony. The word means just that—an Order, a universe, a *whirl* or world moving with reference to a central axis. The fitness of part for part, of each constituent for alliance with its fellows, the

*Kadmos was reported to be the son of Agenor, the Archaic. The classic named Oken, from which comes Okeanos or Ocean, is another form of this name. Hermes was a name of Kadmos, and Harmonia is a word of the same meaning and etymology.

†From Eret, the west; where comes also the name Erebos, the world of the dead, and Arabia, Western Land.

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common relation to the One, is the idea behind the whole. This is the real philosophy, the Science of Wisdom and absolute truth, the Sublime Knowledge. It relates to the energies and potencies of the whole universe—not merely to the phenomena that we observe around us, but to the laws which they everywhere manifest, and to the supreme omnific Will and Intelligence from which every law originates and in which it has its being. Passing from the macrocosm to the microcosm, from the great world to the small, it includes within its purview everything that relates to human beings, to their existence and welfare. It is the Metaphysic which embraces all mental and psychologic knowledge, the Science which unites in itself all sciences, the Technic which comprehends and directs all laudable action to the great Divine End—not the greatest good of the greatest number, but the perfect good of every individual.

To be the efficient factor in human progress, it can be no other—no less. We have an infinitude of temporizing. Our politics are but temporizing expedients at the best, and not even that when taken at their worst. The various projects for the bettering of affairs too generally come short. We seek to improve the condition of the poor, when really our endeavor ought to contemplate to have none poor. We maintain charities and reformatories, whereas, we should employ our efforts to obviate wrong-doing, rather than to deal with and modify its effects. We educate the blind, the deaf and dumb, and are trying to extend instruction to the feeble-minded, all of which are commendable undertakings; but the fact is not reflected upon or harshly considered, that the very birth of such individuals is a greater blotch on our civilization than was the stain of blood upon the hand of Lady Macbeth. It is becoming common to speak of certain of the population as being the criminal classes; yet those who are thus set down as vicious and guilty are sometimes the more virtuous intrinsically, but without the veneering of hypocrisy to disguise them. It would be wholesome to take a view occasionally of things as they are, even though the spectacle should have little in it to gratify us.

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It was said in the myth that Harmonia was the daughter of Arês and Aphrodite—one the god of action, strife and rugged enterprise, and the other the mother of household love and the arts of peace. There is abundance of deep meaning behind this. These two are counterparts of opposite nature and polarity. The combining of them is the establishing of society. "The frame and constitution of this world are made up of contrary forces," says Herakleitos. To be harmonic is to take the antagonisms, the conflicting motives and interests, and the diverse characters, and place them in their legitimate field. In this way they chime in together—they combine with and regulate one another. Harmonia, or Society, begins with the household and the mothers, and is extended afterward, as well as protected by the fathers, through whom families and classes are federated into neighborhoods and nations.

He, therefore, who regards contrasts and dissimilars as imperfections, and antagonisms as essentially wrong, is short-sighted and superficial as well as profoundly ignorant. The characteristics of the two sexes have been made the theme of much criticism and harsh description, as though their very existence was some mistake of the Creator. Yet they are in every way the perfect demonstration of the operation of the harmonic principle. The two are dissimilar in their emotions, modes of thinking and methods of action. Instinctively and habitually they contemplate facts, customs, ideas and individuals as from an opposing point of view. They are not greatly unlike the two warriors contending over the shield, that it was of silver or gold, according as each had looked upon it. God made women conservative, with the virtues and deficiencies incident in such a constitution. They adhere to established conditions of society, and are averse to disturbing ideas, forces and elements, or indeed to change of any kind except as they perceive an overruling necessity, or perhaps some permanent utility. They throng the churches and temples of the old worships, and are generally unwilling to accept any religious innovation. They

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represent whatever is stable and permanent. In all discourse and reasoning they are tenacious of exceptions and particulars, seeming to be pained by, or to be intolerant of generalizations. We may note these peculiarities in men that are womanish in characteristics. The populations of India and China appear to be exemplars; they dress, labor, build houses and manage affairs very much as their ancestors did hundreds and even thousands of years ago. To reverence that which was ancient was alike the doctrine of Manu and Konfucius.

The male nature is the reverse of all this. Men are aggressive, restless, eager for change, reaching for the new. They invent and discover, construct theories and philosophy, and even dream of the establishing of a scientific scheme which shall include all knowledge, higher and lower, but without a dogma or metaphysic. This is because they generalize rather than analyze, and are instinctively desirous to bring the whole universe to their notion and comprehension. They furnish the radicals, who, in their zeal for improving things are eager to tear our houses down about our ears, intolerant of whatever can be found fault with, and often not thoughtful whether their reckless destructiveness may not do more harm than good. The apostles of religion are generally men; the word *apostle* is masculine.

Yet it is the proper combining of these two opposite polarities of character, these apparent antagonisms, that constitutes marriage and so creates the substructure of human society. These two contrarieties of disposition—the one to put forth aspiration and endeavor, the other to retain and preserve—make the most perfect arrangement by their blending. It is sheer imbecility and want of sense to rail against either men or women because of their respective moral or mental idiosyncrasies; and they who do it only show that they do not see beyond their own noses. For there is no vice, no evil quality, no sinful tendency inherent in the nature of human beings. The isolating, insulating, misuse, misplacing, misdirecting, constitute the real ground of offense. Every quality

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in man or woman is a virtue, and will justify itself as such in its proper field of activity.

Nevertheless, it would be a foolish endeavor to seek to reconcile these diverse characteristics in order to render them *harmonious*, as that term is usually understood to mean. This would involve a paring off of prominent peculiarities, a taming down of the energies, a subduing, if not an absolute annulling of the will, and an eliminating of every trait that constitutes decided qualities. One of Dickens' characters was a female disciplinarian who used to insist that a young woman should have no opinion whatever. This would be but a diluting, a moral enfeebling, a milk-and-water way of being proper. Virtues which are purely negative, which exist because the individuals have been kept out of the way of conflict, opportunity and temptation, do not amount to much. The man or woman who is good because of not having physical life or mental energy sufficient to realize a hearty impulse to be naughty, is of minor account. Our universe was not created in such a fashion. God never pasted mud and dough together when he set about to make continents. He employed volcanic seething, with deep, thundering earth-fire, and so welded everything.

The harmonic idea must be creative on that very principle. To be sure there will be eruptions now and then, but the general drifting will be toward equilibrium and the development of a more perfect order. The mere seekers of harmony try hard to make the best of things as they are, avoiding all confusion, uproar and radical overturning. But the true concept is not so peaceable. There is often to be an uprooting and shaking-up of things, an effervescing and exploding as of chemicals in a vessel; individuals seeming to be and do what they ought not. But such ferments and commotions are part of the Great Work.

In regard to the actual progress of the human race there have been some curious notions and speculations. It has been insisted that human beings originally were only savages hardly superior to or to be distinguished from so many apes. Then follows the proposi-

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tion that they have been becoming civilized all the while since that period, by the perishing of the weaklings and only the survival of the stronger. These are distinguished accordingly as being the fittest. By this logic wolves and tigers would seem to be nobler than sheep, and thistles than corn. The way from savagery to high civilization would thus be indicated as a straight line, beginning no one knows where, and extending no one can tell whither. This unknowing, which is sometimes named and inculcated as Science or Knowing, seems to be the result of the inductive method of reasoning founded on external observation.

The cosmos, nevertheless, has no straight lines. It is a universe of circles, the many careering round their centers. There is apparently advance, then going backward, then forward again—all the while a circle upon a circle. Like a huge serpent it goes onward in an endless succession of coils. It is the form of motion typified by the thread of a screw—the spiral. Thus the cosmos is as a vast whirlpool, every circle in it returning upon itself unceasingly. Whirl upon whirl, the going forward often seeming to be a going backward, as nature and her forces from the outer side are ever concentrating into soul itself by these countless revolutions.

All created matter tends to the spiral. Motion is spiral; the archer feathers his arrow, and the gunmaker bores the tube of the gun in order that the missile may be propelled in a spiral course. The children of this world, thus wise in their generation, know that this is the way to make sure of the most force. The Engineer of this universe, making force the basis of his operation, employs the spiral in every action and every evolution. The parts of the body take position with reference to centers of motion, and thus the unborn infant is coiled up in the body of the mother. The functions and phenomena of the corporeal structure are illustrations of the universal law.

"This incessant movement and progression which all things partake could never become sensible to us but by contrast to some principle of fixture or stability in the soul." Emerson declares,

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"While the Eternal generation of circles proceeds, the Eternal Generator abides. The Central life is somewhat superior to creation, superior to knowledge and thought, and contains all its circles. Forever it labors to create a life and thought as large and excellent as itself, but in vain: for that which is made instructs us how to make a better."

The incessant progress is not a blind rushing forth into space by a centrifugal impulse, which has been already noticed as being the masculine endowment, but a twofold operation. The principle of stability, the something passive and feminine in the universe, retains the motion in permanent relations, thus binding all human beings eternally to the Right. We see this in the world of moral activity. Every one does the bidding of God: some by interior disposition and prompting, because they are children of the household; others by force and stress of circumstances, because they sustain only the relation of slaves.

The world at large is constantly on the look-out for results. It is as a demand for the harvest directly after the sowing of the seed. The utilitarians, the practical men so-called, those who believe in no real good except where some material benefit can be seen and measured, harp incessantly on this point. Even religious teachers of a certain character reason in the same way, as though they knew no logic, no moral standard, but that of observable results. Such persons are the Sadducees of society. The idea of being or doing right is of small account to them, except as it brings reputation, distinction or pecuniary profit. Judas Iscariot with his thirty pieces of silver would count for more with these practical individuals than Jesus with heaven and all goodness at his back.

But true souls do not reason thus. Nor is the standard of truth to be obtained from the phenomena of the world of sense. Knowledge derived from the senses alone does not unfold or establish a moral truth. Whatever we perceive in that way, can go no farther than an opinion or conjecture, or perhaps belief. All such notions and guesses must be duly measured before they may be

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accepted. It is the province of Philosophy to furnish us with the proper standard or criterion by which to distinguish the true from the false, the right from the wrong.

Here weak moralities may be overlooked. They are superficial and little else than endeavors to determine eternal principles by a rule of human limitation, to circumscribe the universe of thought by narrow prescriptions. The attempt to measure the waters of the ocean with a quart-pot, or to define the unlimited space and govern it as one would manage a private estate, would be as reasonable. Human thought and action cannot be judged aright on one common plane. What is wise for one is often foolishness for another; what is lovely and beautiful in one may be hateful and ugly in another, and what is right for one may be wrong for another —according to the moral condition and our way of regarding matters. Indeed our virtues may need forgiving as well as our faults, for they may have in them something of the taint of egotism and insincerity, while our faults may in their turn be partially redeemed by having in them somewhat of an aspiring and endeavor for the right. The conquest over evil is not shown by a triumphing over it, but by putting it out of the mind altogether.

In short, philosophy has little to do with the cheap successes of the every-day world, nor does it rely upon transient phenomena for its exponents. It never ages with common experiences. It is always the same, never old, but always youthful and vigorous. "In nature every moment is new," says Emerson; "the past is always swallowed and forgotten; the coming only is sacred. Nothing is secure but life—the transition, the energizing spirit. No love can be bound by oath or covenant to secure it against a higher love. No truth so sublime but it may be trivial to-morrow in the light of new thoughts." We cannot, therefore, attain to the concept of right by the observation of things that are changing every hour and moment. There is a higher law for determining the matter.

"The service which Sokrates rendered to philosophy," Schleier-

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macher declares, "consisted not so much in the truths arrived at, as in the method by which truth is taught." It was his belief that the distinction of Right and Wrong was a permanent fact, and not solely a matter of conventional usage. This is the issue between the philosopher and the worldly-wise man, between the child of God and the worshipper of Mammon. All genuine reasoning is geometric. It is not merely a dealing with things observed and experienced, but the employing of the higher standard to measure them. The knowledge of this standard is the highest of which the human being is capable. Hence the exhortation of Sokrates to Aristodemos:* "If thou wouldst experience what is the wisdom and love of God, render thyself deserving of some of those divine secrets which may not be penetrated by man, but are imparted to those alone who consult, who adore and who obey the Deity. Then shalt thou understand, my Aristodemos, that there is a Being whose eye passes through all nature, and whose ear is open to every sound, extended to all places, extending through all time, and whose bounty and care know no other bounds than those fixed by his own creation."

Thus the faculty of veneration duly exercised with patient, persistent obedience to the conviction of Right and earnest desire to know the Truth, pronounces for us the magic words, "Open, Sesame!" Reverence and contemplation bring our minds into the close embrace of Divinity, and so what is known to him becomes in due measure perceptible to us. We know it subjectively by our will and affections, and objectify it when we reproduce it in our own life and action. "Hence," says Professor Cocker, "those are the true philosophers alone who love the sight of Truth, and who have attained to the vision of order, and righteousness, and beauty, and goodness, in the Eternal Being. And the means by which the soul is raised to this vision of real Being is *the Science of real Knowledge.*"

Thus we perceive that Philosophy transcends all learning from books, demonstration and common experience. It is in no sense

*XENOPHÔN: *Memorabilia* of *Sokrates*, I., iv., Sec. 16.

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"a doing as the Romans do," having relation to place and circumstance but overlooking the weightier matters. Its field is the real truth, the higher life, the facts which are beyond sense and speech. Wisdom is not the mere knowing of things that may be learned, but everything essentially good; philosophy is the love and pursuing of essential goodness and truth.

Understanding and upperstanding, perception and apperception here go together. Such is the case with all things intellectible, all philosophic learning, all actual knowing. There are certain ideas or principles in every mind which govern unconsciously all processes of thought. They may be dormant or as if in embryo, and so requiring to be brought to manifestation in the active life; but they nevertheless exist. We can, therefore, by contemplation and reflection, apprehend and cognize what is true. That there is truth—genuine, absolute truth—is a fact as positive as that there is light; and as the latter is apprehended by an organism which somehow conveys the impression to the mind, so the former has the mind itself for an organ to receive and assimilate it. There is but one perfect, infallible truth; there can be no variant, discordant, rival truths. All, therefore, who apprehend the truth, apprehend it alike. Truth is divine, and we know and love it because of the divine principle in us by which it is known and apprehended. That principle is capable of this apperceiving because it is of like essence with that which is apperceived. This is knowing by intuition, or if a bolder term is preferred—by divine inspiration.

We are thus brought, so to speak, face to face with Divinity itself. In the most interior part of the mind is the fountain of all real knowledge, all truth, all certainty—because there we and Divinity are at one. The Supreme Mind must always be self-conscious, knowing the right and all that is good. The mind which this Supreme Mind inspires, will, in a peculiar manner, apprehend that which is exterior to it by the light from within itself, and know all things in their quality by their likeness or unlikeness to itself.

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Thus there is imparted to us from the Divine Source for our participation, a prophetic ken, the intuition of that which is true, and the instinct to perceive that which is good.

This is a genuine spiritualism, a spirituality which is of the interior spirit and life. It is the philosophy which embraces in its scope the worship and love of God, including also and comprehending the order of the cosmos from its great involving Mind and extending into every department of spirit and nature. As a factor in human progress it is the one essential which fixes human beings in their just relations to the universe and the supreme central life. There is no other agency capable of superseding it or even equal to it.

"Would to God," cried Moses, "that all the people were inspired and that God would give forth his spirit to them." For this is the ideal of all attainment. This intuitive faculty is the highest of our powers. We have others that are subordinate and of themselves incomplete; as observation, which leads us to conjecture, and emotion that may culminate in faith. We have also the understanding with which to compare and measure; yet even this by itself is misleading when it has no rule or standard other than is afforded by evidence from others. But there is the true light that illumines every one coming into the world. As we left the Eternal Region and became invested with the web of Matter, and eventually were born as human beings, the Word, the Logos or outflowing ray from God was still with us. In the perfect development of the instinct peculiar to us into the unerring consciousness of right and wrong, and the conception of the source and consequence of events, we have the full fruition of this power.

More noble is this than any clear-vision produced by subordinate agencies. I speak not depreciatingly of the one, but praise that which is more excellent. It would be sheer folly to set a low value upon instruction, upon the services of one to another, or other instrumentalities by which human beings are assisted and benefited. We offer no disrespect to silver when we praise gold, nor do we dishonor thequartz pebble by extolling the brilliancy of the diamond.

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"It is no proof of understanding for a man to be able to confirm what he pleases," says Swedenborg, "but to be able to discern that that is true, which is really so, and that that is false which is really so." Thus the human understanding is less than the Supreme Reason. Human progress, therefore, is always an approaching out of the universe into God, and Philosophy is the discipline which conducts us to Him. ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

In maintaining a faithful integrity, you are not merely setting an example, not merely discouraging vice and upholding probity, but you are feeding the intellect, the imagination, the total spiritual power of men unborn. In preserving the fountains of justice in your own heart, you are refreshing the fountains of thought and spiritual power for ages to come. You make the conditions under which souls can flower. It is said that "an honest man's the noblest work of God," and if not merely a legal, but a universal, a divine honesty be meant, the statement is true. But more is true: such an honest man is also one of the noblest *workers* of God; he helps to effect the primal emancipation of souls, he unbars the brutish gates which shut upon man's undeveloped spirit, and lets it forth into the higher freedoms of nature. Without effort, unconsciously, by the silent efficacy of his soul, every man of broad and deep probity is making a path in the wilderness of nature for the divine genius of the race. Such a life is not only moral, it is creative. It works miracles. He makes the powers of man's soul to speak, and deaf ears of his spirit to hear. Above all does he, if this probity be so broad and deep that it includes candor and appetency for what is finest and bravest in thought and performance. If the man be one who will bear this kind of proving, an aroma of imitation goes forth, which does not, indeed, heal the sick or raise the dead, but assists toward work even more divine, for it wakes new, unexampled powers, and aids toward pure initial advance in the spiritual achievement of Nature. —*D. A. Wasson.*

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THE IDEAL OF A HINDU WIFE.

BY KANNOO MAL, M. A.

There is a peculiar halo of sanctity and charm cast around the word "wife." It is a centre of an ever-widening circle of associations;—emotional, social and spiritual. It is a key which opens the sacred chambers of the heart whence love and affection flow, causing the fields of human life to put forth a harvest of social happiness.

"A good wife," in the language of Doctor Jeremy Taylor, "is heaven's last, best gift to man, his angel and minister of graces innumerable, his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels: her voice his sweet music, her smiles his brightest day, her kiss the guardian of his innocence, her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life, her industry his safest steward, her lips his faithful counselors, her bosom the softest pillow of his cares, and her prayers, the ablest advocate of heaven's blessings upon his head." Upon this magnificent description the Sanskrit poet places a noble copestone by writing that the word "home" in Sanskrit owes its existence solely to "wife," *Grihini*, without whom a palace adorned with the noblest embellishments of art, is but a dreary wilderness; a wife is a cooling nectar to the afflicted soul scorched by the burning sands of the Sahara of this world.

Now what is this "good wife?" The ideal differs with different nations. All these ideals, represented in some illustrious lives, are the loftiest beacon-lights standing in their majesty on the rock of the archaic Past, casting forth their light through the long vistas of ages and guiding frail humanity along the gulf of life.

The motherhood and wifehood of all Christendom draw their inspiration and light from the character of Mary, the mother of Jesus; the world of Mohammedan wives has for its nucleous Fatima; the Buddhistic World looks to Yasodara, the loving, self-sacrificing wife of the great Buddha, for its highest model; the Jain

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conception of a wife finds its sublime expression in *Rajul*, the virgin wife of the exalted *Nem Nath*.

Similarly, the towering edifice of the Vedic-Hindu wifehood stands in all its bright magnificence on the colossal foundations of the ideals of Sita, Damayanti, Parvati, Savitri, Sakuntala, Draupadi and others. These are mighty names, full of life and vigor. They embody all that is sublime, noble, tender, lovable, virtuous, pure and divine in humanity. A short account of each of these ideals will be given.

Many use the expression "better half" in reference to a wife, but there are few who pause to reflect upon the momentous significance of the term. Like every thing common, it has become a hackneyed expression. In its English garb, it is only a metaphor, meaning nothing. Behind the sparkling varnish of this metaphor, there is a higher significance, a literal significance realized by every Hindu. *Ardhangi* (*i. e.* better-half) is a matter of fact, not a figure of speech to him. To him, a wife is literally his half, without whom he is deemed ineligible for all purposes, spiritual and social. This conception of wife and husband being half and half in one, has its sublime expression in the *Dwimurti* form of Mahadeva. Mahadeva and Parvati represented in one body is a common spectacle in India.

This *Dwimurti* form of Mahadeva stands as an indication of the high esteem and respect which are due to a Hindu wife. Ignorant of all facts relating to the mutual treatment between husband and wife, is the critic who says that among Hindus, wives occupy a very low position and that they are little better than slaves and contrivances for lustful purposes. Hindus literally believe in the wife being a "better half." It is not tralatitious language only but a thing of deep-rooted belief. No auspicious ceremony pertaining to spiritual or social matters can be performed by a husband until his "better half" is by his side. Nothing is deemed complete in the religious sense until the wife is by the side of the husband. When a Hindu husband goes to bathe in the Ganges, he has his

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wife with him; when he performs a sacrifice, he cannot do it without her. Her presence is essential and indispensable on all occasions of auspicious rites. Even gods among the Hindus cannot defy this rule. Rama, the great incarnation of Vishnu, the most exalted manifestation of the Deity in human form, could not perform his celebrated *yaga* (sacrifice) after the conquest of Lanka, until he had by his side, a gold statue of Sita, who was driven out of home to furnish to the world better proofs of the purity of her character.

This, in short, is the highest expression of the respect and love which a Hindu is required by his *shastras* to show to his better half, and this, I hope, will be found a sufficient answer to those who regard the Hindu wife as a mere tool for the gratification of her despotic husband.

Again, we come across such expressions in the English books as "the marriage tie is sacred," "the love between husband and wife is a sacred sentiment." But let us see whether they have any deeper significance in their English garb than the expression "better half" with which we have already dealt. On close examination they all prove figurative and have to be traced out in the Hindu literature for their full significance.

While among the people of the West and of other countries, marriage is regarded as a social contract invested with such appendages as are incidental to such a compact, and the marriage tie when pronounced sacred, is so only by a metaphor, in Aryavarta, the land of the noble among the Hindus, the whole thing is a spiritual matter. Marriage is a sacrament, not a contract. It is not based on the motives of passion or the dictates of cold reason, which after all, are not very strong incentives to a perpetual relationship or a constant show of love for each other, but it takes its rise from the fountain-head of religion to which people cling so tenaciously and for which they can lay down their lives. A relation that is born of genuine love is ever strong and enduring, while the one based on motives of the gratification of lust, is short-lived and flimsy.

The worldly love receives an accession of strength and vigor from

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the idea that religion is helping it. A wife viewed in the light of a social necessity, is of little use when there is no such necessity; but when regarded as a spiritual need she is something that cannot be dispensed with. The spiritual aspect of the Hindu marriage provides an additional motive of great potency for the durability and perpetuity of love between the husband and the wife. They instinctively feel it their duty to love each other; and every friction or dispute between them is regarded as deviation from a religious duty to which they have so solemnly pledged themselves. To be clear, the whole period of *Grihsata* (household life) is regarded as a stage on the road to spiritual advancement. The wife considers life as a stage where she is required to take her trial and show herself in true ascetic purity before she is exalted to higher spheres. Among the Hindus, every thing is good or bad as it exalts or degrades the soul. Woman being naturally of a weaker constitution than that of man, is evidently incompetent to go through that round of rigorous austerities prescribed for man for the advancement of his soul. To this weaker sex, is alloted a lighter kind of *yaga* (sacrifice) which she should perform in order to rise higher in the scale of spiritual evolution. This *yaga* for the woman is an attending faithfully to the duties of wife as prescribed in the Hindu *shastra*. Here she has to pass through her own austerities, her own ordeals of *tapa* (self-denial). If she fall, she is nowhere; if she stand, she rises higher than gods, more powerful than strongest *yodhas* (heroes). She is to regard her marriage life as a stage for the development and evolution of her higher nature.

A typical Hindu wife is extremely modest and meek, sacrificing anything and everything belonging to her, for the furtherance of her husband's interest. She is the type of a spirit of all obedience, innocence, modesty, chastity, self-abnegation and love. Self-denial is the one predominant passion of her soul. She does not hanker after what may be called modern enfranchisement, she has no mind to assert her claims regarding property. It is one of the deadly sins to her to be the cause of the least offense to her husband,

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far less to drag him to the court and bring him to book on the least provocation. All her privileges and rights are centred in one all-absorbing sentiment of obedience, sincere devotion to her husband. She aims at completely identifying her life with the life of her lord. All her personal enjoyments and individual privileges must go before the irresistible tide of love and devotion to her husband. How well is this described by a Sanskrit poet:

"Her life is in the life of her husband, her death in his death, her happiness in his happiness. Such a wife—an honor to the family—is like a natural spring always sending forth currents of love and light around. Who can ever equal her?"

There is no plummet-line that can sound the depth of her love, no compass that can measure the breadth of her obedience. Love, all-absorbing love, shining in its unalloyed purity, is the dominant passion of her soul. An instance may be quoted from the *Mahabharata* illustrative of this kind of all-absorbing love and devotion to the husband. Once the five brother Pandavas, in the course of their wanderings, had to stay with a Brahman in a village. Unfortunately the place was haunted by an evil monster of uncommon strength. He used to destroy the village fields and give much annoyance to the people; so they had all made a compact with the monster to the effect that one man was to be daily given to him for his food and that he should desist from his destructive raids. He had agreed to this, and one person, selected out of the village people by casting lots, was daily sent to the monster for his meal. Now it was the turn of the Brahman with whom the Pandavas were staying, to go to him. The Brahman was very sad, his whole family was weeping at the coming misfortune. His wife who was so devoted to him spoke in these words:

"Thou shouldst not, O Bharata, grieve like an ordinary person. Nor is this the time for mourning. Thou hast learning. Thou art aware that all men are destined to die. Why should one weep over what is unavoidable? Wife, son and daughter are good only for one's own self. Thou having an understanding shouldst kill thy

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sorrow. *I will myself go there.* This, indeed, is the highest and the eternal duty of women: *i. e.* sacrificing their lives they should seek the good of their husbands. Such an act done by me will make thee happy, etc."

I have been laying stress upon obedience, love and other virtues that form characteristics of the Hindu wife. Their excess in her has led some critics to suppose that she, instead of being an equal partner of her husband in independence and happiness—such as she ought to be from her position in a civilized society, is a mere slave to be dealt with according to the whims of her absolute lord to whom the word husband can be applied only in its degraded significance. He is an all-powerful autocrat over her and she has to surrender herself entirely to his whims and caprices. What they call obedience and love are only a compulsory labor and a servile attendance. This state of things exists more in people who have hardly emerged from the primitive state, than those who lay any claim to civilization. Hence this ideal of a Hindu wife as given here, is an unfailing index to the barbarism and ignorance of the people. In answering this criticism, I ask the critic to be a little patient. He must not be in a hurry to precipitate himself towards an absurd conclusion. I ask him whether he has ever felt the spark of true love in his bosom or read with emotion a story of a true love.

A true lover has no time and inclination to think of privileges, to care about personal liberty, to seek his own interests. There is no shopkeeping in love. It is entirely independent of all interested considerations.

> Love is not a pedler's trumpery, bought and sold ;
> He will give freely or he will withhold,
> His soul abhors a mercenary thought;
> And him as deeply, who abhors it not.

A lover loses sight of all personal enjoyment in the one all-pervading sentiment of devotion to the person loved. He is most at liberty when most serving his beloved. He is most happy when he

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is the cause of bringing even the least happiness to his beloved, though this be even at the risk of his own life. He seeks to come closer and closer in his being with that of the beloved, until he is completely merged into the other and the two have become as it were, welded into one. This identification of the two hearts, has been from all ages and in all civilized societies regarded as the highest realization of true love. A true lover is not encumbered with his own prerogatives; all that he desires, all that he works for, all that he lives for, all that he considers the highest object on this earth, is his beloved. How is it that Juliet flings away everything—happiness, prosperity, honor and wealth, and dies an ignoble death for Romeo and Romeo for her? Who does not know the case of the Gopis of Brindaban, who sacrificed everything in love for Krishna? How they pined away without him is a well-known fact. It is useless to multiply instances to illustrate this. True lovers, either male or female, have undergone, and do undergo, most imminent perils and trying ordeals to seek each other's society and to live together. All this has been given here with a view to show that the Hindu wife represents the true state of one who really loves. In the great depth of her love with which her soul is saturated, she little cares about herself. She aims at identifying herself with one whom she fervently loves. She stands as the highest ideal of a lover. People cry and agitate for their privileges only so long as their souls are not fastened upon an object of love. With such a love they forget themselves and seek more assiduously than they would ever for themselves to promote the interests of their beloved.

Sita is the first and foremost of the pure and brilliant lights that scintillate in the firmament of Hindu wifehood. This character is so marvelously depicted by the great Valmiki, casting around it a glorious halo of charm and beauty, that no other female ideal throughout the world can approach it. Ransack all the libraries of the world, traverse all the best tracts of the literature of the East and the West, study all the Scriptures of the world, dig deep into

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all the mines of legends either in the East or the West, and you will not find such another sublime and tangible expression of female virtues.

Sita, the paragon of wifely virtues, loved her husband Rama with an intensity of devotion and self-abnegation which are hard to parallel in the records of conjugal love. Surrounded by all the luxuries that the palace-life could afford, she cared not a bit for them when the issue was beween her love and happiness. She flung away, with a noble scorn, all the princely delights and enjoyments that her position afforded and followed the steps of her lord Rama who was exiled for fourteen years by his father. The feet that were used to the soft cushions of the palace, the body that was never exposed to the heat, were at once subjected to the thorny paths of forests and the fierce glare of the sun. Pleasures were given up for the horrors of the wilderness. Love, the most disinterested and self-sacrificing that has ever found an expression or has ever kindled in the human bosom was hers. Purity, chastity was the dominating trait of her character. The whole Lanka of gold could not tempt her; fire could not burn her, when she was placed in it to give to the world overt proofs of her chastity. Whether sitting alone on *Pushap bataka* surrounded by enemies and being subjected to all the temptations, which wealth, power, eloquence could offer, or walking barefooted in the thorny paths of the forest in the company of her lord; whether enjoying the highest amenities of a palace life surrounded by hundreds of attendants or wandering alone uncared for through dreary forests, her heart was permeated with the deepest sentiment of love and devotion to her lord; her pleadings with Rama to allow her to accompany him to the forest, breathe intense nobleness and fervor of self-devotion and have imparted direction to the onflow of conjugal love in all times ever since.

"A wife must share her husband's fate; my duty is to follow thee
Wherever thou goest, apart from thee I would not dwell in heaven itself.
Deserted by her lord a wife is like a miserable corpse,

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Close as thy shadow would I cleave to thee in this life and hereafter.
Thou art my king, my only refuge, my divinity!
It is my fixed resolve to follow thee if thou must wander forth.
Through thorny trackless forest I will go before thee treading down
The prickly brambles, to make smooth thy path walking before thee.
I shall feel no weariness; the forest thorns will seem like silken ropes,
The bed of leaves a couch of down; to me the shelter of thy presence
Is better far than stately palaces and paradise itself.
Protected by thy arm, gods, demons, men, shall have no power to harm me.
With thee I will live contentedly on roots and fruit sweeter nor sweet;
If given by thy hand they will to me be like the food of life.
Roaming with thee in desert wastes, a thousand years will be a day.
Dwelling with thee even hell itself would be to me a heaven of bliss."

Such was Sita—the greatest national deity of the Hindus. The womanhood of the world needs to draw its inspiration from her in order to reach its highest goal of perfection and evolution. Language is too inadequate to portray her virtues. She must always remain imperfectly delineated, owing to the poverty of human language. The following description of Sita by Swami Vivakananda is worth perusal:—

"You may exhaust the literature of the world that is passed, and I may assure you, you will have to exhaust the literature of the future, before finding another Sita. Sita is unique; that character was once depicted and once for all. Ramas have been perhaps several but Sitas never. She is the very type of the Indian woman, as she should be; for all the Indian ideals of a perfected woman have gathered around that one life of Sita and she stands these thousands of years commanding the worship of every man, woman or child throughout the length and breadth of Aryavarta. There she will be always glorious, Sita purer than purity itself, all patience and suffering without a murmur. She the ever chaste and ever pure wife; she the ideal of people, the ideal of gods. The great Sita our national god, she must always remain. All our mythology may vanish, even our shastras or Vedas may depart, our Sanskrit language may vanish forever, but as long as there will be fire, Hindus living here, speaking the most vulgar *patois*, there will be the story of Sita. Sita has gone into the very vitals of our race, we are all

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children of Sita. Any attempt to modernize our women if it tries to take our women apart from that ideal of Sita, is immediately a failure, as we see every day. The women of India must grow and develop after the foot-prints of Sita and that is the only way."

Next let us consider Damayanti, the subduer of the pride of all lovely women and the beau-ideal of conjugal fidelity. She was the daughter of Bhima, king of the Vidarbhas; she took for her husband Raja Nala at a *Swayambar*, who was equally well-known for his virtues and personal beauty. They were the happiest pair that ever trod on the earth; but soon a thunderbolt was to burst upon their heads amidst the rounds of pleasures and festivities that surrounded them. Raja Nala engaged in a match of dice with his brother, Pushkara, and in the heat of play the infatuated monarch staked and lost everything, kingdom, wealth—all, except himself and his wife. They were both driven out of the kingdom, each clad only in a single garment, by the ruthless brother, and had to face the trying ordeals which awaited them. One day Raja Nala in the frenzy of despair abandoned her alone in the wilderness full of horrors, and she was obliged to make her way as best she could, to her father's house. Fancy her trials! yet her devotion and love for her husband did not cool after this cruel act; and her grief was only for the dangers and troubles that her husband might have encountered, being left to himself. Her chastity was put to test by wicked and licentious men, but she always proved genuine gold. Nothing but an intense devotion to her husband occupied the entire horizon of her heart; and all troubles and trials that befell her were mere nothing when weighed with the anxieties that ruffled her mind on behalf of her lost husband. After all kinds of ordeals she reached the house of her father whom she induced to make a careful search for Nala. She at last devised the plan of holding a *Swayamb* where suitors from different countries assembled to take her hand Raja Nala was discovered as a menial servant to one of these Rajas and thus the husband and the wife were re-united after a long time. Such was Damayanti, one of the model wives of ancient India.

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Our next sketch is Savitri, the wife of Satyavana, king of Salva. She was the daughter of King Aswapati. She possessed such charms of beauty that no suitor ventured to ask for her hand, though she had attained the age of marriage. Her father asked her to find a husband of her own choice, and with this view, she went out. She chose for husband Satyavana, king of Salva, who had been driven out of his kingdom and was then leading a hermit's life in the forest. His apparent poverty and misery did not prevent her from discovering in him the intrinsic worth and talents which he possessed in so eminent a degree. She came back and told her father that her choice was made. Unfortunately Narada, one of the great Rishis who was present with the Raja at the time, informed her and her father by virtue of his holy prescience that the husband chosen was to die in a year, and in choosing him she was only choosing a life-long widowhood. Her parents hearing this, were much distressed and tried to dissuade their daughter from marrying him; but her mind was made up. Accordingly the marriage took place in due time and Savitri laid aside her ornaments and rich apparel and other signs of her royal position, put on the coarse garments of a recluse and lived with her husband. Though outwardly always cheerful and happy, her mind was subject to perpetual misgivings and fears about the fate which as she was told by Narada, awaited her. She would sit counting the days and be lost in revery. Ultimately the day arrived on which it had been declared her husband would die, and she was quite prepared to take her trial.

For three days previous to the fatal day, she had been keeping a fast, and on the fourth day when her husband went out to bring sacrificial fuel, she followed him. After having collected some fuel Satayavana being fatigued, sat down on the ground with his head resting on the bosom of Savitri and fell asleep. Now, the fatal moment had arrived, and Yama, the king of Death, appeared, and snatching his soul, proceeded towards the South. Savitri followed after Yama, who told her to go back as the lease

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of her husband's life had run out. But she was not to be so dissuaded; she was determined either to share the fate of her husband, or to bring him back to life. She entreated Yama with all the eloquence which beauty and moral character had endowed her with; and though the king of terrors was moved to pity and granted her boon after boon except the life of her husband, yet she cared not a bit for all these gifts, and she was determined to have only what he was most obstinate in refusing her. At last the force of her devotion to her husband and the bewitching eloquence of her appeals prevailed, and Yama relented and restored the spirit of Satyavana. With this she returned to the spot where she had left her husband dead and found him now roused up as it were from a long sleep, rubbing his eyes and trying to find out where his faithful wife was gone. She then told him everything that had occurred, and he was deeply grateful to her for this noble act. They both lived to a great age in happiness and prosperity afterward. Well, this Savitri is regarded and naturally so, as the beau ideal or highest pattern of conjugal fidelity, and a young married woman is usually blessed by elderly females with the words *Janaman Savitri Bhav* (Be thou a Savitri all thy life).

Jainism and Buddhism are two daughters of the Hindu religion. Starting on the same foundation, they differ from each other on matters of detail, but each of them has a long and brilliant record of its respective achievements in the past. Each has given birth to a number of noble and splendid characters which would redound to the credit of any religion and society. If we look on the character of Rajul, the wife of exalted Nem Nath, the great Tirthankara of the Jains, we shall find it great, noble and sublime equally with the character of any ideal wife. Rajul is a great honor and ornament to that section of the Hindu race. She is one of the most resplendent jewels of humanity shining in all its pristine glory through these long, long ages. She was so self-sacrificing and self-abnegating that no amount of eloquent language can do her justice. Here is given in brief the whole story of her ups and downs of fortune.

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Nem Nath, the venerable god of the Jains, had from his childhood conceived a great disliking for worldly things, and allowed his thoughts to rest on spiritual matters—the problems of 'whence' and 'whither.' His parents in order to divert his mind from these pursuits betrothed him to a young and beautiful princess, Rajul. It is narrated that on the day of marriage, there were grand preparations made by the parents of the bride to entertain the guests as usual on such occasions. When the marriage procession reached the house of the bride, Nem Nath, who was of a highly inquisitive turn of mind, enquired of his followers concerning the reason why there was such a multitude of birds and other animals making a noise about the house. He was told that they were to be slaughtered for the feast of the guests, as the custom was. This was a very powerful stimulant to his slumbering soul. At once he exclaimed this should not be; they must not die for him. Flinging off his royal garments, his ornaments and jewels, he ran towards the Girnar mountain, to the surprise of all. He climbed up the mountain, found some Jain ascetics and was immediately initiated into their order. His parents as well as the parents of the bride persuaded him to the best of their abilities to give up his resolve and return to the world where so many enjoyments and pleasures awaited him. But he was firm as a rock in his resolve and all their entreaties and persuasions proved futile. At last his beautiful young bride, as yet stranger to the world and its pleasures or pains, took upon herself the task of bringing him back. All the artillery which the bewitching charms of beauty and the eloquence of tender feminine voice could summon forth, was at her command. But this was all useless against the adamantine rock of her husband's determination. With tears streaming from her eyes, with tremulous voice, and body quivering in great suspense, she entreated him to return; but there was no quitting the high resolve. This scene is highly pathetic, and it is no wonder that the great audiences of Jains are seen weeping and affected by the high-wrought pathos of it as it is sung to them by the musicians on certain festive occasions.

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Ultimately, finding that all her efforts were useless, she, rather than return to her house and think of another marriage and worldly pleasure, offered herself to be admitted into the order of female ascetics and soon distinguished herself here as one of the most pious and pure nuns.

Can self-sacrifice go higher than this? This is the loftiest summit of self-abnegation. A young girl blossoming in all the graces and charms of youth, expecting in the heart of hearts to become a princess surrounded by all the luxuries and enjoyments which wealth, power and dominions can afford, still not married in the full sense of the word and so unblameable for breaking the marriage proposal for another if she liked—such a young and fascinating beauty renouncing everything earthly, gave herself up to a life of rigid asceticism, for which her body was so ill fitted, simply for the sake of her husband whom she loved better than herself. This is a perfect picture of martyrdom and self-sacrifice. She, the holy Rajul, stands out in all her loftiness and sublimity, from amidst the race of women as the peaks of the Himalayas from the plains of Hindustan.

No less noble is the character of Yasodara, the wife of the great Buddha, the light of the world. It is beyond the compass of this short article to enter into fuller details of the lives of these great characters who come before us ever eclipsing each other in their purity, majesty and sublimity, yet an attempt has been made to notice them succinctly here. She was brought up in the palace, amidst the delightful amenities and embellishments of fortune, and had not the least idea of the worldly sufferings which were sedulously concealed from her as from her husband. Buddha, her lord, a deity now respected and worshipped by the largest number of persons in the world, was once so greatly touched with the picture of misery and wretchedness to which men are subject that he made up his mind to give up the world and try to find out a remedy for these ills. One night he left his beautiful wife sleeping on her couch and went away into the forest and returned

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not. The day broke, the wife realized her situation, and who can depict her sorrow and affliction at the separation from her husband? The great Buddha discovered the remedy, and full of compassion for mankind, gave it to everyone who cared for it. Long after, when Buddha had a fair following of adherents, he went to his country and met his parents who were very much touched to see him addressed as a Yogi. But when his wife met him, she was all supplication and entreaty to be allowed to come with him. At last Buddha agreed, and she too became a female ascetic. She gave up her child and passed the remainder of her life as a nun.

In these examples we have the highest ideals of wives of ancient India, and though many other equally prominent names might be added we have in almost all cases, the same great virtues forming the traits of their characters. Chastity, devotion to the husband, self-denial, fidelity, obedience, meekness, are the prominent gems scintillating so brilliantly from their characters. One may be inclined to ask why I do not mention intellectual education as one of these qualities. Were females educated at all in those days? To this question my answer is obvious to all who have the least acquaintance with the Hindu literature. They were educated, and sometimes to such a degree that they surpassed great philosophers and learned men in the solution of profound and intricate problems of metaphysics. The names Gargi and Maittri are sufficient to speak for this. When Raja Janaka, himself one of the great philosophers, proposed certain questions relating to metaphysics to the learned men of his court and offered to give a handsome reward to the one who could solve them, it was only a female who silenced all the men and gained the distinction of having solved them.

The names of Lilavati—wife of Mundan Misra, and Vidyadhari in the reign of Vikramadityata Bhoja, are well known. Education was not neglected, nor is it now, among the higher classes of the people. There are few wives of our Rajas who do not know how to read and write. But education has never been allowed to swamp

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the consideration of the virtues, which ought to be special features in the female character. The Hindu wife never looked to education as the strongest and most recommendable point in her character, nor did others consider it so; but what attracted the attention of all was the education of the heart.

A woman with all the trophies won at the race of university examinations and adorned with the knowledge of all philosophy, is anything but ideal if she has neglected to cultivate the virtues of the heart. That is her proper sphere, and any negligence in it is a serious omission. To be a gentleman or gentlewoman it is not necessary to be learned. Education and rascality go hand in hand in some cases, but what makes for gentleness, is the working of a sound heart. A wife adorned with the virtues of the heart, love, affection, sincerity, modesty, obedience, purity, and chastity is far preferable to one whose aim has been simply to gain distinction for intellectual education at the expense of these qualities. Her province is home, where she has such a great field for the display of the virtues of the heart. Her influence is the greatest that a child imbibes, and many a Byron there is who would have been made a better man of the world for the home-influences, which emanate from the fountain of the heart rather than the head. If the husband is the head of the house, the wife is its heart; and it may be safely said under these considerations, that whether you educate your wives or not, whether you remove the "Purdah" from their chambers or not, whether you give them the higher privileges and rights of men or not, so long as a woman has not a sincere heart, has not received the education of the heart, she is nothing. It was on this one basic idea that the women of ancient times were brought up and it must be the effort of all sincere reformers to bring back all those ideals in order to improve the condition of our women.

All attempts to import foreign types into our homes are misdirected. Indian women in order to rise must look back to Sita, Damayanti, and Parvati Modernization in the case of our women is a complete failure. Though the influences of our ancient

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ideals are at a low ebb in our homes at present, yet they are not wholly gone.

It was in the light of the ancient great ideals that Padmativati, the beautiful spouse of Bhima, and Rana of Chitur, gave herself up to flames without the least demur, rather than be a princess more exalted and dignified in the palace of the Emperor Alla-uddin. Neither the sword nor the gold of the barbarous Emperor could win her. Thousands of Indian wives, in strict opposition to all entreaties and dissuasions, ascended the funeral pyres of their husbands; but this was carrying things to extremes and was well put an end to by the English Government. To every one acquainted with the home-life of the Hindus, it is clear that young widows, after the death of their husbands, pass the rest of their life in religious worship, pious ceremonies and in quiet retirement, rather than choosing to accept another husband, though many texts from Hindu Scriptures can be quoted to support widow re-marriage. The one great idea which is at the root of all female character is self-sacrifice for their husbands; and those who have sincerely loved, can easily understand what part self-sacrifice plays in love-matters.

There are many other instances illustrating the influence of the ancient ideals in modern times. We must turn for them to the mediæval history of the Rajputs. A glance at it will convince the reader that a great number of wives so devoted to their husbands, have preferred to consign themselves to the mercy of the flames, under the name of *Johar* ceremony, than enjoy the pleasures and luxuries of the imperial harems, a disgrace to their wifehood. The repeated invasions of the Mohammedan rulers on Chittore brought to light the intrinsic virtue and courage of the Hindu wives. How bravely they have fought on certain occasions, and how fearlessly they have plunged themselves into flames to save the honor of their husbands, are bare, naked, unvarnished facts of history. The Hindu female has not only distinguished herself, as a self-surrendering and loving wife, but has, on many occasions, emerged forth from the zenana to guide the destiny of the people. That Ahalya.

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Bai, Rani Bhavani, Durgavati, held court openly and brought a remarkable statemanship to bear upon administrative affairs and have left imperishable names behind, are all facts.

The lives of prominent female characters as wives or mothers or sisters, of whom we, to our good fortune, have so many described in our Scriptures, should be published in pamphlets and booklets, distributed broadcast among our women; and every effort should be taken to instill those examples into them by teaching or lecturing. Our children, both male and female, should read them. Our Pundits who are still the most influential factors for good or bad among us, should make it a point to preach the lives of these ancient ideals to the women at their "kathas" or lectures, to which females flock so much. Instead of preaching to them the Bhakti Yoga of Bhagwat Puran, how Krishna danced and the Gopies loved him, it will be far better to bring prominently before their mind the example of the ancient wives, mothers and sisters, who made the ancient heroes and philosophers of our country. I appeal to modern reformers to take a serious note of the matter. They should make earnest and sincere endeavors to make these examples once more living; and instead of trying to modernize women, they should concentrate their energies in this direction, the only direction in which lies the salvation of our women.

One fact cannot be lost sight of. India cannot be Europe, our institutions, our customs and ideals will, as they have from time immemorial, ever differ. It is in vain to transplant the foreign ideals to our soil, the very nature of which speaks against their growth. All reformers engaged in the impossible task of Europeanizing India, especially in its social aspects, will sooner or later find to their chagrin that their efforts were misdirected. They must move on the old, well-defined lines, and their success is sure. It is foolish to ask whether ancient India has anything to teach us, whether it is worth our while to hunt after the ancient ideals. The question is impertinent, and every scholar, European or Indian, who has the faintest acquaintance with the past literature

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of our country, will answer it only in one way. If India is again to boast of a Rama or Arjuna, a Yudhistra, a Lukshaman, a Buddha, she must turn to mothers like Yasodara, Kosalya, Kunti, and wives like Sita, Damayanti or Yasodara. These are splendid materials for the building up of a great nation—a nation of heroes, philosophers, warriors and God-fearing men like those who made the past history of our country.

KANNOO MAL, M, A.

THE PRIMITIVE ARYANS.

We can safely assert that the faith of the forefathers of the so-called "Hindus" of India when they first migrated into the land watered by the five rivers, was more catholic and liberal than that of their degenerated descendants; that they could more clearly and effectually conceive the idea of one God pervading through all nature; that the state of their society which was then making very rapid progress toward perfection was pure and free from every sort of superstition and bigotry, and that notwithstanding any thing and every thing that can be alleged against them, their superhuman qualities and great civilization at one time dazzled the eye of all the then known world. They were in fact, so much powerful and so very spiritual that even their name would cast a magic spell over the rest of the world, and is still most awfully reverenced by the civilized nations of the globe. It is not the least exaggeration to state that they could ascend in the air without a balloon, come to know in a moment what takes place in the remotest part of the world without the electric battery, pass over any space within a twinkling of the eye, and having fulfilled the mission of their individual and national life were at last absorbed into the eternal soul of the universe.—*Raganath Chatterji.*

I see not any road of perfect peace which any man can walk but to take counsel of his own bosom. —*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

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THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XX.)

"Suddenly, in a loud, harsh tone, a voice was heard speaking in the room beyond.

"'It is the King!' cried the Queen.

"'It is Demonio—yes; but courage, my daughter, keep your sacred promise to me, and no harm shall befall you,' whispered the Magician, as he supported the trembling form of the affrighted Queen.

"Won by his gentle sympathy, the royal lady confessed to the Sorcerer that she had always been in mortal terror of the King.

"'Not afraid, my daughter, that he would do you bodily injury?' demanded the indignant Magician.

"'Yes, yes, father,' answered the Queen. 'And, indeed, you would not, could not blame me if you knew—as I alone can know—the King!'

"'I,' smiled the Magician sadly, 'know him better than even you do, my daughter, and, because of this knowledge, may, therefore, bid you quiet your fears. Angelo, it is true, may not, at the start,' continued the kind man of magic, 'understand just how to control Demonio, but always strive to recollect, my daughter, (for in the success of such striving will lie your greater ability to help your husband) that *Angelo is there—always there.* Keep this beautiful truth constantly in your mind and heart, and when Demonio threatens call to him you love and trust, and in whom you believe. To your soul's call Angelo must respond, and respond, let me assure you, with so hearty a will that the demon you have ignored will shrink back, cowed and ashamed.'

"Again the voice from the room beyond; again a smothered cry from the Queen, as she grasped the arm of the Magician who still supported her.

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"'He—the King—Demonio—is angry,' declared the man of magic, as he gently led the trembling Queen toward the inner door. 'Come, my dear daughter, be brave and fearless; for now *is* your opportunity to prove to your own self whether my words be false or true. Enter boldly. Look without flinching into the eyes of the wrathful King, and call with a will to that other, better, higher nature which has not as yet learned its own power over the lower one. Your recognition will give it strength.'

"The door opened, and the two entered the apartment beyond. The King turned upon the intruders with a scowl frightful to see.

"Calling all her courage to her aid, the Queen advanced as she had never dared to advance before, and, when close to the King, lifted her beautiful eyes and fixed them full upon the darkly frowning ones above her. Then, ignoring, as she had been bidden to do, the nature which in all ugliness of voice and action was manifesting its presence, the soul of the noble woman called to that of the noble man.

"'*Angelo—dear Angelo?*'

"At the sound of her clear, sweet voice the change she had been promised came to the man before her.

"To the Magician, before whose spiritual eyes this soul-struggle took place, that which the call of his sovereign lady brought about was a vastly interesting exhibition. He perceived that while astonishment shook and weakened Demonio, causing him to lose, as it were, his grasp upon the King, the cry of the Queen to him in a voice, which, for all its resolute key, yet held in its sweet cadences a dominant note of unmistakable affection, aroused Angelo as a clarion call to battle arouses the dreaming warrior.

"It was, indeed, truth the Sorcerer had spoken to the Queen; Angelo was there, would be always there, and in time would respond as quickly as, naturally, his response was now slow. It would end (when by means of their loving aid and his own good will he became that which he must become—the master) by his anticipating the gentle call of his dear wife, thus assuring her of

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the constant, abiding presence of the victorious, godlier nature of the man.

"Angelo held out the arms of the King, and, for the first time in her married life, willingly, trustingly, and gladly, the beautiful Queen leaned upon the breast of her husband.

"Oh, what did he say to her—*then*"

"The most eloquent thing in all the world, Pinkie; nothing."

"And she never was afraid of him ever again?"

"Not when she stopped to think. I fear, Snowdrop, that there were many times when Demonio, having the 'upper hand,' as the saying goes, of His Majesty, would come storming into her presence that her courage must have almost left her woman's soul. None other except the magician knew how to help Angelo assert himself; indeed, so accustomed had his subjects become to their sovereign's meaner nature that it was Demonio only whom they recognized and addressed, and, as a natural consequence, he upon whom they called alone responded.

"Once during a brief absence of the King, the Magician, at the request of the Queen, called a secret session of the members of the court, and, after telling them the story of the incorporation of the King, besought them to lend their sovereign lady and himself their valuable aid in the furtherance of their most worthy object by appealing only to the angelic nature of the King."

"Would they promise? What did they say? What was their answer?"

"A roar of laughter, lassie,—such a roar as went up to the very dome of the great chamber and bid fair to shake it from its foundation on the marble walls. It was 'monstrous funny' to them to be told that this hard, tyrannical, merciless, almost inhuman individual who for years and years and years had played only the demon's part had anything at all angelic about him.

"'Miracles,' they declared, when at length they recovered their breaths, 'were not being worked these days. The casting out of devils belonged to ancient times. Those who were possessed of

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such at the present day not only seemed to be anxious to keep what were originally theirs at birth, but too often evinced an untiring and remarkably ardent desire to add to the number of such possessions.' "

"That made it pretty hard for the poor Queen and the Magician and Angelo—only three in all the world to understand the truth."

"Yes, Snowdrop; but three who understand the truth form a stronger force than a mighty multitude of the uncomprehending. Angelo's greatest hindrance to a speedy and thorough mastery of the situation lay in the having to meet and do incessant battle with the host of habits Demonio had formed for the King. A whole army of these little (and some, alas, were not so small) imps had been created, and they surrounded the King on every side, driving where once they only led."

"Demonio *created* the imps of habit?"

"If people never *formed* habits, Ruddy how could such things be?"

"That's so! To form a thing is to create it. How soon did the King begin?"

"I'm of the opinion, my boy, that the King himself can hardly be said to have ever 'begun.' I think that, in a way, the first habits were begun for him, and that he, naturally, fell into the doing of deeds made peculiarly and especially possible to him by his parents, his surroundings and those with whom he came in daily contact."

"Then, sir, he wasn't altogether to blame?"

"No one, Blooy, is altogether to blame for the deeds that are done. You remember the lesson of the raised and lowered meshes, my Urchins? If an evil-minded person forms the habit of being wicked, those of his little community whom he can influence likewise form such habits and go down with him part of the way, at least; while he who aspires to higher things by his ennobling influence lifts his little world of men into habits of righteousness. Example, dear children, is a mighty factor in habit making and it

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is the sacred duty of the knowing ones, by means of their own daily living, to set as exalted examples as is possible (to them) for the less enlightened to follow.

"The King was unfortunately born a Prince, and, in consequence, as heir to the throne, he was made much of in every way—humored, flattered, fawned upon, and so humbly deferred to that it naturally fostered the pride, vanity and all the selfishness of a nature (since from birth he had lacked the angelic qualities) altogether selfish.

"The first deplorable habit which possessed him came to him as naturally as the air he breathed into his young lungs. He acquired the habit (or, as I am going to try to prove to you, the habit acquired him—for so it appears to me) of imagining himself the wisest person in all the world. This is not to be wondered at, since no matter what his decisions (in cases brought by designing courtiers to the young prince) might be, they were always accepted (although we may be excused for entertaining doubts as to their being as certainly acted upon) by those who thus strove to flatter their future sovereign into making them prime favorites at court. Thus was his vanity fed. No one differed with the royal youth for his own good; no one taught him a single lesson in self-sacrifice; and so the little habits grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength.

"All that the young prince desired he must of course, have —and have immediately, and no other person in the kingdom was allowed to call his own that which it pleased the prospective ruler of the land to wish to possess. Therefore when he grew to manhood the imps forced him into exhibitions of terrible rage, when (as must sometimes happen even to a King) his wish to make his own that which belonged to another met with a stubborn opposition. Slave to himself, he was unfit to be a ruler over men; and because of his unfitness his kingdom, throughout its length and breadth, was a most miserable and hopelessly unhappy one.

"It was, as I have said, a difficult task for Angelo; but in the course of time Experience, (the teacher whose lessons few forget)

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disclosed to him a secret which enabled him to meet and rout the enemy, vanquishing the foe for all time, and adding link after link to the mysterious, invisible chain by which he bound Demonio to his own good service."

"What was the secret? Do you know?"

"You remember, Brownie, the fable of the farmer and his sons, and how when about to die he gave them an object lesson by showing them a number of staves, which when bound together could not be broken, but which when apart and taken separately cou d be easily snapped across the knee?

"Well the banded habits which Angelo, for all his efforts, found too much for him to break, were taken in hand separately, and one at a time he broke them with little less difficulty than that with which the farmer broke his staves.

"Imp after imp he challenged to mortal combat, meeting them singly and fighting them untiringly, and in the place of each one conquered he carefully placed, as a sort of sentinel, a goodly habit. As in nature no two objects can occupy the same place at the same time, so in the King's nature where good habits held their own the habits of evil could find no abiding place, and Angelo, using Demonio's own grand strength in his warfare upon the imps of wickedness scored victory after victory, until the kingdoms of love, peace, justice and mercy came upon that part of the earth over which he ruled wisely and well."

"Is that all?"

"It is never 'all' Snowdrop. But Angelo set his little world a fine example, don't you think? A penny for your thoughts, Goldie; they shine so in your face that I'm sure I'm not making a bad bargain."

"I was just thinking how very happy the beautiful Queen must have been as the hateful King she feared grew into the gentle King she loved."

"And all the people—think of *them!* They found out that they'd laughed a little too soon—I've done that myself, though lots of

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times. And I can understand now," went on Brownie, with shy, boyish courage, "what 'He laughs best who laughs last' means."

"And 'While there's life there's hope'—that's clearer now, too."

"And there's always life, dear boys, you know; so hope never ceases to beckon us on and on. Let us never give up trying, for each little effort helps in our character-building. It may not be a massive stone, perhaps, nor even a good square brick; but it can surely be no less than a grain of sand in the mortar which is as necessary in building as are the other and seemingly more important materials."

"And some of the grains, for all their littleness, get pretty nearly to the top of the wall sometimes, don't they, sir? It isn't always size, is it," questioned Violet, "but true merit, just as that tiny gold dollar Blackie wears on his watch chain is worth a whole hundred such coins as this old-fashioned copper cent I've used so long as a 'pocket piece.' Here it is; will you have it, sir, as a souvenir of the day?"

It was a big, battered old penny the Wise Man took in his hand. It bore the date 1848, and this he read aloud to the interested Urchins.

"It's an eloquent old coin," said the teacher, "and, among other things, it preaches the vanity of our little earthly lives. Each living human being is so precious and dear to some other body that the little life to that other is beyond all price; yet it must be given up—this most priceless thing—and be lost to the lover, while this old copper disc (of so little worth in scale of mortals) holds its useful place in the world generations after the hand that first sent it upon its eventful journey is a thing of dust.

"Could this old cent be given the power of speech, what strange and romantic happenings it would surely be able to relate to us—of the many and varied uses to which it had been put; of doing good and doing evil, according to the will of its possessor of the hour; of its helping or hindering the world just so much; of its adding to human joy or increasing human misery; of being clutched in the

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hand of avarice or dropped from the generous hold; of being haggled for by one small soul, and by a greater one uncounted. In the great commercial world, my Urchins, its little power is as positive as is that of gold, and one hundred of these burly, honest coins receive the deserved and dignified recognition accorded to the dollar. Never to be despised is this humble coin in the day of small things, and I accept this unique souvenir gladly, dear lass, together with all the magic belonging to it."

"'Magic,' sir?"

"Ay, magic; for it is magical in that it fetches before me from out of the misty past the vision of a lad I used to fancy that I knew. He was a dreamer, this boy, and he dreamed some dreams that to-day are 'coming true.' When this freshly minted copper was shining its brightest it was not half so bright as his own hazel eyes nor his golden hopes. You would not recognize this lad, I fear, if I, to-day, were to point him out to you."

"Ah but *I* have, sir! I recognized him at once!"

"And so did I!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

"Did you dream 'a-purpose,' sir, and do dreams you *can* dream 'a-purpose' come true?"

"They were day-dreams, my boy, dreamed when the soul was perfectly conscious of its desires. By ideation—ah, there go Pinkie's eyes opening into their own peculiar interrogation marks! Pinkie, what is an idea?"

"Why—why—well, when I have any *idea* of anything I have a *thought* of it in my mind."

"And 'ideation' is simply the ability—the being able—to so think, fancy, or imagine anything in the mind—to see it there as if it were really a material thing and part of the material world. And, children, if we think, fancy, or imagine—that is, *ideate* anything—*with will*, it must, in due time, 'come true.' That which is divine in us possesses this mysterious power.

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"The Creator's ideation produces worlds; and these must exist first as ideas in the mind of the Maker before they can be manifested in matter. In the mind of the architect the plan—the idea— of the beautiful edifice he afterward builds, dwells first. His material eyes do not see a material structure, yet to his mysterious inner vision that views his thoughts, his fancies, his imaginings, it begins distinctly to form itself—or be formed by his will—into a dream palace, fair, perfect, and beautiful to look upon. From this ideation, this thought-model, grows, in time, the structure, in whatsoever material the builder may choose to clothe it. Lacking the power of ideation, how could the architect furnish the builder the splendid design he follows?

"It is the divine gift of gifts; and, my dear children, we are free to use it with intelligence or with ignorance."

"'Ignorance'? Could an *ignorant* person 'ideate' just as well as one who is wise?" demanded Blackie.

"Not 'as well,' dear boy," smiled the Wise Man, meaningly, "and here lies the great trouble; for even he who knows not his own great power builds, involuntarily, with his every thought—well or ill as his own heart may dictate. But to build well, to build with will and purposefully—that is to recognize and claim one's divine estate." EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

HARD READING AND UNSATISFACTORY.

The oracles of Memphis were clear reading compared to the involved sentences of some of our modern scientists. Scientific books are hard nuts to crack even for the highly-educated; besides, Humanity must have something human to love and to revere.

—*Marie Corelli.*

"When a man takes to obsarvin' common things as if they were special birthday presents from the Almighty, we may be pretty sure there's somethin' out of the ordinary in him."

—*The Fisherman.*

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THE PANORAMA OF SLEEP.

SOUL AND SYMBOL.

BY NINA PICTON.

THE GROWTH IN THE DESERT.

I feared to set out alone, the way was so drear and forbidding. A murky sky hung over me, and the sombre grayness was reflected upon the pebbles in the path, and upon the rocks that lay piled in chaotic confusion before, behind, and about me.

A path stretched before, showing, at every few yards, a winding that made my eyes dizzy to look upon. Gray was it, shell-strewn, and devoid of vegetation—of those straggly bits of moss or weed that spring up unawares.

"I need a companion on the way!" I exclaimed, in affright. "Something lies afar—something toward which I must travel. But the guidance, the association must be regarded."

Then a small Voice spake.

Look where I would, no possessor met mine eye. No straining ear was required to hear it: the words tapped like fine hammer-strokes upon my consciousness.

"Thou needest thyself alone: companionship is fatal. If thought cometh to thee, let thy feet be shod with its momentum, and speed thee on the way."

Irresolute I stood. The air became full of voices. Dissuasion breathed from some; others wafted encouragement.

"Thy choice?" queried the small Voice. "Shalt thou turn back, or proceed?"

I looked behind. The city, replete with life, lay there From chimney-top, from storied wall, the friendly blue smoke curled. Between those clustered dwellings, laughter, life, variety knew an abid ng place.

A pall seemed to separate the path in which I stood from the

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world behind me. Even the skies—God's skies, that knew no division, but stretched, a mighty arch, above me—had lost their noonday coloring, and had faded into a gray dawn, like the early day. My garb looked gray; my hands, restless and cold, were of like hue as I held them up before me.

"Must I?" quoth I. "In this circuitous route, in this grim perspective, what awaits me?"

"Advance and see," the small Voice urged.

Girt with an unknown strength, possessed of sudden resolution, I obeyed.

For many paces the way was endurable. My feet carelessly turned aside both pebble and flinty rock; while the outlook was too new to pall, and hope encouraged.

But human frailty was asserting itself. Endurance soon became a pain and a horror. Narrower and more shelving appeared the way; and on either side the path, the grim rocks seemed carven faces that had petrified in that solitude.

"Farther," urged the Voice.

I looked at my feet. They were scratched and bleeding; the sandals on them scarcely held together.

Still the Voice urged.

I stood weary and uncertain, not knowing the outcome of another step.

Then a Presence drew near. All about the air, a radiation proceeded—a force electric, thrilling and spurring.

Some one seemed to take my hand. How lifelike the contact! Nought but strength could ensue from a grasp like that.

Forward I stepped. What though the flint-rocks pierced! What though pain and feebleness alternated! The Presence was there, and its proximity emboldened me. For it was not given mine eyes to see. A veil, guarding an unseen mystery, divided us. But the ineffable love that breathed in those accents, the potency of spirit, was never to be forgotten, never to be unheeded.

I was nearing something. I felt it. My steps were being con-

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trolled by the Power; my eyes seemed to be directed to the right of the path. And I stopped and saw.

Choked almost to nothingness by the gray rock, struggling to free itself from the dreariness surrounding it, stood a fig-tree. Green with spring-verdure, young, tender and life-appearing it flourished. Tiny fruit was on it. No comelier plant had looked from rich and pleasant oil.

With a sense of elation, I bent toward it. *Here* was a living thing! I was not alone! Nature smiled from the green leaves, the tiny shoots, the supple height; and its appearance relieved the grayness.

"'Tis a lesson!" I exclaimed. "O, proof of Wisdom! encompassed by obstacles, deprived of sun-rays, of rain, of heat, thou thrivest. What must be said of me, spirit-endowed, will-created, conscious—chosen, mayhap, for attainment?"

Then spake the Voice:

"It is well. Thy turning-point lies here."

I plucked a leaf from the tree, and held it in my hand. Aroused, stimulated, I journeyed onward.

Far in the distance rose a city-wall. Its color gleamed like gold.

THE OPEN CRATER.

By the Ionian Isles, where the blue waters of the Mediterranean lap the fertile shore, we sat and waited. Something had led us hither. For we remembered only the life aboard the slow-toiling vessel, then the morning—morning on that shore, so fair to look upon, so golden, so balmy.

I had opened my eyes with a sense of relief. Who would not, after the confinement on board ship, the space immeasurable about, the dome above,—tantalizing, fretting and limiting the senses! The olive-trees held sun-shafts upon their glossy leaves; the young grapes and the pomegranate were warm with life. Breezes, odorous with spicy gatherings, were wafted to us; and in wonderment and

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delight we rubbed our eyes at our coming into what seemed the remotest spot on the face of the globe.

For, toward us no creature walked, about the low-branching trees no young child sported. And yet the herbage, green and fresh, seemed waiting the treading of feet.

Still sat we with a knowledge that some one would soon be there; an inhabitant that would acquaint us with the mystic silence of those shores, the progress beyond, and the history of the Isle.

The sea crept seductively toward the shore with a momentary precision and abandonment. Far out on the blue expanse, where the back-ground of morning-radiance made clear the view, white sails flitted. Was one our vessel? And *why*, and under whose *command* had it borne us so mysteriously to that distant shore?

I looked at my companion and fellow-voyager. Upon her face a calm as soulful as the harmony of that morning rested, and her hands, held lightly in her lap, were tremulous with feel ng.

"What moveth thee thus?" I asked, intent upon her manner, her kindling eye and repression of speech.

"I hear the sound of footsteps," she replied; "some one cometh toward us, and he shall be our guide."

Thinking her speech but a fanciful outburst, I laughed low and long. My mirth changed not her attitude, which was intent upon hearing.

We were waiting. I felt that, and had, from the moment I stepped upon the shore. My companion's ear appeared more in tune with Nature than mine, her face more hopeful, more assured. Through the low-lying grass and creeping herbage, I heard a rustling. It came softly, like the flapping of a bird's wing, followed by a treading—light, yet magnetic with earth-current.

"He comes!" declared my fellow-voyager. "Now we shall know!" Rising, she stood and looked toward him.

A stranger, tall, benignant, and clothed in garb of black, after an ancient and graceful fashion, came toward us. His eye was intelligent, full and clear as the blue of the bending skies. Upon

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his forehead, broad and deep, the hand of Peace seemed lying, and the silken lustre of his jetty locks, made striking his pale, sweet countenance.

"Come!" cried the Shade, in a voice like music; "long hast thou waited."

We advanced with a sense of trust and elation. The fair Isle would now be viewed. Beyond, treasures lay, homes of comfort and of plenty—civilization—everything that buoys the human heart and step.

Into a path, narrow, yet smooth, we stepped. It wound away from the shore with a serpentine lengthening. On the way we passed ruins, debris and clouds of peculiar sifted matter with much of the odor of sulphur. Columns of marble, broken and marred, lay near the roadway. Fragments of doorways, cornice, and gilded tower were piled against high walls, beyond which the sun sported in the blue heaven.

Surely it was a city—one that had been fair and populous. For we passed many stricken and laid low by some terrible decree. Upon several a fear had stamped an impress too terrible to look on long. Upon others, a peace born of resignation had been traced.

And the Shade walked by our side, speaking of the city, its streets, its devastation, as of one well acquainted with its previous grandeur. No sorrow appeared with him, no bitterness, nor yearning. Had he not known one tie, one hope to bind him to some of those shapeless, silent remains, lying so close to the frowning walls, or clutching with death-throes the broken columns?

I longed, yet dreaded, to know. For the human sympathy that pervades every breast, might have opened his silence and disturbed our circuit.

"Whither go we?" asked my fellow-voyager, interest clothing each word.

"Afar from the city, to a place where thou shalt know the mystery of this devastation, and where, if thou art obedient, knowledge shall be given to thee."

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"I am subservient to thee, O Shade!" she answered. And I murmured a low acquiescence.

And now the way became steeper. Looking back, we saw that the city lay beneath us, that the broken columns, leaning walls and piles of rubbish were a terrible reality and mockery in that morning radiance. Those ruined temples, those upheaved mounds, held secrets to be guarded until eternity. That mother, with her flock of frightened little ones, huddling them like a hen beneath her view, poured forth yearnings, hopes and prayers to the Power above.

I looked not back again. The Past lay sealed, the Present was solemn, and the Future veiled to my vision. The way became steeper, narrower, more stifling. At times, the smoke almost blinded me.

Climbing slowly, urged softly to endurance by the Shade, we drew near to the mouth of the huge cone-like mass, that had bellowed its voice, and sent its fiery and destructive breath upon the islanders, unaware and frivolous. A thin smoke still curled from its mouth, a blue fire now and then appeared.

"Wilt thou look into the crater?" asked the Shade. "Such a sight may never more be given to thee, and thy advent upon this shore proclaims it thy privilege."

As he addressed me, I hesitated. What if the monster within its base chose again to speak? Why should I be spared what had befallen so many?

"Is it safe?" I asked.

"Hast thou no trust?" he queried. "Do I wish to add to those stricken ones below? I had thought thee better inclined."

With penitence I murmured:

"Not that, O Shade. But who knowest all the secrets of Nature, her fickle moods, her lavishness or curse?"

"Leave it to others than thyself," was his reply. "Dost thou wish to see?"

I acquiesced quietly, with more reliance on his guidance.

Coming near, he took my hand, and that of my companion.

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Leading us to the crater's brink, he stood and murmured aloud a few words, unintelligible to us, but soft, musical and direct.

"Look!" cried he.

And we peered into the earth-gulf. It was dark, yawning and stifling. Then saw we one below clothed in fire, tall, majestic, and king—as it seemed—of those lower earth-regions.

"What doth he there?" asked I, in awed whisper, fearing a horrible fate for him, convinced that he had been lowered there, perhaps by some enemy.

"He is the Spirit of the Earth," replied my guide. "Every stratum of the world's surface is known to him. In abyss or plain, in crater or cave, he reigns supreme."

"What worketh he there?" asked my fellow traveler.

"He subdueth that mass, which threateneth another uprising. Years may elapse before it again gaineth voice. Until then, the Spirit makes it quiescent."

"Whence cometh he?" asked I.

"Whence come we all?" he answered.

"But he is supernatural, powerful; begotten, it seems, of fire and magic."

"Nay," replied my guide, "thou beginnest not to know what is about thee. To him hath been given this power. Mayhap something may come to thee; and to thee," he declared, looking at my fellow-traveler. "Hundreds of years from now thou mayest be standing where I am, girt with a power never known to thee. Each one is created for some purpose."

"And thou?" asked I, "what—?"

But he quietly interrupted me: "It is enough. Thou hast seen and I have led thee. Henceforth, look with thine eyes; escape nothing. Penetrate the recesses of the earth. Soar above. All will be teaching to thee!"

We descended the mountain-side. Traveling by the same circuitous route, we struck the path again—past the broken columns, past the leaning walls, past the men and women and children lying

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deep in silence, out of the city, and then upon the shore, where the blue waves lapped, where the herbage, the sandy soil, the pebbles and the glory of sky and sunshine sang another song to me, and where, close to the shore, a vessel was moored, waiting to carry us—whither? NINA PICTON.

(*To be continued.*)

GOD GEOMETRISES.

I came to that startling sentence: "God geometrises." "Vain revery," I exclaimed, as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It fell close by a beautiful little flower that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stamens were five in number; its green calyx had five parts; its delicate corol was five-parted, with rays expanding like those of the Texan star. This combination of fives three times in the same blossom appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the pages of the pupil of Sokrates was ringing in my ears: "God geometrises." There was the text, written long centuries ago; and here, this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the West, furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed before my eyes, as it were, a faint flash of light. I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. —*Arabula.*

DIGNITY IN WORK.

There is no disgrace in work; no commonness, no meanness. Disgrace, commonness, and meanness are with those who pretend to work, and never do anything useful for the world they live in.

—*Marie Corelli.*

When a man sleeps, the inner nature goes forth to refresh itself in the everlasting home.

One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous and happy in the midst of poverty, but not a whole nation. —*Isaac Iselin.*

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THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A POPULAR PRICE.

After carefully considering all points involved in the question of price, cost of product, limitations of sale of this class of literature, the unusual expense of introducing and keeping before the public mind a new line of thought-material, etc.,—problems with which we are continuously confronted, we have decided to permanently reduce the price of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE to one dollar a year and ten cents a number.

We are aware of the fact that the cost of an edition of such a periodical as this cannot be produced at these prices without a very large circulation, but THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE has never been published as a money-getter alone, and it has never paid a profit. The educational work for which it was founded goes on just the same when it does not bring in its cost, and any profit which may accrue at any time is at once turned to extend its circulation and influence.

Many requests have come that we, if possible, reduce the price so that those who feel the necessity of economy can yet have the *best that is i sued* to aid in acquiring a knowledge of the higher philosophies now stirring the minds of the thinking people of the civilized world. Until now the problem has been an impossible one owing to the high cost of first-class work, which alone is suitable for such a periodical. With the addit on, however, of our own up-to-date printing and binding plants we now do all parts of the work and produce the magazine entire on our own premises, thus effecting a considerable saving in cost. This will enable us to supply the mag-

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azine at these reduced prices without much more loss than heretofore, and we confidently expect that the increased circulation will soon make good that loss.

We are doing this solely in the interest of the cause which we represent, and we confidently look to all interested patrons to help us make the effort a smart success. There are hundreds of thousands of people who actually want, *n w*, such a magazine but who have not yet seen this—the pioneer as well as the leader of real advanced-thought literature. If each friend will introduce it to another, a practical gain will at once be made and this friendly action continued for a while will produce the desired results.

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PHYSICIANS DISTRUSTING THEIR ART.

The demand of the age is for liberty and opportunity. Except we have these in the exercise of the Healing Art, there will be but its degradation. No more a profession, it thus becomes a mere trade like that of the cobbler or the cooper. Indeed, even now there is so little confidence of medical practitioners in their own skill, that they often choose the deadly risks of operative surgery to their own efforts. —*A. W.*

The rarest sort of a book is a book to read, and the knack in style is to write like a human being.

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THE GOSPELS ON DIVORCE.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States has been engaged at the revising of its Canon on Marriage. The purpose is to prohibit clergymen from officiating at the marriage of divorced individuals while the repudiated consort is yet living. This proposition is based on a text in the Gospel according to Luke where such marrying is declared to be adulterous. The Gospel according to Matthew, however, has the same declaration twice repeated with the exception where there is fornication. The disposition has been to confine this excepting clause to the strictest construction; but this is evidently unwarranted. In Bible usage the terms for lewdness were applied to denote taking part in alien religious rites. The writings of Hosea and Ezekiel show this plainly. Probably the Mylitta-custom afforded the pretext. The apostle Paul took this view of the matter. "If the unbelieving depart, let him depart; a brother or sister is not under bondage in such cases." The sense of the regulation, therefore, appears to be this—that where diversity of sentiment existed in regard to religious faith and duty, which impaired the proper unity in the marriage relation, the persons might separate. Marriage being a civil contract, this would be proper.

THE UNCOMPREHENDED.

Every fact is underlaid by something that we cannot comprehend. Scientific phenomena are not everything, as some assert. It is good to study them, but what is it that does the studying?

THE FIRST DOCTOR.

The title of "Doctor" was invented in the twelfth century and conferred for the first time upon Inerius of the university of Bologna. The first "Doctor of Medicine" was Gulielmo Gordenio, who received the honor from the college at Asti, also in Italy in 1220.

There is no death—never any death! It is all life; we came from it and we go back into it again. —*Margaret Deland.*

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HOROSCOPE TOLD OF GRAVE DANGER.

Julius Erickson of 3304 Park Avenue, assistant cashier in the St. Louis postoffice, says he foretold the assassination of President McKinley in a horoscope printed in the *Post-Dispatch*, April 28, 1901.

Here are two paragraphs from the horoscope.

"The President wi l be in grave danger of illness or accident while on a long journey.

"An especially serious and vexatious period may be looked for during the early part of June, 1901. The President will be in danger of illness or accident about that time. He is in aspect somewhat similar in nature to those in operation when Lincoln and Garfield assumed office."

Mr Erickson was seen by the *Post-Dispatch*, Saturday morning. He had this to say of his horoscope and the at least partial fulfillment of what he foretold:

"I consider that I foretold the assassination of the President to the satisfaction of astrologers. To be sure, there is an apparent discrepancy of some sixty days between the date I set for the happening and that on which it occurred, but I came near enough—as near, in fact, as astrologers hope to approach such occurrences.

"If one reads carefully what I wrote, there is really not any discrepancy at all in the main fact of occurrence. I foresaw illness or injury to him about June, but followed this with these words: 'He is in aspect somewhat similar in nature to those in operation when Lincoln and Garfield assumed office.'

"By this I do not mean that he was in such aspect just for the month of June, but that his entire administration period was under such aspect.

"I was led to believe the President was in danger because astrological conditions at the time of his inauguration were almost exactly similar to those attending the inauguration of Lincoln and Garfield.

"When President McKinley was shot, the Sun, his general signi-

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ficator in astrology, had reached the exact opposition of the place it held at the time of his inauguration. This, in astrology, is called a very evil aspect. The planet Uranus had reached the exact quartile aspect the Sun held on the day of his inauguration and its position yesterday.

"The Moon, which is President McKinley's ruling planet during his term, as it was in Lincoln's and Garfield's, was quite seriously afflicted at the time of his inauguration, being in what is called in opposition aspect of Uranus; it had also separated from a conjunction with Mars the day before. Mars usually symbolizes or typifies the cruel, bloodthirsty and headstrong, which seems to have found its apotheosis in this first of the new century's assassins.

"Uranus generally signifies all secret and underhand work and mysterious forces. It personifies very largely the peculiar manner in which the assassin approached the President.

"In comparing the horoscope published in the *Post-Dispatch* last April with the occurrence of yesterday, note that these two principal points in the horoscope are borne out:

"The President did suffer an injury similar to those of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield and it occurred while he was on a journey. The similarity existing between his case and those of the two martyred Presidents, and the fact that the greatest danger threatened while on a journey—these points I especially emphasized, and they are borne out."—*St. Louis Post Dispatch, Sept. 7, 1901.*

FAITH AND INSPIRATION.

By ideal faith and inspiration I mean faith and the perennial throbs of religious ecstasy *in creative alliance with rational and moral ideas*, this it is, this only, which places between man's nature and the eternal heavens a Jacob's ladder, on which the angels of human genius and of God's revelation go up and down.

—*D. A. Wasson.*

If you make your life a success, you can afford to let the dogs bark as you go by.

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ST. LOUIS ASTROLOGER PREDICTS McKINLEY TRAGEDY.

JULIUS ERICKSON, WELL-KNOWN TO THE READERS OF THE STAR. FORETOLD THE ACT OF THE ANARCHISTIC MURDERERS MONTHS AGO.

Mr. Julius Erickson, the well-known St. Louis astrologer, who has made some wonderful predictions for *The St. Louis Star*, foretold the McKinley tragedy five months ago.

Mr. Erickson, who is an official of the St. Louis postoffice, is an expert in the science of the reading of the stars. Among other forecasts of his, he predicted both defeats of Bryan for *The Star*, detailing just how each would come about.

In the April (1901) number of THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE of New York, Mr. Erickson published an article entitled:

AN ,ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION ON PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S SECOND TERM.

In this article, the copy for which THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE says was received on March 10, 1901, Mr. Erickson discussing McKinley's astrological surroundings says:

"It denotes a very serious illness for the Executive and grave danger of death. He will be in grave danger of accident or some such event while on a long journey. * * * An especially vexatious and serious time may be looked for during the early part of June, 1901. The President will be in danger of illness or accident about that time; in fact the President is under aspect somewhat similar in nature to those in operation when Lincoln and Garfield assumed office."

Mr. Erickson said to *The Star*, Saturday, that he had missed the time a couple of months, as would be natural in such a prediction, but he thought that otherwise, the stars had only truthfully outlined McKinley's misfortune.—*St. Louis Star, September 7, 1901.*

In politics and religion we have less charity for those who believe half our creed, than for those who deny the whole of it.

—*Colton.*

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MOTHER'S WAY.

Mother allus had a way o' makin' children feel so good—
Spite of all they'd do or say there weren't no one else that could.
But our mother—laws-a-massy! ef we all was nigh death's door
With our bee-stings, an' our bruises, an' our toes all stubbed and sore,
Mother allus sort o' knew jest how to touch 'em soft an' right—
Sort o' knew jest how to come an' w'isper to us in the night
Like a reg'lar angel walkin' w'ite an' silent round the bed,
Layin' soothin' hands upon a feller's feverish, throbbin' head,
An' a breathin' words o' comfort in a voice chuck full o' love,
Tender, sweet and sympathizin', like the cooin' of a dove.
Strange how fevers sort o' tumbled to the touch o' hands like hern!
Stranger still how aches an' pains 'u'd quiet down, an' take a turn
Allus for the better jest as soon as mother's hands was laid
On our brows like dewy velvet—*sech* a diff'rence as it made!
No one's hand was jest like mother's; seemed as if her very touch
On us boys w'en we was ailin' allus 'mounted to so much.
All the philters an' the potions, doctors' drugs an' sech like stuff
Never cured us; mother's touches allus seemed to be enough.
Seemed as ef she knowed her presence with us faithful night and day
An' her love alone 'u'd cure us—that was allus mother's way.

Mother died w'en we kids wasn't any of us half-way grown,
An' I were the youngest of 'em—left, it seemed, the most alone.
An' sometimes ef I'd a headache, or hed ketched it in a fight
I'd ferget an' holler "Mother!" in the silence of the night.
An' I know she came an' touched her little suff'rin', sobbin' kid
'Cause I allus felt so peaceful; ef she didn't, then *who did?*
Preachers preach that folks live on clean after death, an' ef that's so
W'ats to hender mother comin' to her boys I'd like to know?
'Speshly ef they was a-needin' her to comfort 'em to-day
You kin bet she'd hurry to 'em—it were allus mother's way.

EVA BEST.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF MEDICINE. A brief outline of Medical History and Sects of Physicians from the Earliest Historic Period; with an Extended Account of the New Schools of the Healing Art in the Nineteenth Century, and especially a History of the American Eclectic Practice of Medicine, never before published. By ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D. F. A. S., Honorary Member of the Liverpool (Eng.) Anthropological Society, Vice-President of the "American Akademe," late Professor of Physiology and Psychological Science and Secretary of the National Eclectic Medical Association of the United States, Member of the New York Medico-Legal Society, President of the "School of Philosophy," and Member of other Philosophic, Reformatory and Scientific Societies, etc. In one handsome 12 mo., vol. xxix, 946 pp., with portrait of author, cloth, price $2.75.

He who pronounces this "History of Medicine" the master-piece of its gifted author will in no wise hazard an opinion. Every page bears the impress of the painstaking student and ripe scholar. It is decidedly refreshing to find the dry facts of ancient medical history so interestingly and pleasingly portrayed. The intimate acquaintance of the author with ancient, and especially Egyptian history is amply demonstrated in the opening chapters of this book.

Although the author's design was only to outline briefly the history of archaic and medieval medicine, through a happy faculty for condensation, he has done far more and incorporated so many facts that from a perusal of its pages, an excellent knowledge of the healing art of those times is obtained. One of the many instances where Prof. Wilder has corrected the false impressions and glaring errors of other writers on medical history, is the manner in which he treats on the life and labors of Paracelsus. The formidable array of vituperative appellations heaped upon this medical philosopher by historians of the present day is marvelous to contemplate. In striking contrast to such epithets as "charlatan," "quack," "knave," "sot," etc., the candid, impartial manner in which this author accords him a true estimate of legitimate worth is indeed refreshing. Instead of meriting the abuse so unstintingly bestowed upon him. Paracelsus is shown to be one of the truly great men in medieval history. To the intolerant spirit of the profession of his time may be attributed this philosopher's tragic death.

With equal candor and justice are considered the lives and labors of other discoverers and innovators on established creeds and customs of primitive medicine. The various systems of healing have in like manner been taken up and their claims concisely and fairly stated.

With the inception of the American Reformed or Eclectic Practice the author abandons the compendious style and affords us the first and only impartial history of this system ever written. Notwith-

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standing the great ability shown in treating on ancient medicine, it is here that the author appears at his best. Pages of description would fail to convey an adequate idea of the rich fund of interesting and useful historic facts therein given, all of which are rendered easily accessible by a copious table of contents and an exhaustive index.

While the title of this book might convey to the mind an idea that it is a volume of interest to professional readers alone, a more serious mistake could hardly be conceived. The plain, clear style of the author and the happy faculty he possesses of making historic facts interesting, assures the work a wide circle of non-professional readers. Liberal, and especially Eclectic medicine is exceptionally fortunate in having as its historian one possessing such a versatility of talent as is here manifested; and this work will be handed down from generation to generation as a most precious heritage from Prof. Wilder's classic pen."

The attitude of the author toward the different schools of healing is expressed with distinctness, as will be seen in the following paragraphs:

" There has been no one school, no single medical profession, outside of the priesthoods, extending in an unbroken chain from the indefinite Past to our own Twentieth Century. New phases have manifested themselves as regularly almost as those of the moon in the sky.

" A single Catholic Science of Medicine, of inerrant orthodoxy and faultlessly classified, cannot be intelligently affirmed to exist. The medical vista is like a kaleidoscope in which the several dominant opinions appear conspicuous according as the instrument happens to be turned. ' I have seen them,' says the late President Jefferson, 'the disciples of Hoffmann, Boerhaave, Stahl, Cullen and Brown, succeed one another like the shifting figures of a magic lantern; and their fancies, like the dresses of the annual doll-babies from Paris, becoming from their novelty, the vogue of the day, and yielding to the next novelty their epheme al favors.'

"New views are generally first denounced as false, afterward derided as of little importance, and eventually accepted with the assertion that they had always been the property of the profession. The first promulgators, however, are seldom included in such favorable reception.

"Yet it must be acknowledged that the professional instruction which has been systematically imparted in the various institutions of medical learning has not satisfied the prevalent unrest in public sentiment. Able practitioners have often commented upon its insufficiency. One physician whom we knew counseled his student to attend the medical college where the degree would be easiest to obtain, declaring that this was perfunctory, and that

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the real professional knowledge would remain to be acquired afterward. Sir Thomas Watson was more outspoken, averring that the physician must begin by unlearning what he had learned in the laboratory. With such convictions on the part of the teachers themselves, it may be expected that intelligent persons will look beyond past knowledge that is genuine and trustworthy. The statement of a medical journal may not surprise us, that at the present time there are twice as many students taking lessons in mind-cure and kindred theories, than are to be found in all the medical colleges. We do not care to join in aspersing them, but commit his cause to the One who judges righteously. The term 'quack' is vulgar slang, such as no well-bred individual ever employs, or cares to employ. The true professional man is a gentleman in speech as well as in deportment."

"Rademacher was truly a man who dared follow what best accorded with his convictions. He wrought and wrote for the future. He had none of that bigotry of progress, which, from selfish interest or a fanatic devotion to that which may be about to prevail is ready and eager to belittle all that has been."

"It often seems when new thought or new knowledge comes to the world, that individuals remote from each other, and perhaps having no direct communication, apprehend it at the same time. It has been so with scientific discoveries."

"Perhaps in these 'superstitions' as they are sometimes termed, there are more germs of truth than we are ready at first glance to perceive. The influence of mental conditions to disturb the bodily health, or to restore it, is well known to be a powerful factor in medical practice, as missionaries, when accepted religious authority appears to sustain them, and especially when eminent members of the medical profession give sanction to their assumptions. Hufeland says unreservedly: 'There is a region of the man that is never sick; and to call out the reign of that region makes the sick man well." W. C. H.

"The trend of the period is to make all higher education so costly and difficult that only the wealthy may acquire it. In England university education is considered the privilege of the sons of gentlemen, and a yeoman's son who ventures to enter a college or university is made to feel himself classed as an interloper. The medical statutes read as if devised in a like spirit and purpose. They have been enacted, not as Constitutional measures, but as warranted by the police power."

"'People have been made to believe' says Dr. Palmer, 'that medical laws were made for the protection of the people against quacks. But the facts are that these laws are usually framed by professional quacks for their own protection.' Being reviled, the Doctor should not revile again. The virtues of drugs are beyond the province of chemistry to explain, yet they are directly associated

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with the vital energies of medicinal plants and the magnetic conditions of the substances. It matters little whether we term these things 'spirits,' 'forces,' 'properties,' or some other cunningly-devised appellation. We may seek to evade the matter by plausible explanations or equivocations, yet we shall inevitably be brought back to the starting-point. The Medical Art began with such a belief in mystic and occult principles, and it has not yet gone a great distance further. In the present state of medical knowledge, it will be well, therefore, to withhold sneers, and to cultivate with assiduity the faculty of veneration—which is, after all, the true master-key of knowledge."

"There is vastly more to be learned than has been known. No one has a commission to get up a standard, to cast a measuring-line and say to the explorer: 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' We may account nothing common or unclean. It is the unalienable right of everyone to do without arbitrary restriction, the work which is appropriate to him, for which he has fitness and aptitude. For as every star has a glory of its own which we may not decry, so human beings have their genius and vocation which to crush or to cramp is murderous. Nor may we in order to give the stars superior distinctness, endeavor to extinguish or eclipse the sun. Enough for the glow-worm that shines in the dark to hate the brilliant orb of day; the true soul will esteem them both for what they are, and will admire the light of each. Every age teems with new convictions. The latest knowledge gives us freshest thought and inspiration." W. C. H.

The editor of *Notes and Queries* says of the book:

"It may be regarded as a classic compilation. Dr. Wilder is a classical scholar and familiar with all literature, and the earlier chapters of the work are a classic history of medicine, and as entertaining as a romance; being interspersed with just enough of primitive practitioners of the art to make one feel that it descended from the gods. Dr. Wilder has compiled a large amount of medical information into nearly a thousand pages, accompanied with a very full index to the same. The work should go into all libraries, whether medical or otherwise."

WOMAN REVEALED. By NANCY MCKAY GORDON, 6214 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill. Cloth $1.00.

This book is plainly written, yet contains truths seen from so high a standpoint, that to the pure in heart it will convey a sublime message. The author does not put man above woman, nor woman above man; but places them side by side.

The chapter on the entrance into the Garden of Eden—the problem of the Virgin—the mystical rendering of the blossoming of Joseph's rod—the story of the Magdalene are incidents in the history of every human heart.

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BURYING ALIVE A FREQUENT PERIL. By Professor Alexander Wilder, London. A. Lovell. The startling facts which are brought to notice would arouse the attention of the most careless. Our daily newspapers abound with accounts of individuals in recent wrecks who had been officially pronounced dead, but were fortunate enough to revive in time to escape the undertaker, showing that the matter is one that ought to be remedied without further delay. Few dreams are more terrible than being buried alive.

EXCHANGES.

THE THEOSOPHIST for September continues the fourth series of "Old Diary Leaves." Col. Olcott mentions several incidents which he observed in Europe, but describes more at length his visit to America some years ago, when he lectured in the Scottish Rite Hall. The article, "Glimpses of Theosophical Christianity" is also continued, and treats of Faith and the Efficacy of Prayer. The article on Astrologic Warnings educes examples of former predictions and their realization. It fixes on the 28th of November as beginning a period of or a conjunction which will bear rule for ten years to come, adding: "A general European war appears fairly certain" which will resultin the enthronement of Russia upon the Bosphorus and the disappearance of every Mohammedan kingdom from off the face of the earth.

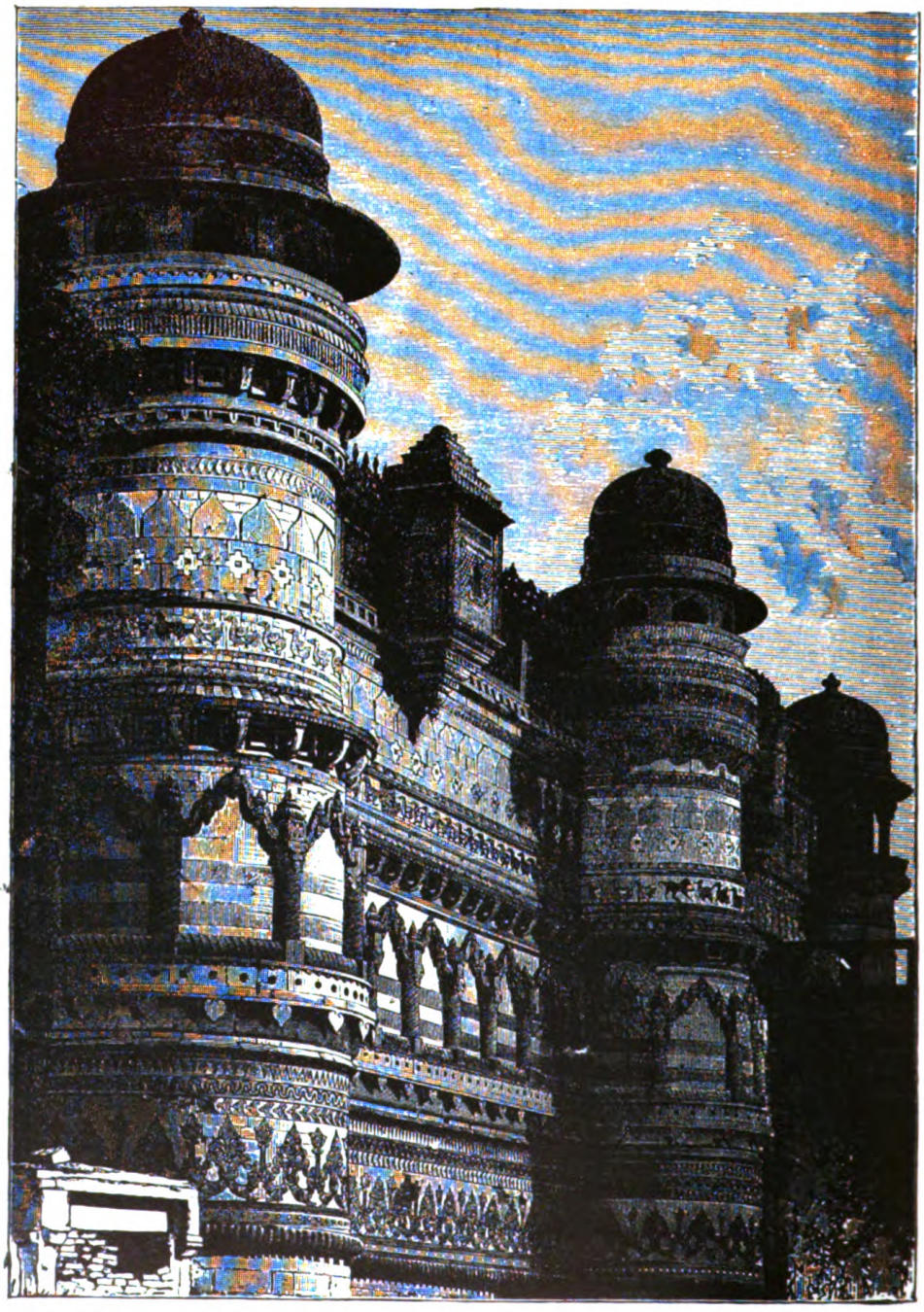
NOTES AND QUERIES for October contains a curious variety, some of it of a very instructive character. The first article by Edward Vaughan Kenealy treats of the Signs and Symbols of Masonry. Quoting many expressions in the writings of Paul, he remarks that the apostle seems in some way to have got initiated himself. "Perhaps," he says, "in some Eleusinian lodge, or from some wandering brother, he first picked up the idea of making Jesus, like Bacchus, a public expiator of sin," referring to the descent of that divinity to the world of the dead, and to his office as the looser and liberator of disfranchised souls. The "Four Parables" from "The Prophet" are ingenious and eminently suggestive. The other articles are selections of quaint extracts and poems not easily found in current literature, yet well worth attention from the curious and thoughtful.

The Metaphysical Magazine is for sale by newsdealers everywhere. If not found on any news-stand or in any depot or ferry-house please notify the publishers, giving the name and address of the newsdealer, and steps will be taken at once to have him supplied.

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SIDE VIEW OF THE PALACE OF KING PAL, GWALIOR

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THE

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GENESIS OF THE KORAN.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D., F. A. S.

"God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."—TENNYSON.

Every few centuries a new movement of an extraordinary character occurs to agitate the world. There was in former periods an irruption or general emigration of populations to disturb the settled order, or there was the appearing of a new leader of thought to break the monotony of established belief or indifference. So regularly have such epochs arrived as almost to warrant the classifying of human history by cycles that were indicated by remarkable events or peculiar conditions. Herodotus has preserved the tradition of the Phœnix, the sacred Bennu of Egypt, that came to Heliopolis every five hundredth year, bringing the body of its predecessor for the funeral obsequies At such times the former period came to an end, and the "new heavens and new earth" began their course.

By no means would it be any great stretch of imagination to view all past history, so far as it is now known, as divided into such periods, and to point out the events and famous individuals that distinguished them. Thus Cyrus, Cæsar and Charlemagne made eras in the political world, as did Gregory the Great, Hildebrand and Martin Luther in the world of religious activity. So, likewise, the invasions of the more civilized regions of Asia and Europe by hordes from the North, took place with a wonderful regularity, and ef-

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fected great changes in populations, government and social institutions. The recurring of epidemic visitations, whether of disease or doctrine, seems to have a like regularity.

Every country of which we have historic record, has exhibited periodic transitions. India, which was once Æthiopic and Turanian, had, after the Aryan conquests, a Vedic age, and then in course the Former Brahmanic, the Buddhistic and the Later Brahmanic periods. The political history has been in very exact correspondence with these. Persia was Zoroastrian, then Parthian and afterward Magian. Egyptian history is described by dynasties that are classified in groups as belonging to distinct empires. Greece was Pelasgian in the archaic times, then Hellenic but afterward becoming Christianised. But we will not carry this enumeration further. They serve to show that nations as they become degenerate in virtue and energy, have uniformly passed under the control of ambitious leaders, or became the subjects of foreign conquerors. So the history of the world has been made with kaleidoscopic phases.

Religions have participated in similar changes. Worships have grown up, undergone modifications or been superseded by new forms of rite and doctrine; and these in their turn underwent like decay and transformation. The beliefs and activities of one generation hardly suit the genius of its successors. Truly do our little systems have their day and then pass into decadence.

The sixth century of the present era was big with such events. The Roman world had become Gothic and Greek and the rule over Syria and Egypt, was disputed by the monarchs of Persia. Mithras-worship, with occult rites, was extending over Europe and imperiling the existence of the rival faith. Manichean Gnosticism was also honeycombing the ecclesiastic body from Armenia and Bulgaria to Southern Gaul. The Nestorians had established universities and were maintaining an extensive propaganda in Africa and through all Asia, and numbered more adherents than both the Greek and Roman communions. An older worship than these, the Sabian,

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which was astral as well as ceremonial, including the "host of heaven" as its divinities, was still prevalent in Arabia and the East. It had, however, passed its climacteric. There was, accordingly, a general process of disintegration in activity, and the world was ripening for a new evolution.

In all quarters, says Renan, there was the presentiment of a great religious renovation; in all quarters people were saying that the time for Arabia had come. The peninsula, almost a world in itself, was inhabited by numerous tribes, clans and families, that were in a great degree independent of one another, and were actually sometimes at open war. The cities were distinct commonwealths, made up of confederated septs having like parentage and the same religious sanctuary. The whole region was now nearing the important crisis in its history. The ancient worship was outworn, and many who observed its rites were overborne by a sense of their utter uselessness. Hence other faiths became acceptable. The adherents of Magism had fled to Arabia after the conquest of the Persian dominion by Alexander. Christians were also numerous, finding shelter from the persecutions of the Roman and Byzantine emperors. Jews, likewise, came for new homes after the final destruction of their own national existence, and under their influence many tribes actually embraced Judaism. Indeed, the Arabians, though formerly reputed to be of the posterity of Ad and Thamud, and though probably of the same ethnic origin with the Abyssinians and other African peoples, now regarded themselves as lineal descendants of Abraham, the Semitic ancestral personage. They may have been influenced by their Jewish countrymen, or perhaps by their astro-theological beliefs, rather than by trustworthy tradition.*

* In the Hebrew prophetic writing the region of Hedjaz, Yemen and Hadramaut is uniformly called "Cush" or Ethiopia. The Semitic name, Abraham, appears to be made from the two words "Ab and Ram," thus signifying "The Father on high." This, in astral theology, is a designation of the planet Saturn, or Kronos, and of the divinity bearing those names.

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Pilgrimage to sacred places was a general feature in ancient religions, and in this way the Valley of Mina in the Hedjaz had long been a famous place of resort. Here the caravans employed in the trade with India halted for refreshment and traffic. In it was the well Zemzem, which abounded with an inexhaustible supply of water. All holy places had a temple-precinct and sacred fountain, and so the sanctuary was established here, the Kaba, so called as being peculiarly significant of the Great Mother of many names, whom "all Asia and the world worshiped." In it was the shrine of Ho-Bal, the Baal of the East, and there were also the images and emblematic figures of the divinities, simulacra of the astral spirits and guardians of the days of the year, and also the Black Stone, which, like the other meteoric stones of Tyre, Cyprus, Emesa and Ephesus, was venerated as the particular symbol of the Great Goddess.

The possession of the keys of the Kaba assured the ascendancy in civil and religious administration. Through the diversion of trade into other channels the importance of the region had declined. Kosai, the chief ruler of the Koraish, was able to acquire the authority of the keys for his own people, and followed up this advantage by founding the city of Mekka anew with governmental and religious institutions. He also united the neighboring tribes into one federation, with a central council and defined relations between them all. Hashim and others completed the work thus begun, and Mekka was once more a metropolis. The Kaba was rebuilt and was again a place of resort for pilgrims. The people recognized Alla Taala, the Most High God, as supreme over all, whom Abraham, their ancestor, had also adored, and revered the spirits of the stars as saints to intercede with him.

Such was the condition of affairs when Mohamad* was born. Losing his parents, he became the ward of the sheik, or patriarch, of

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*This is the spelling of the name in use among English-speaking Moslems in India. The name in Persian and Arabic is without consonants.

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his tribe, first of his grandfather and afterward of his uncle. Like Moses, David and others of moderate wealth, he was for several years employed as a keeper of flocks. He thus formed the simple habits which he retained through life. He was of a sensitive nature, nervously afraid and susceptible of bodily pain, sobbing and screaming in his anguish. He suffered from torturous convulsions, terrible to endure or even to behold. He was often low-spirited and wished for death. From being so much alone he early became addicted to serious meditation.

At the age of twelve he accompanied his uncle, who was leading a caravan into Syria. At Bozra the two were guests at the Nestorian Convent. Bahira, one of the monks, took a warm interest in the youth. He found the young Kotham precociously intelligent, and eager for knowledge, especially upon matters connected with religion. These expeditions to Syria were repeated in subsequent years, and thus he became indoctrinated in the tenets of the Nestorians, acquiring the same hatred of image-worship which was a peculiarity of their religion. "His subsequent career shows," Professor Draper remarks, "how completely their religious thoughts had taken possession of him, and repeated acts manifest his affectionate regard for them. His own life was devoted to the expansion and extension of their theological doctrine; and, that once effectually established, his successors energetically adopted and diffused their Aristotelian opinions."

In this way, sober, thoughtful and industrious, he grew up to manhood. He was gentle, sensible, free from hate, sincere and kind of heart. When his hand was taken in salutation he responded cordially to the pressure, and was never first to withdraw

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--M'H'M'D, leaving every one to be guided by usage and his own judgment in regard to the vowels. All Oriental languages are equally indefinite in regard to vowel-sounds, leading to great confusion in the spelling of proper names. The names in the Bible would be equally puzzling because of the masoretic innovation, but that the Greek text has anticipated this difficulty.

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it from the grasp. He never struck others in anger nor scolded any one for a fault. He was very fond of little children, playing with their toys and telling them fairy tales and amusing stories. In matters of daily life he was inexpert and unpractical, but he excelled in imagination, delicacy and refinement of feeling. He is described as being more modest than a girl behind her curtain. He waited on himself, mended his own clothes, visited the sick, and if he chanced to meet a funeral party, he turned and followed the bier. Those who met him revered him; those who knew him loved him. Yet he was timorous and distrustful of himself, and nothing short of intense conviction could have induced him to declare himself an Apostle of God.

He lived long in obscurity before he began his work. For years he went with the caravans to Syria, employed in various ways, and discharging every trust with scrupulous fidelity. He was twenty-five years old when he was engaged by Khadija, a rich widow, to take charge of her merchandise and sell it in Damascus. Upon his return, though many years his senior, she proposed marriage, and the union was a happy one. His devotion to her never abated. Years after her death a favorite wife reproached him for this continued attachment, affirming that she was herself superior to her. This he vehemently denied. "No woman was ever her superior," he declared. "I was poor and she enriched me; I was accused of falsehood and deception, but she always believed me. I suffered, but the more I suffered the more she loved me." Whatever judgment may be formed of his later career, he amply deserved during these years, the epithet by which he was known, "Amin," the Faithful.

There was at this period a goodly number of thoughtful men at Mekka and other places in the neighborhood, who had lost all regard for the established worship and yet questioned the integrity of the other faiths then prevalent in Arabia. They were generally careful to avoid open rupture with their countrymen, and sometimes assumed the title of "Abrahamitic Sabians," as though

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seeking to perfect the religion of their countrymen by finding and restoring that of their Great Ancestor. To this they gave the name of "Islam," obtaining for themselves as its followers, and perhaps for own worthiness the designation of *Musalmans* or Moslems.* They were distinguished by their countrymen by the less honorable title of *Hanifs*† as being apostates or hypocritic conformists to the national worship.

There is an account of a private conference between four of them, Waraka, Othman, Obeida and Zaid. It was at the annual festival which was in progress at the Kaba. "Truly," said they, "these our country are walking in the path of error and falsehood. Shall we also walk in procession around a stone that can not see or hear, help or hurt? Let us seek a better path; and if it shall be necessary, in order to find the truth, let us quit our country and search elsewhere."

So each went by himself. Waraka consulted with the Jews; Othman journeyed as far as Constantinople and was there baptized. Obeida pursued a more uncertain career, long wavering between one faith and another of the many then professed in Arabia. But Zaid stood apart from all, declaring his belief in Islam alone, and earnestly endeavoring to conform to what he considered to have been the religion of Abraham. He went daily to the Kaba to pray for enlightenment, and courageously affirmed his belief in one God, that "there is no God but Allah." He attacked the worship of

*The Arabic term, S'L'M, *salam*, which belongs also to all the Semitic dialects, is defined in the lexicons as signifying *peace*, *reconcilement*, also *devotion*, *welfare* in general. It is used for friendly salutation all the way from Bengal to Morocco. The designation, *Islam*, is formed from it by adding the prefix *I*, which gives it a technical meaning: and in like manner, *Moslem* and *Musalman*, have the prefix *M* or *Mu*, to indicate the believer. In the Talmud, the term *moslem*, is used as the equivalent of *Sadok*, a righteous man.—*Proverbs* xxiv:16. The Hebrew name of Soloman, S'L'M'A, Salamba, is likewise a derivative from that term, and likewise its feminine, *Salambo*, a designation of the great goodness.

†From H'N'P, haniph, *profane*, *ungodly;* also a *hypocrite*, an *apostate*. This term appears in the Hebrew text of the book of *Job*, chapters viii: 13; xiii:16; xiv:18; also *Isaiah* ix:17; and *Jeremiah*, xxiii:15.

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images and many divinities, and denounced the practice of burying female infants alive. Whatever he perceived to be right he sought faithfully to do. Persecution finally compelled him to leave the city, and he journeyed through Syria to Mesopotamia, everywhere pursuing his quest for the true religion.

Mohamad openly declared himself the pupil of Zaid. Following his example, he repaired often to Mount Hira, a desolate peak near Mekka, and abode there for considerable periods, in one of its caves, engaged in silent prayer and meditation. He continued to do this for several years. Though of a fervid imagination, he does not appear to have contemplated any taking of the lead in a general social and religious upheaval. He was undergoing a training and experience which served to prepare him for the very undertaking which he did not dream of or even comprehend.

Mohamad was now forty years old. The annual fast of the month of Ramadhan was celebrated at Mekka, and he had gone to Mount Hira to spend the time in devotional meditation. This was the turning-point of his career. He had an interview with the angel Gabriel, he tells us, and received from him the divine message commissioning him as the Apostle of Allah, the one only God.

Whether he had become entheat from intense mental concentration, or saw and heard what he describes while in a trance or dream or some seizure to which he was subject, we do not attempt to determine. This much, however, must be admitted in candor, even by those who are not willing to acknowledge the reality of anything supernatural, that he himself believed that he was directed from heaven. It is an account like those of which we read in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and we forbear to speak further.

Imagination was displayed in its wildest stages of phantasy in the endeavors to vilify the Arabian apostle and his doctrine. Christendom, which was then characterized by gross ignorance of everything beyond its borders, abounded with extravagant statements and descriptions. He was represented as a pagan deity

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that was worshiped with human sacrifices and rites of the grossest lewdness. I was affirmed that the Moslems at Cadiz paid homage to the golden image of the god *Mahom*, and that the Emperor Charlemagne feared to destroy it lest he would thereby set free an army of evil demons belonging to it, to go abroad over the earth. Even the highest authorities of the Roman church declared that the god Maphomet, Baphomet or Bafum was worshiped in the East; and the terms *Bafumry*, *Mahomry* and *Mummery* became designations of unholy and unclean rites.* Many and remarkable were the descriptions that were current. Dante mentions Mohamad as a heretic who had sowed discord in the Church. It was also told that he had sought to be elected Pope, and on failing had invented a new religion in revenge. Even Martin Luther joined in the fierce calumnies and reviled him in language such as sensitive person regard as profane swearing. The Huguenot writer, Genebrard, denominated Mohamad "an ignorant beast," and denounced the Koran for not having been written in Latin, Greek or Hebrew. Indeed, not till within the Nineteenth Century, did it become a familiar practice with any to speak of the great Arabian candidly and impartially.

Those who had known Mohamad most familiarly were the first to acknowledge his claims. Coming from his retreat in great consternation, he told his faithful wife what had befallen him. He feared that he was to become a mountebank (*cohen*), or one obsessed. She answered joyfully: "Not so. He in whose hands is the life of Khadija, he is my witness that thou art to be the prophet of this people." Then she hastened to her cousin Waraka, the Hanif, now old and blind, who "knew the Scriptures of the Jews and Christians." When she had told him what she heard, he lifted up his sightless eyes, and exclaimed: "Holy, Holy! This

*The Arabian Moslems were also declared to be worshipers of the goddess of the Moon, who was styled Trivagante or Termagant. They were also classed as Paynims or pagans, and denominated infidels and *miscreants*, or misbelievers.

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is the Law which came to Moses." And meeting Mohamad afterward in the street, he saluted him as the apostle of Allah, and predicted persecution, exile and conflict.

Zaid had wandered to Mesopotamia, stopping wherever he might consult those who, like himself, were studying in the hope to recover the lost wisdom of the ancient sage. A Christian monk, whose friendship he had gained, now told him of the new apostle that had appeared at Mekka, proclaiming the religion of Abraham. Overjoyed, he set out for home, but was met on his way by robbers and murdered.

Mohamad is described as reluctant, and even afraid, to venture upon his new vocation. Timid and hesitating in disposition, he quailed at an enterprise which was sure to cost friends, reputation and what man holds dear. The Hanifs with whom he had been associated had been compelled to undergo social proscription, and even persecution till they left their homes. And, then, what if the visit of the angel should be but a hallucination, a distempered vision with no reality behind it, or even a scene got up for his destruction by malignant demons?

Finally he resolved to obey the supernatural voice. He laid aside the names Kotham and Halibi, which he had hitherto borne, and took the one by which he is universally known.* Like the prophet Elijah, he had desired death feeling it better for him to die than to live; yet when the men of his clan offered bribes and made threats to swerve him, he stubbornly replied: "Though they array against me the sun on my right hand and the moon on my left, yet while God commands me I will not renounce my purpose." Nor had he any overweening illusion in regard to his own superior worthiness. "Will you not enter Paradise by your own merits?" Ayesha asked him. He answered, reiterating it three times:

*It was the custom of the kings of Egypt, upon their accession to the throne, to assume a new name as a declaration of their divine rank. Mohamad evidently selected his for its peculiar meaning, the *One desired*, the *Favorite* (of Heaven). See I *Samuel*, ix:20; *Haggai*, ii:7.

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"Never shall I enter Paradise unless God shall cover me with his mercy."

It does not appear to have been his ambition to introduce a new system of belief into the world. "His first and ruling idea was simply religious reform," says Professor Draper, "to overthrow Arabian idolatry and put an end to the wild enthusiasm of Christianity." That the movement should extend into other regions from India to the Atlantic, till it included a third of the population of the earth within its scope, and continue as is now the case to extend and make its proselytes better and worthier—all this he had never contemplated. He had long entertained the sad conviction of the Hanifs, that his people had gone astray from the religion of Abraham, and he now regarded himself as appointed by God, to call them back to the ancient ways. His utterances were denominated the *Koran*,* as signifying such calling. Islam has no priesthood to shape its dogmas or control the conscience of its adherents. Its principles are broad and liberal. Reviled as he has been for centuries, Mohamad always spoke in respectful words of those who had been teachers before him. He never uttered the name of us except with a benediction He also recognized the merits of sincere believers of other religions. "Verily," says he, "the believers, and those who are Jews, those who are Christians and Sabians, whoever believeth in God and doeth that which is right, they shall have their reward with their Lord: there shall come no fear upon them, neither shall they be grieved."

To constitute a nation it is necessary that people shall have a record, a history, a literature Every religion that has made a permanent impression upon the world has been the religion of a Book. Arabia and the countries adjacent, in the time of Mohamad, abounded with sacred scriptures, such as the Hebrew and Rab-

*This term is derived from the word K'RA, to *call*, to *cry out*, to *read* as from writing. The name *Koran*, may, therefore, signify the writings that were called together or collected after the death of Mohamad, or that were to be considered to be sacred.

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binic writings, the *Avesta*, the Book of Seth, the Book of Enoch, and the numerous gospels of the Gnostic and other Christian sects. They were congruous to some extent with the description which the Brahmans have given of a *puran*: "a literary work treating of five subjects; namely: primary creation, or the creation of matter in general; secondary creation, or the production of the subordinate beings, both spiritual and material; a chronological account of their great periods of time; the genealogic rise of families, particularly those that have reigned in the country; and lastly, a history of the lives of particular families."

To these conditions the Koran certainly does not conform. It is unique, having neither beginning, middle nor end. The *suras* are not even properly arranged. Its transitions from one mood and topic to another are sudden and rapid; it suffers fearfully by translation; its elegance of diction is utterly lost; and yet as we read, we find much to admire.

The late Emanuel Deutsch considered Islam as being "neither more nor less than Judaism adapted to Arabia *plus* the apostleship of Jesus and Mohamad." He referred for corroboration, to Maimonides, the exponent of the later Judaism, who fearlessly spoke of Christ and Mohamad as heralds of the Messianic times. This is a judgment, however, which seems to require qualifying, for there are distinct traces of Zoroastrism in the Koran, that must have come from the *Avesta*. But the Jews, especially after their final overthrow in Palestine, had migrated in large numbers to Arabia, to Hedjaz, Yemen and Hadramaut; and having laid aside the conception of nationality and abandoned the cumbrous Levitical worship as not required by their law,* they became identified with the native population, intermarrying, and by familiar intercourse greatly influencing the religious opinions of their new fellow-countrymen. It is not remarkable, therefore, that in the declara-

* *Jeremiah* vii:22. "For I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices."

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tion of Mohamad that he was introducing no new doctrine, but only restoring the religion* of Abraham it should be considered as a clew to the understanding of Islam. Indeed, in his exposition, Deutsch sustains this view, by comparing the descriptions in the *Midrash* with peculiar details in the account of the Night-Journey to the celestial regions. Judaism, he declares, having supplanted Hebraism and Israelitism, "subsequently stood at the cradle both of Christianity and Mohamedanism." He further remarks that "when the Talmud was completed (finally gathered in, not composed) the Koran was begun. *Post hoc, propter hoc.*" There are many statements and utterances in the latter work, similar to those in the Jewish writings, and he describes its contents graphically as "often put the old wine in new bottles."

Yet, with all the faults in the arranging of its parts, despite the fact that it was written in *suras* at different times and at various exigencies, the Koran is uniform in its utterance, its elegance of language, its persistent purpose. Its supreme thought appears constantly in the emphatic words: "Allahu akbar," God is great. Every chapter is prefixed with the reverent expression: "Bismilla," in the name of God. Everywhere it insists that God is the guide of human destiny, and that he is ever merciful and compassionate. But while teaching Islam as submission to the will of God, it is by no means fatalism that is meant, but a vigorous striving after righteousness, each individual working out his own salvation.

"The laws of practical ethics in the Koran rest largely upon the principle of justice," says Mary Mills Patrick; "but charity, philanthropy, generosity, gratitude and sincerity are also recommended. Strict honesty is demanded in business dealings with just balances, and upright intentions. Lies of all kinds are condemned, the taking of bribes is strictly forbidden, and faithfulness to trusts

* The term rendered "religion" is *milla*, which is the same in meaning with the *logos*, or Word in the Gospel according to John, and the *dharma* of the Buddhistic writers.

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is commanded. This is especially the case in regard to orphans."

Such was the book—the revelation if we choose to esteem it as such—by the influence of which the Arabians became a nation. Moved by the impulse thus imparted they passed once more beyond their ancient boundaries into Syria and the East, making themselves masters of the Empire of Cyrus and Alexander, of Egypt and the realm of Hannibal. Nor was theirs solely a career of conquest and spoliation. Nowhere were they like Attila, merely a "scourge of God," or devouring locusts spreading blight and desolation where they went. "After the first wave of invasion swept by, two blades of grass were found growing where one had grown before; they fertilized while they destroyed; and from one end of the then known world to the other, they sowed the seeds of literature, of commerce and of civilization. And as these disappeared in the lapse of years in one part of the Mussulman world, they reappeared in another."—[DRAPER.]

Thus for five centuries the Arabians held up the torch of learning while Europe was immerged in the barbarism of the Middle Ages. They translated the writings of the Greek sages, made themselves masters of geometry and metaphysics, developed the sciences of agriculture and astronomy, and created those of algebra and chemistry. They adorned their cities with colleges and libraries, and supplied Europe with philosophers from Cordova, and physicians from Salerno.* Nor was the energy of their propaganda abated. The Turk has taken the scepter from the Arabian, but Islam is still extending into new regions, and introducing there a better state of things. It is propagated by preaching alone, and with marked success, in different parts of Africa.

It is true that there are what we must consider radical faults and blemishes. We can find them in profusion by looking for them.

* This credit, however, does not belong altogether to the Moslems. The Jews were their principal teachers in literature and scientific learning; and the Nestorians, the most learned of the Christian bodies, were first to promote the founding of schools and universities. The Omayad Khalifs availed themselves of the services of both.

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Yet it is far better to have our eyes open to discern what is good and useful, and to see things as they are. In this view of the matter we must place the great Arabian in the roll of benefactors of the human race. Without a standing army, body-guard, regal palace and the trappings of power, with the ground for a throne, he ruled his equals as by divine authority alone. He made his religion the aim of his life and instilled that idea into the minds of his followers. The Koran was to him the voice speaking in his inmost consciousness to enable him to direct his actions. It was "his sign, his miracle, his mission." We are to judge it by its own contents. What the Thora is to Judaism, the Gospel to Christians, the Koran is to Islam. By it let us form our judgment.

ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

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THE BIRTH OF THE WINDS.

'T was the birth of the winds.—
As they struggled on high
In the mighty, vast womb of heaven,
Creation moaned with impatient sigh,
"What offspring to us is given
That will cause this voiceless life to cry,
And the mists of earth to be riven?"

'T was the birth of the winds.—
First issued the north,
And the universe stood in awe,
As with blustering breath emerged he forth
With the whirlwind's thundering roar;
And launched away on his boisterous path,
Exulting to soar.

'T was the birth of the winds.—
Next, the summer breeze fanned
And breathed itself into night,
As warm and soft o'er a southern land,
It weltered in liquid light;
Or, scorched with the heat of a tropic sand,
Warmed the chill of the northern night.

'T was the birth of the winds.—
And when piercingly keen
From the east a bitter blast blew,
Creation shuddered, and sought to screen
Itself, as the hurricane grew;
For he withered all in their freshest green,
As, a baneful blight, he flew.

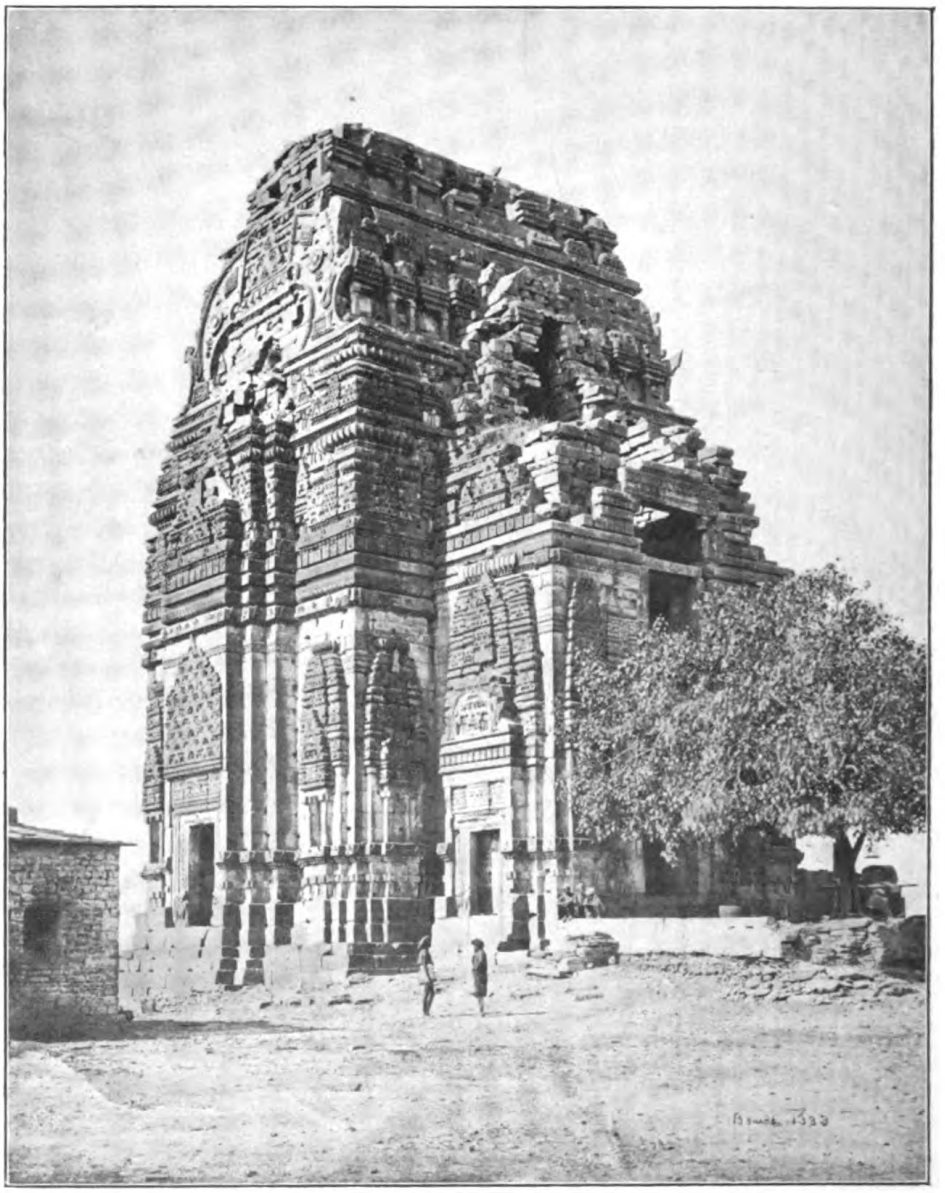
'T was the birth of the winds.—
When from out of the west
Wafted the zephyr breeze free,
All earth rejoiced in its balmy rest,
Its moist soft breath of the sea;
Declaring the younger wind was the best
As it floated o'er town and lea.

MAUD DUNKLEY.

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SMALLER BRAHMINICAL TEMPLE IN THE FORT AT GWALIOR, INDIA

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GWALIOR, THE JAINA METROPOLIS.

BY MRS. ARTHUR SMITH.

Gwalior, the center of the ancient Jaina worship and architecture, is one of the most interesting cities in existence. The Jaina system stands midway between Buddhism and Brahmanism. It is supposed to have originated about A.D. 600, and declined after A.D. 1200. It arose as a common ground of harmony between the two.

M. Kaye declares, however, that it is of independent origin. The Jains retain the Brahmanic castes. They enumerate twenty-four Tirthankaras, or teachers who have crossed the ocean of human existence, and rank superior to the gods. Pope, in the "Text-book of Indian History," places their territory in Gujerat and Kanara. They still are found, however, in many parts of the country. Their writers have excellent literary taste and contribute abundantly to Tamil literature. Though small, they are a highly respected sect. They are very careful of life, even that of insects.

Their present religious stronghold is on the heights of the solitary Satrunj Mountain, near Palitana. The Indian bard, Kharj Rai, who lived in Shah Jahan's reign, affirmed that the city of Gwalior at the base of a hill was founded thirty centuries before the Christian era, but Faryl Ali, places the date B. C. 275. The story of its founding is that Suraj Sen, a Kachwaha chief and a leper, when out hunting, came to it weary and thirsty, and that a hermit, "Gwalipa," gave him water which cured his leprosy. In return the hunter built a fort at the place, and established his kingdom. The hermit also gave him a new name, "Suhan Pal," and predicted that his dynasty would continue so long as his descendants should retain the name of Pal. This they did through a line of eighty-three kings. Then the next one styled himself "Tej Kara" and lost his kingdom. H. C. Dulty, in his "Ancient Cities of India," writes: "There are historical data of *three* dynasties. These were *Hindu*

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rulers, but when the Mohamadan came, sweeping everything before him, Gwalior became part of his possessions. The city surrendered to the Sultan Mahmud, in A. D. 1023. He converted the palaces into prisons, and made other ruinous changes. In time, however, the old splendor revived. The Hindu magnificence was repeated until the Marhattas captured Gwalior and defied all invaders."

Gwalior lies away from regular railway lines, and the most convenient point for a visit is Agra, from which a slow branch railroad, sixty miles in length, leads almost to the base of the great acropolis. The temple and palaces stand on a lofty height in all the eloquence of sculptured stone. Out of the level plain there rises boldly a hill about two miles long, with an average width of a fourth of a mile. The red sandstone cliffs on one side are almost perpendicular. This hill was a grand pedestal for palace, temple and army, and the royal priestly and military classes lived there. The city of Gwalior lay below, just under the shadow of the beetling cliffs. There is still a city down there, but the English are now the rulers.

In this city the mutiny of 1856 ran wild, and the native population displayed a bitter hostility. Long after Agra had surrendered, and the Delhi gate was battered down, Gwalior continued to defy the English. Yet the hour came, and it was forced to yield to British power.

All up the ascent there are altars, and in one case a temple, hewn out of the solid rock. In this temple are images and altars carved with great care. This sanctuary bears the name of "The Shrine of the Four Armed", and the date A. D. 876. The colossal carvings along the side of the rock are remnants of the Jaina faith.

These temples indicate an older origin than the palaces, for with this people worship comes before thrones. Here are eleven of these. The "Teli Mandir" in the center of the plateau is surrounded by a charming garden. The very vases are themselves fragments of temple-urns, and they are filled with luxuriant flowers. Along the walks are fragments of stones containing inscriptions a

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thousand years old—a period when the now ruling Englishmen, were barely emerging out of Saxon savagery.

The temple itself is the greatest point of interest. Teli Mandir is only sixty feet square, with a projecting portico of eleven feet. The walls rise to a height of eighty feet, and incline inward as they ascend. Their thickness, the sweep of the great arches and the endless sculptures are overwhelming. Looking out over the garden, one sees the ancient statues of deities and divine men. The doorway is thirty-five feet high and the calm divinity Garuda looks down in stone from the center.

Two temples, named "Mother-in-law" and "Daughter-in-law", stand together near the edge of the cliff, one larger than the other, and they bear an inscription inside with date of A. D. 1093. The temples of Southern India, says Bishop Hurst in his "Indika," do not represent the grandeur in architecture displayed in the Temple of Gwalior. Even the doorsteps have been cut into rich tracery. On either side of the steps leading to the temple there are nineteen figures, all in stone. The main hall has four immense rectangular pillars, on which the upper story and the pyramid which constitutes the roof, are supported. On each of these pillars are twenty rows of figures, running all the way from floor to capital. Around the walls are bands of stone figures, the whole forming a luxuriance of carving the parallel of which can hardly be found even in India. Every fragment of stone tells its tale of faith and art. The interior of the vast dome is formed by belts of solid stone. Each of these twenty belts is elaborately carved with figures made by artists' hands, which ran without restraint into ornate fields. Ninety-four carved figures appear on the door and in the adytum. It is a paradise of rare work in stone. All the mouldings though rich and bold, are delicate as Genoese silver filigree. In short, the whole structure is graceful and symmetric.

Two roads lead to the top of the Acropolis. On the wall of each are cave-temples, hollowed deep in the stone, and five groups of colossal figures from which the native rock was cut away. Thus

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the figures were shaped. Seventy-five of these range from seven to thirty-seven feet in height. The largest of them is in a sitting posture. These are representations of the great pontiffs of the Jaina faith. With each figure there is a shell, a lotus, a bull, a wheel, horse, goat and lion, which were the sacred signs of the Jaina immortals. There is no insignificant work, no poor material, no common device, and this "Temple of One Thousand Arms" is well preserved.

On the top of this hill is one of the most magnificent palaces of ancient India. The "Mau" palace, also called the "Chit Mandir" or "painted palace," has all along its facade rich tiles, which the artists of the Moghul era made to perfection. This two-story palace must have been of marvelous beauty, as its walls, still nearly complete, show what they once were. The palace-wall has five round towers with open domes for cupolas, and a battlement of open stone lattice-work running the whole length. The rooms are as beautiful and rich as the outer adornments, and are arranged about two courts. When the Gwalior kings built a new palace either in honor of a new wife or victory, it was their custom to connect the new palace with the old by long galleries.

The palace of "Vikram" lies between two others, and is connected with them by a narrow gallery of 1,210 feet in length. The dome over the great hall is supported by eight springing ribs, four rising pillars and four from the angles of the building The Shah Jahan palace also overhangs the cliff. Its vast proportions, three hundred feet long and two hundred wide, seem enough to satisfy this grand monarch who built so many palaces, also the matchless mausoleum "The Taj Mahal" at Agra.

The splendid palaces of Gwalior represent all the stages in the glory and decline of this wonderful city, and in their early freshness and beauty the scene must have been bewildering.

MRS. ARTHUR SMITH.

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FROM SAVAGE TO CIVILIAN.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

BY MRS. EVA BEST.

Once upon a time a Woman Pilgrim halted in the midst of a great garden that lay upon the gently-sloping uplands of a mighty mountain.

For thousands upon thousands of years she had traveled, and never until now had stopped to look about her. Before her lay the endless path she must climb; behind her lay the endless path she had come, with but a short day's journey from the dawn of the Whence to the dusk of the Whither discovering itself to her eager eyes. All else beyond, backward or forward, was lost in the aerial perspective of uncounted ages.

For the first time in all her pilgrimage she felt the glimmer of a truth too great for her to grasp. It took form, and its form dazzled her. She dared not look directly at it, lest its splendor blinded her unaccustomed eyes. And yet it was but the faintest glimmer, the softest and most bearable gleam of that "Light which never was on land or sea."

"Do not fear to look," breathed a voice at her side; "the more fearless your glance the less will the glory dazzle you."

The Woman turned and gazed curiously at her companion. "Who are you?" she asked.

"Eternal Progression."

"Whence came you?"

"Along the path you followed. All the yesterdays I walked close by your side."

"By *my* side—*mine?*"

"I could not move else. It is the Woman Pilgrim who makes my journey possible."

"But why have I not seen you until this hour?"

"You never stopped before to look about you. I have been your

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daily companion through all the ages; but you have felt my presence as little as you have felt the glimmer of the Eternal Truth that now shines with the softest gleam of shadowed pearl into your dazzled eyes."

"Why do I perceive you and recognize your presence now?"

"Because you have entered the Garden of Spiritual Consciousness, where those who have eyes may, at last, see, and those who have ears may, at last, hear."

"Did I never see or hear before?" asked the Woman Pilgrim.

"Not *consciously*," answered Eternal Progression. "For thousands and thousands of years the deathless twin factors, Evolution and Involution, guided your feet along the paths I follow—always *follow*—in your wake."

"Make your meaning clear to me," pleaded the Woman Pilgrim.

"Nay," replied Eternal Progression, "nothing is your own save that which you yourself may grasp. I may define the words themselves, but their true purport is that which you, unaided and alone, must win from them."

The Woman listened eagerly.

"Have I, myself, always had to grasp the truth?" she asked.

"Always."

"Was it always a possible thing to do?"

"Always. You made a million, nay many times a million, errors before you made one single truth your own; but it was always possible. If it had not been, you would never have reached the Garden of Spiritual Consciousness. Afar and afar down yonder," and Eternal Progression pointed back along the mist-wreathed, upward-tending track, "lies the Wilderness of Spiritual Unconsciousness. There you passed your childhood; your only nurse, Mother Nature; your only teacher, Experience."

"Did I learn much of Experience?"

"All you know."

"And did my learning avail aught to the world?"

"It put into your woman's hand the key that unlocks the gate

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through which it may follow you into the Garden of Spiritual Consciousness. Herein grow flowers and fruits of a diviner world than that you have left below. Herein the higher, holier attributes obtain, and the celestial virtues lend themselves to make a more heavenly kingdom come upon this earth."

"'T is marvelous—most marvelous! By the aid of the instruction given by Experience, a patient teacher, exacting and unmoved, *I* brought the world to this fair garden spot; where order routs disorder; where knowledge overthrows unwisdom; where good foils evil; and where reason, sound and sane and sober, reigns over superstition—*I*?"

"Under the LAW, you, the Woman Pilgrim, worked this mighty miracle. I see that you are curious. Would you go back and read your history as the twin scribes, Fact and Fancy, have written it, in living characters, upon the scrolls of Time?"

"I may do this?"

"You may."

"How shall I know which way to take?"

"Let Retrogression lead you. There can be no backward path for me; yet, although I dare not bear you company I may—nay, must—remain here until you return. But let me warn you that this journey that you take will be a daring thing."

"No matter," said the Woman.

"Your opened eyes will see uncounted trying sights—your quickened ears will hear uncounted trying sounds, for consciously, and not unconsciously as before, will you pass through the scenes of your former experiences."

"Yet will I go," the Woman said.

Then Retrogression came and took her hand, and guided her far down the mountain side. No mortal speed was theirs; for ages upon ages rolled by more swiftly than the wind; and back and back and back to distances immeasurable, and down and down and down to depths all inconceivable, the Woman Pilgrim and her guide were borne by some mysterious power.

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Back and back and back to the chaos of a new-born world. And here they rested in their flight.

"Now must I leave you," said the guide. "No onward path is mine, but ever backward. Take Memory's hand and let her lead you whence you came. She will move swiftly, as swiftly as did we; but a word from you will check her when you wish to pause amidst the scenes once so familiar to your eyes."

So saying, Retrogression vanished into the dust of stars that filled the outer space.

"Can Memory be here, here in this awful chaos?" murmured the Woman Pilgrim.

"Truly can I," responded a strong, clear voice. "Wherever and whenever moment follows moment, wherever and whenever Time may be, there, also, am I. I am an immortal thing like life and love, but am not recognized by little weltering atoms such as these. You know me now, I am indeed, your steadfast friend and comforter; but when you lived in atoms, such as this which you see clinging to its tiny mate, you had no thought of me nor anything save just to do your infinitesimal part in the making of this seething little world."

"I was in an atom such as this?"

"At first then in a drop of protoplasm such as that, which, if you watch it closely, you will perceive surrenders self, divides its being, sacrifices its identity, that it may give its life to all posterity—obeying natural law. But I, Memory, am of little avail to you here. Come with me through these lower lives, and let us move swiftly, for the way is far, until we reach that most important epoch—the long, slow dawn of Conscious Mind.

"Here I begin my duties, feebly at first, as you perceive, with a seeming impotence that is discouraging; but without even so feeble a doing of my duty, this I affirm, all that which Experience taught you would have availed you nothing."

Forward and forward and still forward to distances immeasur-

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able, up and up and up to height all inconceivable, until, at last, there was a pause, and Memory spoke.

"Look about you; is the place in any way familiar?"

"It seems to me I must have seen this landscape in a dream," said the Woman Pilgrim.

"Here I first came to you," continued Memory, "and helped to fashion Mind. In yonder creature that cannot walk upright, you see the highest form of what is purely animal; that is, brute beast. The human animal stands upright—a savage Man."

"But animals have mind?"

"Truly have they; and Man is not yet evolved many steps beyond his 'little brothers', the animals. You perceive yonder ape? He has copied with most marvelous skill Nature's leafy arbors, and has roofed a house to shelter him and his. Savage *man* as yet, can do no more than this; but he *will* do more, in time, while the ape has reached the end of his achievements in the building of his leaf-thatched house."

"What wondrous thing will work the miracle that will widen the gap between these animals that now do so resemble each other?" questioned the Woman.

"Love," breathed Memory softly. "All that man now does is done instinctively, and with no greater conscious love for those he blindly serves than has the honey-bee that adds its load of amber sweets to the general store, for *its* immediate kind. His brain may act and leave his heart untouched—hence love be lacking still."

"What brought Love into being?"

"It was not brought. 'T was always here; for the Creative Power which made the world is Love itself, and is the very life of all created things. It needed recognition, that was all. The human animal, Man, was Mother Nature's baby, her little ignorant child, that must learn its lessons of Experience at her knee; nor could the savage, more than another babe, read any page before he learned to spell, nor spell before he knew his alphabet."

"And so he learned to spell?"

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"Was forced to learn—or perish. Left to himself, this irresponsible savage child would rather have dreamed in lazy languor in the warmth of the golden sun than have bestirred himself. But Mother Nature is a wise and cunning mother. She rolled this earth over, and, lo! the shadows came, and cold winds blew, and the earth and air grew chill. The savage took the hint, and, to find simple creature comfort made some necessary exertions tending to that end. The hunger drove him far afield for meat, and he became a hunter.

"At first," went on Memory, "your children—almost as savage, as yet, as the beasts of the field—met them unarmed. Who shall say what broken bough suggested the first weapon, what boulder the first missile? Stones, sharp and flat cut up the meat that, at first, was torn apart by tooth and nail, and once, by chance, a metal and a stone struck fiery sparks, which, catching at the fur some savage wore, blazed and flamed into that which as the untold ages roll, is *still* a secret most profound.

" 'T was thus he learned his primer's A B C—silent letters of an unspoken alphabet; for uttered language had, as yet, no place nor part."

"And how came language to the world?" the Woman Pilgrim asked of Memory.

"Can you not solve this riddle for yourself? The modern baby is a savage still, and heeding him one learns a host of things. He scorns the names you teach him, choosing sounds that imitate the things he hears and sees. But first in mute sign-language did savage speak to savage; hen to the speaking gesture, the grimace, the frown and the smile, were added vowels—vowels cadenced in such tones that by them every simple emotion of the savage nature was made manifest.

"Then the nimbler growing tongue and lips evolved the consonants, the teeth adding the sibilant sounds—sounds yet unmastered by a score of savage tribes.

"By my aid these simple gutturals and moans and cries and hisses

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that went to make up the language of primitive man were stored within the growing convolutions of his brain, and I, Memory, was called upon to furnish them when needed."

"But when and by whom was Love first recognized? What first touched and waked the savage, slumbering heart?"

"By whom was Love first recognized?" repeated Memory. "By you, the savage mother of that day. And what first touched and waked it? A little baby's hand. One day Pity—a new, strange feeling in a savage breast—was born within your heart. It claimed your attention for a little one who, by some accident, had been rendered suddenly helpless. It was thus that in you, the mother, Pity, that close kin to Love, was wakened; it was you, the mother, who looked down in dumb wonder at the little child that could not run about as did the others, but silently claimed your care and tendance.

"From this tending, enforced though it was, was planted by you, the tender, the first seeds, of that tenderness which to-day so fills the hearts of those who love their kind. From that first dumb and wondering pity came the compassion that is, to-day, beginning to flood the world with its divine light; from the first little awkward manifestation of unselfish devotion came the doing for others that is the growing, saving Christian grace of the world to-day.

"In your heart, then," went on Memory, "in the heart of the Woman Pilgrim, there started into flame the spark of a new and sweet emotion that was to grow into that which would, in days to come, warm the hearts of all the world. *Love was recognized.*"

"But one Woman Pilgrim could not, herself, work so wonderful a miracle; how could she?"

"In time," explained Memory, "to this savage woman—more unselfish, more loving and more tender *in degree* than her sisters, came children whose natures resembled her own. They were better children of a more thoughtful, kinder mother, reared in an atmosphere unknown to other savage families, and showing their superiority over the less evolved savages of their race by reason of

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their mastery (*always in degree*) over Self, which even the smallest leaven of altruism will work in an unpromising mass—so potent is all good."

"More potent than evil?"

"More potent, since good works in harmony with divine law. Evil is the discord of life, and makes for destruction."

"But savage man," questioned the Woman Pilgrim "was he no factor in the brightening world?"

"Yes, but a more negative one. The crippled child that won his mother's attention demanded her time, and kept her by his side. Thus confined, she could not roam at will to seek for food. Hunger assailed them, and, in their ever-increasing distress they cried such cries as know no cessation, until the husband and father brought them such provender as could be found. His pleasure—a negative emotion (which might be better described as a not pain than positive pleasure) was his reward for this rather perfunctory act of kindness. He had stilled their discordant outcries, and in the silence that followed found his reward.

"The woman's care of the helpless little one grew into habit; the man's provision for the two dependent upon him grew into habit also; and from these habits—this first small growth of altruism—burst forth the bud of a flower whose seeds were, in aftertime, to sow themselves throughout the world. That flower we, of to-day, have named Domesticity. And although the blossom it now bears differs as widely from the flower that opened its meager petals in the shadows of the primeval forest as does the luscious, honey-filled orange differ from its ancestor, the tiny, bitter berry of the wilderness; although the quantity and quality have changed, yet it is the very same in essence, and by these savage hands was laid the true foundation of the greatest factor in all civilization—the Home.

"The savage learned from animals that safety lay in herding and in tribes. At first, perhaps, a band of wild men met to fight some common foe—a dangerous beast that prowled too near their defenseless bower-houses. Then, later, banding together, they drove

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the alien savages that threatened their preserves back to their own wild precincts. For man lived then upon the products of an untilled earth, and if the fruits and meats and roots it yielded were taken from him and his by another tribe of savages, he and his must starve."

"How came man first to till the soil?" the Woman asked.

"By chance, perhaps, some of the ripened grain he had gathered for his feasting fell, and his now more observing eyes, beholding it, took heed of how it sprouted. 'T was thus suggested to his quickening mind that purpose might be made to take the place of chance. He placed the seeds himself within the earth, watched them grow, and in time gathered his first harvest.

"Along with physical evolution walked ever the spirit of this man. As truly as he evolved, that is: grew from within, he involved, that is: took from without. He breathed the air into his physical lungs; he fed his physical frame with food, and, while thus nourishing his natural being, grew continually (through the emotions called into play) in spiritual grace.

"Gradually he ran the gamut of emotions, the first deep, loud, intoned 'Fear' to start the ever ascending scale. Surprise came next; then followed Curiosity, Jealousy, Anger, Sympathy, Affection, Emulation, Pride, Resentment, Joy, Grief, Hate, Benevolence, Revenge, Rage, Shame, Regret, Deceitfulness, Recognition of the Beautiful, Play and a Sense of Humor.

"With the emotional came the quickening of the moral nature of man—an unwritten history: this; for, while we can trace the footsteps of physical progression in the material earth, can read the testimony of the rocks, there is no record vouchsafed us of that diviner part of man which was least when his physical proportions were greatest—that which was in abeyance, yet which was always potent, as surely as the heart of the tiny acorn holds the monarch of the wood.

"We cannot argue intelligently unless we admit in the scheme of man's advancement the claims of both spirit and matter—the one being simply the manifestation of the other.

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"It is the Real Man behind the eye that sees—the Real Man behind the ear that hears; and he sees and hears to the extent of his spiritual evolution. The physical ear of the savage was a most perfect organ. Like that of his animal brother, it was a marvelously acute thing; but beyond such sounds as necessity taught him to recognize as danger signals, his splendidly developed organ of hearing distinguished little. It was a wonderful instrument, discerning the faint sound of a distant, cautious footfall, yet unable to convey to the man behind it more than three notes of a primitive musical chord.

"With the building of two huts within hailing distance of each other was laid the corner-stone of civilization; for then did the primitive *civis*, or, town-dwellers, come into existence.

"Rivalry, pride, emulation, bestirred the dweller in new environments, and wit brightened wit as the ages passed. The purposeless, wandering life was over. When man planted his first handful of grain in the earth he anchored his bark of adventure, and stayed upon the land where his harvest was to be reaped. But his land became, in time, a precarious possession.

"Less evolved brethren beheld the growing grain, and strove, by right of might, to wrest it from him. Thus began War, which, side by side with Industry, has worked out the later problems of the world. It is merely a continuation of the old story of the survival of the fittest, which has been telling since time began. It is the history of the birth of the commune, which, broadly defined, means brotherhood. Communism might paradoxically be said to be the setting aside of the individual so that the individual may have a greater chance of individuality. Safety lies in numbers; in isolation lies danger; and men banded for peace or war, for industry or battle, have grown to place unconsciously a reliance upon their brother man that not only bespeaks their faith in their unity of purpose but in themselves as *brothers*.

"And underlying all war and all industry lies the first great cause—The Family. 'The Woman and the Child'—this is his

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slogan when man wields the battle-axe, and the cry echoes down the corridors of time, ever waxing in strength until the whole world vibrates to this grand, universal, love-born symphony.

"With safety came leisure; with leisure the arts and sciences. While awaiting the ripening of his harvests man found time to meditate. Anchored by necessity to one locality, he found opportunity to look about him. Slowly his eyes opened to the beauties of nature. He became cognizant of shape, next of color, and, discovering the relations of one to the other, his sense of imitation set him to outlining rudely (by means of such simple mediums as the crude earths afforded) the beauties he saw about him. The recognition of his need of better materials and tools by which to foster this new-found delight led him to science, and science taxed his brightening intellect, until he wrung some simple yet potent truths from his store-house of wonders.

"Art was a siren that led him into deep and ever deeper waters, and one day a momentous something happened. The man behind the eye, had, so to speak, looked up to his own level. He realized that he had reached the limit of imitation; that higher than human beauty there was none in the world of matter. Then it was that the eye, having nothing higher nor more beautiful to grasp for this eager imitator of physical loveliness, was, by and of necessity, turned inward upon the world of spirit. Thus was taken the greatest stride—the grandest step in the world of art; the *imitator* became a *creator*.

"With quite as much wonder, doubtless, as uncertainty, the eye gazed introspectively upon a creature at first vaguely and dimly discerned, like yet unlike its predecessor, the purely human model; and the new creating hand of the master essayed to paint in radiant tones that which was to be a stupendous revelation to the world."

"What was this great creation?" asked the Woman Pilgrim wonderingly.

"An angel—a celestial being—fairer, finer, more transcendent

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than man—a glorified, ethereal, seraphic something he 'idead' out of his own gradually spiritualizing consciousness. His brush of inspiration was a mighty lever that raised to a higher realm of thought the world that looked and wondered; wondered and accepted; accepted and worshiped; for, in the conception of something that to their dimly realizing senses seemed finer, higher, holier, diviner than Man, a living truth disclosed itself, and the gazers, the acceptors, the worshipers, felt, without the ability to explain their emotion, that animal or physical *per*ception had given way to human or spiritual *con*ception, and that in leaving his field of imitation and entering that of creation man had, in some mysterious way, become one with that divine being which he himself had conceived."

As Memory ceased speaking they again moved forward, ever and ever upward, past lands whose features grew more and more familiar. The Woman saw with wondering eyes the slow gradations of a peopled world. Individual after individual; generation after generation; race after race, up the gentle inclines moved the mighty mass, gaining little—so very little—in the centuries; yet *gaining* and never losing.

Upward and onward to higher planes, to loftier altitudes. At each step (each step a cycle measured by vast ages) a slight change was apparent. As the heavy, dense, physical state of the earlier mass of struggling material had been quickened and brightened by Mind, so now was the mental state uplifted and glorified by Spirit. Above the moving mass it spread its illuminating radiance. The balances were being adjusted; Spirit and Matter were being slowly equalized.

"We have regained the Garden of Spiritual Consciousness," said Memory. "I may not enter in with you, but follow by a day's journey. Eternal Progression awaits you, and with her you will pass to higher planes. Once the Garden of Spiritual Consciousness is gained the pilgrim soul must become its own judge. It has learned right from wrong; can distinguish good from evil; has won for itself the divine power *to will, to dare and to do.*

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"In this Garden are to be built the cities of the unselfish souls who are wise with the wisdom of that Experience which has taught them that it is better to give than to receive; who are ready to lose their lives that they may find them, and whose Rule is Golden. *Their* homes will house not only the precious members of their own God-given little families, but will shelter the shelterless, upon whom they will come to look as none the less precious, none the less God-given, but as the true children of One Father.

"Let me breathe a secret to your soul. I, Memory, know this. As you and yours ascend your journeying will be ever more rapid. The slow, first dragging past low levels, when life was almost an insensate thing has changed to a glad upspringing on the heights. The scales are balanced almost evenly; when spirit shall be recognized as greatest; when soul shall outweigh body, then will you perceive, from your swift progression the *need of an eternity.*

"In the Garden of Spiritual Consciousness civilization *in its true sense begins.* You, the Woman Pilgrim may at last count among your children those who have learned by heart and soul the diviner architecture; and under your eyes will rise the mansions that shall be built upon a plan not made by hands.

"From the beginning you were maternal; but when the first little *human child* filled your arms and brought you the estate of motherhood, Home, which needed then, as it needs now, no palace walls, was established for all time.

"When this human child looked with compassionate eyes upon its suffering brother, and brought berries and fruits to where he lay, then and there were sown the seeds of an altruism that in future ages is to lift the world of men to the world of the celestials.

"When the streets of the new city your civilian is to build are straight and wide and fair; when no danger lurks in the shadows of their walls; when the stranger is no longer kept without the gates; when mighty Intellect becomes as a little child, and hearkens humbly to the counsels of the Heart; when those who idle honor those who toil; when *sharing* takes the place of *giving*, and self is

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loved last; when justice is triumphant and charity of thought abides—then shall the glad world have reached that day of civilization whose first, faint dawn is slowly brightening in the east, and spreading itself in mists of pearl and amethyst over the Garden of Spiritual Consciousness, the key to whose mysterious gate has been put into your woman's hand."

"And after this dawn will come the noon?" the Pilgrim asked.

"A golden noon, transcendent, cloudless, glorious."

"And after that?"

"An afternoon all peaceful, fair and sweet."

"And after that?"

"A twilight without shadows."

"And then?"

"The silvered night wherein no man may work."

"And then?"

"And then the dawn again, more radiant and more splendid than the last."

"Then mine," the wondering Woman Pilgrim cried, "is a never-ending life of brightening days? How do you *know*, O Memory?"

"*You* question me—you who have watched a few slow grains of sand slip through Life's hour-glass? You who have grown wise enough to reason for yourself? I, who have lived forever, know no time when dawn has failed to follow night."

"But when the fiat came: 'Let there be light'—"

"For this one little world," said Memory. "It had been sleeping, but at length its long, long night was at an end, and as the Living Light (that always was and always will be since it is a thought of the Creator) gleamed down in its soft splendor on the slumbering world it routed the dark shadows of chaotic night, and for this world again a glad, new day was born."

"Then night must come again?" the Woman asked.

"Be comforted," said Memory, "and praise the One and Only Source of Light for life immortal. With the fiat, 'Let there be light' was breathed another: 'Let there be love'—twin effulgences

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that dower the hearts of all created worlds—twin powers potent to raise the humblest creature in the universe to pure, celestial heights."

"There is no end then—never any end?"

"She who awaits you in the Garden yonder was not idly named. Walk by her side and question her. She may, perhaps, in time, make you believe that which I, Memory, can but suggest as truth."

With a smile and a sigh the Woman Pilgrim passed through the Garden gate to join the one who was to follow *only where she led*—one of whom she felt Memory had spoken truly, and that it was no idle name she bore, but most significant, "Eternal Progression."

EVA BEST.

WHAT THINKING DOES.

We continually people the space in which we live with pictures of the thoughts we think, which have as tangible an effect upon the inner atmosphere by which we are surrounded as the aroma of a bunch of violets or mignonettes has upon the outer air, and is just as perceivable to our inner perceptions. —*Ethne.*

NATURE THE FOCUS.

It is the business of the artist to second nature; it is the work of the historian to record nature. —*Justin Winsor.*

If a man would enjoy the freedom of the higher planes, the fruits of the spirit, he must pay the price. There is no royal road.

—*H. W. Dresser.*

Let the world beware when a Thinker comes into it.

—*R. W. Emerson.*

There are six theories of Evolution propounded in scientific circles—the Darwinian, the Lamarckian, the Monistic, the Agnostic, the Neo-Lamarckian, and the Theistic. They by no means agree.

Prayer as a means to effect a private end is but selfishness and an imperfect conception. Genuine prayer is in what we are doing.

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CHARBONNEL'S "VICTORY OF THE WILL."

BY MRS. ROSA G. ABBOTT.

If the Occidental races be viewed as an emanation from the more subconscious and intuitive mind of the Orient; then, following the cyclic laws of emanation, the descent into matter and the degeneration of the thinking principle, will it be of facile comprehension that the Christian Church, in direct ratio to its recession from the Alexandrian gateway, became more and more confused and way-worn, finally losing the key to her own mysteries and the prophetic power and insight which had illumined the early Mystics.

And not alone in its religion and its more subtile perceptivities did the race-light wane as the star of empire described its parabolic curve of western advance. A sympathetic decline occurred along all lines of intellection; scientific, medical, artistic, literary and philosophic, reaching apparently its maximum obscurity during the tenth century, but continuing in Cimmerian gloom until the period of the Renaissance.

The medieval spirit, however, long survived the years which gave it birth; and to-day its influence pervades the church and the body politic. It is seen in the blind adherence to force in the attainment of all things temporal; in a short-sighted and selfish undervaluation of near and homely duties, while professing devotion to some far away cult or proselytism; in emotionalism and sentimentalism unbalanced by reflection and sound processes of reasoning; in gross materiality and objectivity, with but a glimmering insight into the eternal and subjective verities; in a blind cultivation of the letter, while the spirit atrophies from disuse.

But nature moves in cycles, returning ever to her point of departure; and across the centuries the great soul of the world, obedient to occult laws, must rise to the wave-crest of human life, and renew its ancient expressions of power, of idealism and of mysticism.

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Just as the individual becomes conscious at certain stages in his evolution of expansive and progressive forces at work within him, so the race-mind from time to time during its bodily growth thrusts out mental and spiritual energies which were latent during the supremacy of material and physical activities. Numerous indications became manifest during *fin de siecle* days of a finer race-thoughtfulness of an awakening compassion—that thermometer of evolutionary growth; of a more rational intellection and discrimination in religious matters; of a longing for spiritual realities instead of theological dogma with its myopic sectarianism; and for a general red scovery of the classic and idealistic past.

"Mysticism" is a badly-abused term. It serves as a mantle for any extravagance of fanaticism, from that of the degenerates of India, who by fasting and self torture impair the integrity of the bodily temple, to the mediæval "Flagellants", the mendicant friars and the ill-balanced and diseased minds of all sects who resort to hysteric methods in religion. This does not militate in the least, however, against the higher mysticism, which is a veritable "insight" into the larger life of the cosmos, and the consciousness of its unity, its interaction and its interdependence. May not any one be a true mystic who reverently awakens to the vast perception, and its enormous significance, that "not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one blood rolls uninterruptedly; an endless circulation, through all life, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and truly seen its tide is one"?

Thus discerned, the universe becomes one stupendous design "whose body Nature is and God the soul"; and the aspiration of the human atom to come into communion with that Over-soul and to discover its own harmonious adjustment to the swing of the celestial rythm, constitutes the basis of all religions, inspires all prayers and is, in its realization, a noble and exalted mysticism.

As the flash-light of intuition replaces the slow processes of the brain-mind, the power to discern and appraise the abstruse phases of mysticism again quickens in the race-heart; and as the spirit of

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prophecy, the gift of tongues and of healing, shall supersede fear, ignorance, superstition, flesh-food and drugs, so the heralds of this change appear from time to time to urge, to stimulate and to inspire. That "skyey messenger of good omen", Emerson, than whom we shall not soon behold a greater, led forth a varied host of writers who follow in the wake of his illumined footsteps. Among foreigners the most noteworthy mystical prophets are Maeterlinck, Nietsche, Ibsen, Balzac, Tolstoi, and the French Emerson, Charbonnel. It is this *nouveau venu* whom we would appraise. His work, appearing in its English translation as "The Victory of the Will," is kinetic in its energies, and by no means static. Its admirations are Emersonian, and its abiding influence will compare with that of the Concord Sage in that he affirms the permanent, dynamic power of the good over the temporary and incidental import of evil. It counsels strenuous effort and action rather than passivity and the indolence of "*la vie monocale.*" An Emersonian virility stirs and strengthens throughout the pages rather than the emotional and suggestive imagination of Maeterlinck. Yet there is no lack of poetic charm and of aspiration toward beauty as an outer expression of inner symmetry; of a tender idealism, and of a conscious mysticity with the divine immanence.

Well-balanced adjustment of one's outer and inner forces is described in the following characteristic passage:

> True morality is in the harmony of inspiration and effort, of dream and of action. One must question the value of that "ivory-tower" quietism that cannot be carried without risk among the disorders of the street.

Now, philosophy is chosen to harmonize with the temperament. Like a parasitic growth, it draws its life from the soul of him who adopts it; and the supreme point of interest for us in "La Volonte de Vivre," inheres in the author's treatment of the will. The will, according to Schopenhauer and Nietsche, has left a very disagreeable impression upon the race-consciousness. Schopenhauer apparently regarded the will mainly as an inherent self-determination

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and preservation, to be directed aggressively against others; an animal vigor, a blind force, a tenacious desire of life, in fact the fundamental impulsive element in all existence. He considered, *certes*, the real or spiritual will, in its perfected, positive essence; but an abiding emphasis appears to have been placed upon the negative animal will; and the life of the man h mself, with the fearsome, pessimistic, unphi'osophic, unjoyous atmosphere which rad'ated from him, has left upon the cosmopolitan mind an impress of the will as a kind of obsession, a something as undesirable as it is undefinable, a hideous necessity of life.

But the French idealist images a truer reflection. In this lies the power, the sunny stimulus, the mystic insight and the practical value of his work. He shows us that we are emanations of the Great Will, with which we may attune ourselves by means of an harmonious outer life and by inner aspiration; and that in direct ratio as we rise into a comprehension of the will of our Over-soul, and subjugate the will of the flesh, we increase the higher light and life within us, and become beautiful; the idea of the beautiful being an exalted perception of rhythm and measure, the norm of all parts, proportion and perspectiv ·.

The true, the beautiful and the good surround and penetrate us like space, and if the will be directed toward appropriation, we are filled in proportion to our receptivity. The will should achieve the work of intelligence. The will should construct and restore the physical energies. The will should maintain not only a state of grateful calm and tranquillity but also of creative power and of conscious ecstasy.

And again, we are to develop the will in order to strengthen weaker souls. The human flock must be guided and saved by an *elite*. A master of character should have disciples and imitators. Let us become beings of such exalted merit that our light will radiate from a luminous center. And words are quite unnecessary, as a language is silently established between soul and soul.

Charbonnel scarcely differentiates between volition and char-

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acter. Heroism of cha acter is to be attained in direct proportion to the will-power; and it is the stately order, the harmonious beauty of the moral effort—character being the universal moral order seen through the individual nature.

Character as a protection against the shock of events is set forth with excellent spirit. Of what avail are the assaults of hate, of unhappiness or of suffering to him who possesses a true inner heroism? External things can never prevail against the inaccessible power of character. Man is the master of himself and his destiny. Character is formed and educated by an active life. Were we simply passive, life would carry us along and toss us about, helpless debris of being. We are in the flood, but by firm will we may master it and turn its violence to our advantage.

Life as a warfare of the will is considered, but it is as a dignified self-conquest, self-watchfulness and self-guidance rather than an aggressive attitude toward others or a defiance of law and order. "To live is to will without ceasing." The flesh will seize that which the spirit has created. Inertia and death ever assault living activities. One must strive, one must defend oneself. Never trust to one's moral accumulation, but unceasingly urge on toward the higher ideals of the soul, toward eternal verities, toward a life of harmony with the Higher Will. And this force is to be attained and strengthened from one's inner consciousness. "It is from within and not from without that we achieve the true force of life." And how shall we arouse the latent soul within? "The first condition of the inner life is silence and meditation." "When we speak, something warns us that the door of communication with the Divine has partly closed." The soul's eye sees most clearly in the dark. "Talking unwinds and disperses our energies." Observe men of valiant firmness of action, whether in public or in private, and they are found to be silent men. The will acquires force in silence, not in the passive silence of somnolence and mental inertia, but in that active silence when profound truth surges up from the depths of being, and illumines great designs and grand

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duties. "Worldlings have a strange fear of silence, that revelator of souls." "Oh words! words! those ravishers of the will."

The cultivation and education of the will by strictly logical and scientific methods is treated at length from different points of view. One of the oldest and most respected means of training a firm will (according to the Oriental concept, that of the early church fathers, and of Schopenhauer) was asceticism and self-mortification. This treatment has proved as efficacious in the scientific world as it has among mystics; and there is no question but that a slight degree of asceticism does assist one to gain control of the will, and adds to clearness of mental vision. But Charbonnel's emphasis is ever upon the ideal and not upon the evil to be subjugated. He says: "The free development of that which is noblest in us will of itself, reduce and supersede that which is not good." And again: "Each idea contemplated wittingly, in order to transmute it finally into acts, operates upon the will, multiplies its vigor and its spring, confirms it and becomes a natural prayer by which one turns toward the true and the good, to be rendered strong by the true and the good and to be made capable of conforming to it his will and his entire being."

Replacement of the unworthy thought or desire or emotion by insistent and reiterated dwelling upon a lofty ideal, a noble resolve, a helpful thought, is one of the most effective cultures of the volition and the character. Resolutely turn the attention and the thought toward the desired ideal and in time the coveted result will be attained according to "that law of natural selection which declares that vast modifications may be produced in periods sufficiently long." Not so much a repressive strife, nor even a violent destruction of the energies which agitate our sense-nature, but a wise and firm direction of them. No mad combat, no mutilation, but a peaceful and serene domination of the will in our innermost soul of harmony.

One means of controlling the animal will is to represent to ourselves just what the will is, in its different aspects. Instead of a

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stock of vital power to be accumulated, always stored up and ready to act, it is a force to be made and developed by action. "By willing we render ourselves capable of willing." But there must be continuity, precision and detail in each effort of the will directed toward a given conquest. Concentrate upon one small thing each time, but affirm this unwaveringly, attempting only that which is easily within the power. Never reverse the decisions once taken, but will without cessation and without retraction. "I shall be wise and strong and good, because ever and always, with my entire being, I will to be so."

Each thought, each effort, each act remains in us a living vestige, an excitative vibration; and as a stored tendency to renewal, which may become a veritable augmentation of power or of our very being. We must master thought and its outer expression, the act, at each moment. One instant of relaxed will, and disorder may enter; ravaging all that which we have so painfully constructed. Each external manifestation sustains and aids the interior force. Charming manners, polite language, helpful kindness confirm, by expressing goodness. One might almost say that by an habitual manner we may insinuate into ourselves the corresponding character; as a philosopher remarked to a great lady: "You desire to be good; begin by being graceful."

And the very soul of a perfect character is love. If there be not a love of obligation for its justice, of duty for its grandeur, of goodness for its moral radiance, we shall but live after an arid and formal regularity. Love is that life-giving aspiration which lifts all our faculties in joyance toward the divine ideal. Love the true, the beautiful and the good, and we shall achieve divine vitality and supranormal powers.

If the consciousness be dispersed and scattered by the superficial and confused agitation of the senses, we shall not see clearly into ourselves, nor be able to reflect the external truths which should become our real nature; neither shall we resolutely apply the will to the awakening of this inner light. But if these objective activities

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be checked and subjugated they may be transmuted, thus raising the center of gravity of the character until it becomes super-conscious, self-sustaining and self-luminous.

A beautiful life, a harmonious, glad, grateful life, is the greatest achievement that one can realize. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* of order, of proportion, of harmony, of exquisite melody.

The ancients compared the soul to a melodious lyre, which sings and vibrates under the touch of the great Breath. If this be true of the poetic soul, it is no less true of the moral soul, which ought to be the strong, tense harp which throbs to each beat of the great cosmic heart.

To combine the organized ideas which constitute the multiplex ego; to unite the original fatalities, the atavistic tares, the manifold germs of the composite self into a harmonic symphony which shall be in sympathetic accord with the cosmic rhythm—this is to realize indeed that time and space, liberty and necessity, truth and thought, are no longer distinct and separate entities; but that the universe is one stupendous organism clasping immensity in which the human atom is by no means lost, but poised lightly upon the earth as a material base, its thought aspires, and, disengaging itself by degrees, rises like an exhalation until, losing consciousness of terrestrial confines, it becomes one with the eternal surge of light and of spirit-intellection.

MRS. ROSA G. ABBOTT.

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THE PANORAMA OF SLEEP.

Soul and Symbol.

BY NINA PICTON.

(II.)

THE CHILDREN OF FANCY.

Some one gave me a gift, a curious one, by-the-by, of dull leaden metal, arabesqued in peculiar designs, and fashioned into a tall box; quite tall enough to push into the embrasure of my window, and afford me there a resting-place.

"You must never open it," said the Giver. "When it wishes, the lid will, of its own accord, fly upward. Until then cultivate no curiosity, but be trustful."

Here was a peculiar position given to a daughter of Eve. Though much occupied at stated intervals, yet the sight of that box—silent, mysterious, and within daily view—became a haunting desire at once to open and to understand. I busied myself with books, I jotted down thoughts and phrases innumerable; but often and often I wrote "leaden box," which showed in what direction my mind was tending.

One day some one called to see me. I talked, laughed and warmed with vivacity—as I thought; yet painfully conscious, later, that I was artificial.

What could I do? My visitor was staring at that leaden structure with eyes aglow and earnest. The thing was magnetic to her as well as to me, for I saw that her footsteps were advancing toward it, and a volley of questions would soon storm my hearing.

"Where did you get it?"

"Some one left it here," I answered quietly, with an attempt at indifference.

"What do you do with it?" she continued. "It is so large and unwieldy."

"Nothing, I just let it stand there. I may place papers in it some time. I am not sure yet."

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"Just the thing for papers!" she exclaimed. "May I see how deep it is?" And she almost lifted the lid.

"Please do not," I replied, forgetting, in my desire to keep my promise, how mysterious I was; "no one ever opens it, I assure you."

"Just the reason why it should be," she replied, looking curiously at me, and fired with persistency.

I was aware that I was piteous in my expression. I feared the disappearance of the box if all curiosity was not withheld.

"Some time you shall know," I feverishly replied. "I shall tell you all; but not now,—not now."

"It doesn't matter," she replied, stiffly, "only I'm surprised at a *box* creating such excitement."

"I suppose it *is* strange," I exclaimed, meekly looking at my hands, which were cold and trembling; aware, too, that I was commonplace and terse in my remarks.

Sooner than I imagined I was alone. The swishing of her dress, the quick "good bye," and the creaking down the stairway told me I was free—free from interruption and questioning; with hurried thoughts and plans about the box, which, naturally, I could foresee was to excite further comment.

All at once I heard whispers. Whence came they? I looked about me, behind my chair, thinking some one had suddenly come in,—a servant, perhaps, or one of my household. No one was visible.

Walking to the door, I opened it quickly, sure that one or two persons were waiting without. No!

Then I peered down the long corridor. The shadows were creeping in, and through the distant panes of glass at the far end, I saw the first star. How it twinkled! And how the branches of the tree near the window brushed the panes!

Re-entering, I saw all as before. The whispering had ceased; the box still stood in the window's arch

"Am I *never* to know?" thought I, certain of something to be heard.

As if in answer, I heard the whisperings once more. They ap-

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peared to come from the direction of the box, yet it remained immovable; by reason of its weight, of course. Even the lid did not tremble, but looked as if sealed for all time.

Listening, I heard a confused murmuring. "Something is in there," I remarked; and I wondered if the gift of Pandora were coming to me, or if magic surrounded my life.

Though painfully curious, I was aware that my fingers were not to touch the lid. "It will open of itself," came the long-said words; "until then, be trustful."

Sinking into a chair, I leaned forward upon the low table where books, papers, and pamphlets lay in chaotic confusion. I toyed with a pencil. The wood felt peculiar to my touch. Some force seemed running from my arm down to the pencil-tip. Suddenly I wrote, without consciousness of thought; but as if mapped out on my mental plate, I indited strange sayings, peculiar phrases, imaginings.

Once more I heard the whisperings, and, looking about me, before me, on the table, directly in view, I saw graceful airy creatures of humanity, gleefully dancing and swaying as the candle flickered.

"Who are ye?" I cried, looking intently at their laughing faces.

"We live here with you."

"Oh no!" I answered, ready to relieve them and myself of an illusion.

"But it is true," declared the foremost one; "we have told you what you have just written We like you, and aid you so far as we can."

"Strange visitors," I exclaimed; "it is that I choose to call ye—welcome!" For I liked the laughing faces, I liked the swaying and the dancing, and the tripping tones.

Suddenly, I thought of the box. There it stood, the lid upraised, waiting, it seemed, for my inspection.

I walked toward it. The little beings followed me. Then I noticed tiny wings uprising from each shoulder. They were gleeful and teeming with expression.

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Nothing was within the box. I passed my hand slowly up and down its smooth sides, thinking perhaps some secret drawer, some spring would suddenly reward me.

"How queer!" I exclaimed, feeling that I wore a disappointed look, and conscious that a little winged creature, lilting on the lid, was peering at me.

"Nothing queer," said he. "It is our home; or a while, at least. Some one sent us. If you treat us kindly, we will remain. If not, we fly at a moment's warning."

I looked at the little asserter in astonishment. He returned my glance bravely, and I called him to me.

"Do not leave me at all!" I pleaded. "It is lonely here, and you may not care to stay, but if you will, I will be kind and talk always to you."

All about me the little creatures whirled; my brain felt clear, as if fresh draughts of air had been inhaled. Much elation rested with me, much promise, and an outlook I had never known.

I opened my arms, and drew the little ones into my heart.

THE FLAMING FALCHION.

It was night-time, and I saw no light of stars. The city was quaint and olden. About the low-storied dwellings a few dust-begrimed street-lamps stood, but they served to make the place uncanny, not cheerful.

I gathered the folds of my white draperies about me, and, high in hand, I waved the falchion that a stranger had lately presented to me. Into the gloom I passed. The flaming point made clear my way as at noonday.

"I am followed," thought I, and I turned and saw.

Out of the midnight blackness about me a motley crowd stood revealed. Fantastic and barbaric were their garbs; mocking and demoniac their faces. The colors gleamed in that red-lighted hour like mysterious pigments on ancient canvas. In and out, with frenzied measure, the mazy concourse stepped.

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"Come with us!" their jarring tones made loud. "Come, too far art thou ahead!"

I waved the torch for answer, nor looked I back. To the high-road I advanced; the midnight did not affright me.

Then, on either side of me, wound the multitude. As far as eye could pierce they stood.

"Thou canst not pass now," said they, "thou bold one! We will hem thee in. Thy way shall be obstructed." Loud upon the silence jeered the voices, and peal after peal of satanic mirth made faint my heart.

Then waved I the torch from side to side. Before each leering face I flashed its brightness.

Not one could stand the test. Shivering, as from northern blasts, crouching, as in sudden terror, remained they, until one afar found boldness to cry:

"Thy flame will not last! Too soon shall it die, and naught but a blackened falchion wilt thou hold in thy hand, thou vain and foolish one!"

I waved the torch. Brighter and more glowing became its light, and the multitude turned back.

"None shall molest me now," quoth I, half audibly; "routed are they, and put to flight. My peace is secure."

Close to mine ear came a voice. Soft, insinuating, it arrested my hearing:

"Thou art too tender, too young, to traverse such a road alone. The way is no new one to me. Let me direct thy steps, and save thee from perils by the road."

Smooth as honey flowed the accents. A careful solicitude was in each phrase, and I marveled at his kindness.

"I do not fear now," said I, "all are gone—the ones that made trembling my steps. It is far; thou wilt repent. Let me proceed alone."

"Nay," softly spake the voice. "It is given me to guide thee. Shall I, or not?"

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Then I turned, and held my falchion toward him.

Why looked he away? Tall and graceful was he, with hair as dark as the raven's wing. On the olive of his cheek a tinge of warm red rested, and the eye, in its sidelong glance, seemed dark and ro ling.

Again I heard his voice. Some tremor was in it, I fancied, or a peculiar sense of disquietude, that came to me, intuitively, surely, and caused me to observe a like appearance in him.

"Why turnest thou away?" I asked. "No forethought or merciful kindness should embarrass thee. Let me look upon thy face, I pray thee." And I awaited his inclination.

"Thou shalt; but let us hurry onward. A long distance lieth before. Too soon thy steps may flag, thy courage be counted naught."

The falchion I lifted high, but I did not see his eyes. Still were they turned aside, as if the light-rays blinded him.

Far along that lonely road I traveled; potent and more subtile grew the stranger's presence.

"A road branches here," quoth he, "easier and more accessible to thy feet. It leadeth to a city where thou canst rest and be content. Come, follow me!"

I hesitated. The stranger had turned his face from me as before, and was eagerly peering out into the darkness. Three roads were there to be seen, the main road—which, strange to say, had grown narrower with the distance—and two forking ones, that looked broad and picturesque by the falchion's flare.

"Come, we have little time," said he. "Trust thy steps to mine. Many have I led by this self-same route."

"But I know thee not," I declared. "Never have I looked upon thy face. Something bids me leave thee, and find alone the way. To what purpose has this flaming steel been given me, canst thou say?"

"Let me extinguish it," boldly cried he. "Thou needest no light with me. Too accustomed are mine eyes to darkness, and—"

But I straightway answered, while an ominous shiver accompanied the words:

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"With *this* in hand, naught can harm. Unmolested have I been, alert, possessed of marvelous endurance. Hold it in thy hand for one moment. Mayhap its magic power will come to thee."

But an uneasiness, strange and sudden, seized him. As if pierced by a powerful sword, he turned away, and covered his eyes.

Then a Force bade me delay not.

"I must go," I exclaimed. "Rest is not yet for me." Impulsively I advanced.

With a cry as of one foiled, he grasped my arm.

"Never!" he hissed, and sought to stay me. "I have thee near; thou *must not go!*"

"In the name of one that bids me come, I refuse thee! No aid cometh from thee, I am convinced," I cried; and in his eye I waved and held my flaming falchion.

With a horrible cry, he stepped back, quivering as if with fear. The light revealed his fantastic garb. Red was it, and checkered o'er with spots like gleaming green, baleful to the gaze.

For the first time looked I into his face. Distorted, as if goaded to frenzy, with teeth clenched in rage, appeared he. And the eye? A glitter, unearthly in light, was there—a truculent glare, that sought to fix with horrible certainty my gaze.

Rallying, grasping with renewed courage my falchion, I stepped and held it before him.

The eye drooped—drooped until blinded by the brightness. Then groping, with quivering step and palsying frame, he fell backward.

"Come!" called the Power from afar.

And with the swiftness of an antelope, I fled and left him by the way.

To what country belonged he?

THE GARDEN OF PLEASURE.

"Go in," suggested some one. And I opened the wicket-gate, and stood within the enclosure.

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Many shrubs and trees were there that impressed me as newly planted. About each base the soil looked loose and fruitful, and the tree-bodies held their heads as proudly as if they had ever maintained a position there.

Through the paths many people were walking to and fro, scanning one another curiously and significantly as they passed, and busying themselves with loudly-expressed disapproval or fair words, as the mood suited them. From all countries and climes appeared they Indeed, the garden seemed a world, so vast was its space, so distant and unseen its boundaries. Through the shrubbery came the sound of laughter and mirth; care sat lightly, and idleness was everywhere apparent. Some were tasting the rich fruits that hung from the inclining boughs, and delighting in the feast.

To some the fruits gave a wildness of manner, a recklessness, that approached intoxication. To others, a maudlin manner, horrible and sad to contemplate.

"Why dost thou not eat?" asked one of me. "Few are long in the garden without tasting. See, it is placed here for our taste and enjoyment!"

But I nodded my head. I preferred to wait, to walk through, to observe the life within that enclosure. To me it was an education a step that brought enlightenment. Women as fair as houris wandered by. Beautiful their faces, graceful their steps; but the absence of character was conspicuous. Laughing, jesting and singing they passed by, some calling to me, others complaining of my serious face, that seemed out of place in such a gathering.

"She will soon lose that," exclaimed one, "after she has remained longer. One cannot be heavy or sober here. It is all gay, buoyant, free." And she trilled lightly a song, until the in-dwellers laughed and clapped their hands with pleasure.

The fountains played in uniform measure, showers of iridescent drops fell from their heights; and about the stone-encircling copings sat many mortals, trailing lengths of crimson roses upon the glistening surface.

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"Nothing to do," thought I, "must it not pall,—this sluggishness and indolence?" For I felt it an extreme that would not bear lasting.

My question remained unanswered. Yea—after many days; for the same life was observed—an existence.

Coming to a tree, the outspread boughs being heavily laden with rich and vari-colored fruit, I looked admiringly upon it.

" 'T is the finest in the garden, ' uttered some one standing by—"luscious, mellow and delightful to the taste. Thou couldst not find finer fruit Try it and see!"

I demurred a while. I had done this before for I had been several days in the garden, and felt loth to taste its products.

But the woman near by again exhorted me: "Why dost thou not taste? I tell thee, thou wilt not regret it. Such waiting is foolish with all that within thy reach."

By this time numbers had gathered round. My initiation appeared a novelty and a desire to these garden-dwellers, and all exclaimed: "Why art thou foolish? No one hath thus acted here. Taste! enjoy!"

Toward the bough all laden with graceful fruit, I leaned, and plucked two of the finest apples I saw. The interior was hollow, the outside beauty but an allurement—slowly, surely, the beautiful fruit crumbled in my hands.

A cry escaped me; a cry came from the circles about me.

"What is it?" they faltered, surrounding me, and gazing in horror at the sight.

"Ashes," I replied, outstretching my palms to them, wherein lay a small heap of dust-colored particles, sad to look upon.

Something like awe overspread their faces, and silence was supreme.

Then one drew near, with the query: "May I observe thy hands? Surely something is on them that hath had power upon the fruit."

I allowed him to hold them—even to dip them into the fountain near by, to assure him of their natural surface.

I plucked another apple. It crumbled as before.

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"Again!" exclaimed the circle

"No, it will be but likewise. My place is not here," I cried. "The garden will yield me no food, for I have not the desire to eat it. My path lies outside, where life looketh not so fair."

A band came toward me. "Let us go with thee," asked they; "something tells us that the garden is not for us."

"No," replied the others. "Let her depart. She is a stranger, and not wanted here. But do not follow her. Too long thou hast been with us. Stay and live!"

But the little band waxed firmer. "We have observed," cried they, "and know of the decay here. To us the stranger is a magnet. We must follow or be lost."

I opened the wicket-gate.

Amid the jeers of the throng, we passed out, and the garden remained naught but a dream in the way soon taken.

NINA PICTON.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE WISE MAN AND THE SEA URCHINS.

(XXI.)

Through a glow as richly red as the heart of a crimson rose, the skipper took his precious cargo home that afternoon at sunset.

Nature, with lavish hand, had used the rarest pigments on her palette for tints of sea and sky. How they both glowed and gleamed and burned with their lights of orange and vermillion! Where the soft blue kissed the gold, what tender greens paled into the pearl of twilight! Sentinel clouds, rose-lighted and gray-shadowed, hung low upon the dark horizon's rim, guarding the portals through which passed slowly the king of day. Across the water blew the first fresh night wind, sending the little boat swiftly upon its way.

"The splendor of the sunset—what can compare to it?" breathed Violet. "'The heavens' do indeed 'declare the glory of God.'"

"'Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge,'" added Snowdrop. "I begin to faintly understand what that means, sir, since you have opened the book of nature to our eyes. Nothing is or happens in nature that is not like something that is or happens in our own lives, does n't it seem so to you, sir?"

"Of what particular likeness is our Snowdrop thinking now?"

"Of the twilight, and the going down of the great sun, which seems to me like the death, at the end of the day, of a great man."

"Snowdrop, neither the sun nor the great man can be said in truth to 'go down.' Think a moment—*does* the sun 'go down?'"

"Why, *of course not!* It's the earth that turns away from the sun—or I should say our particular portion of the earth—I did n't think of that when I spoke; but the man—he does n't 'go down' either?"

"No; he is like the sun, there, lassie. He is, a radiant, imperishable thing; and the death of which you speak is the earth-particles

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tearing away from him. And his brothers, of the earth earthy, watching him with material eyes, note the gloom and darkness that follow, and say: 'Our brother has gone down into the valley of the shadow of death. They cannot follow him, any more than we can follow, as it leaves us, the light of the sun which shines on in undiminished splendor 'another where.'"

"There is no 'down' or 'up' in space, then?"

"No down or up."

"Those who tried to build the Tower of Babel seemed to have thought that not only was there an 'up' but a heaven in the 'up.' Would n't they have been as apt to have found heaven if they'd have dug down as low as they built up high?"

"If they held in their minds and hearts and souls those things that alone make heaven for immortal men, yes, Brownie."

"But they'd have pretty nearly touched the sky, would n't they, if they had ever finished the tower?"

"Let us suppose the great building had narrowed up to the one top stone, Pinkie, what would they have discovered the sky to be—heaven?"

"That's what the builders thought it would prove to be, did n't they?"

"It would seem so. What do you fancy their idea of heaven must have been, Ruddy?"

"Oh, just as we're taught it is now, sir. A place where folks are very happy, and live in cities with streets of gold and gates of pearl, with harps to play on and songs to sing and wings to fly with and everything bright and beautiful and lovely all the time."

"And it was thought they would find all these in the sky?"

"They certainly seemed to think so; yes, sir."

"And they were going to get to that place 'whether or no'—to that realm of rare delights, and get there *bodily*, it would appear, when the lofty tower should, as they fondly believed that it would, have reached the sky.

"The builders of the Tower of Babel lived upon the plains of

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Shinar, we are told, and knew little, doubtless, about even the moderately high regions of space. Had they been dwellers upon mighty mountains; had they seen the fall of heavy rains from clouds that hung and floated below their places of observation, do you think, my Urchins, they'd have tried to reach the sky, which for all their lofty altitude still arched its tender blue miles upon miles above them?"

"I should think not," answered Ruddy. "And I've always wondered, if it *were* possible to 'reach the sky,' how the tower builders could guess just where to place the foundations so that, when it was finished it would reach to any opening in heaven; because if it had streets of gold it must have been a pretty solid place, and would have had to have some sort of opening so the folks of Shinar could get through into the heavenly city."

"It's not always easy for mortals to know where to place the foundations of their ladders to heaven. The first cornerstone of one builder may be a most humble little affair placed in what might seem to some folks anything but a 'likely situation,' yet which will prove to be all the builder asks of it; while another's effort, placed with much forethought and great ostentation in an apparently most promising position, will not be found in line with any opening into real heaven.

"But this building of wh'ch I now speak deals not with the cutting and fashioning into square-cornered blocks of any material known to our world's stone-masons. It is a spiritual masonry; and the heaven-reaching pile rises by means of the doing of good deeds, the hinking of righteous thoughts, and the living of pure lives.

"We can understand, my children, why people think that heaven is some radiant place high above the surface of the earth; for above us is all the lovely light earth dwellers know, and it is the rising to higher levels, the uplifting thought, the exalted moods that carry us up and away from low and depressing conditions of life. It's simply a thought-habit we have formed. Heaven and

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its opposite are not locations, my little ones; and I think that we can prove it for ourselves."

"How, sir, please?"

"By showing that high or low, from a physical point of view, need not be taken into consideration when we are enjoying the raptures of heaven or suffering the torments of its opposite. To get the proper material for our illustration, let us first select as our heroes two men whose occupations take them into as opposite localities as it is possible for men to be taken in this world. Let us, therefore, choose for the first one—what?"

"An aëronaut?"

"Well chosen, Goldie; and the other?"

"A miner?"

"Right, Blooy; and he shall be one who works in the great salt mines in Europe (the deepest mines in the whole world), thousands of feet below the surface of the earth. In deep and gloomy caverns far from the sweet airs of heaven, the miner, for the sake of the dear ones dependent upon him, burrows like a human mole; high in air, where all is lightness and brightness and marvelous beauty, the aëronaut (which means, literally, 'air-sailor') for the sake of his own notoriety makes daring and dangerous journeys above the clouds.

"Let us further suppose that some day this aëronaut (who has enjoyed the proud distinction of having been the greatest wonder in his profession of any like adventurer in his own country) is challenged to make an ascent with an air-traveler from foreign parts, who brings a novel rival upon the field of action—a great air-ship that throws our aëronaut's old-fashioned balloon 'into the shade,' as the saying goes. The name and fame he has won from his admiring world are our hero's highest prized and most cherished possessions; to lose them would be a torture to his vain soul, a misery almost unendurable.

"He hugs his chief treasure jealously, and will not allow himself to believe that aught can ever rob him of all he holds dear. But

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the day dawns for the event; up go the two men in their respective machines; higher, higher, higher, until they are mere specks against the azure overhead. Higher still, and now they disappear from view.

"But we, who have seated ourselves upon the magic carpet of imagination follow the two men thousands upon thousands of feet above the proposed pinnacle of the great Tower of Babel. Has our hero found heaven? Does n't his face tell us that rather has he found its opposite, as he perceives that his rival has a far finer air-ship than he, and that he may never again hope to hold the highest place as an aëronaut in the opinion of the people? In this little hour of realization the man in the sky is the prey of the devils of jealous rage, and is engulfed in a hell as real as ever can be known by mortal man, for he knows that that which is the dearest thing in all the world to him, his hitherto unquestioned superiority over all others of his profession, is to be taken from him.

"But the miner! The morning he bids his little ones 'good bye' as he leaves them to go into the mines for three whole days and nights, he has a little folded piece of paper in his breast that lights his way through the awful gloom as though a torch were being carried before him. His children's mother, the dear, dear woman who had been taken from home many weeks ago, will, when he shall see the light of day, be at home once more, for the little letter which lies close upon his heart is the herald of glad tidings. She whom he loves with all the strength of his manly nature—the gentle mother of his precious little ones—will not die, as has been feared; nor will she lose (and his dread of this has been almost as terrible as his dread of death itself) the sight of her eyes. The operation at the hospital in a neighboring city has been successful and she is to be brought home on the day following the arrival of the letter.

"And as he works in the gloom of the earth thousands of feet below its surface, he sings softly for very gladness and gratitude, as it is thought the angels sing. He is in heaven—as real a heaven

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as he will ever enter in all the eternity of his existence, for that which is to him the dearest thing on earth, his precious wife, is to be restored to him."

"Happiness, then, is heaven?"

"Happiness is heaven. All of one man's love is centered in himself; all the other man's thought is for others. Had the aeronaut truly loved his neighbor as himself, his neighbor's victory over him could not have brought him such intolerable misery as only the demons of hate know how to inflict upon a self-loving mortal."

"But the streets of gold and gates of pearl and harps and songs and wings?"

"The wings, Blooy, are a mere figure of speech, and suggest an altogether spiritual uplifting of the soul and not the body of man. As for the other things mentioned we may have them, and have them without difficulty, here upon earth."

"Streets of gold?"

"Provided sufficient quantities of such metal can be gathered together; yes, my boy. Gates of pearl are not necessarily peculiarly celestial; for these might, doubtless, be easily fashioned from earthly materials. As for the harps, I hope I do not appear sacrilegious when I bid you call to mind the old Italian rogue who plays every day for the hotel guests down upon the beach, and who possesses quite a fine and imposing looking instrument.

"It has no locality, children, this heaven of which we are speaking. You will never find it anywhere. The shining light that reflects itself in radiant gleams from any earthly metal cannot help to make heaven for us It is the light that never was on land or sea—'the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world'—the glorious light that radiates from our own heart flames of love—that burning splendor which is the holy, quickening and informing principle of all being—that living fire which is itself the vital ray animating all life—this makes our heaven.

"In the heart of every creature the Creator has kindled his own pure flame—kindled it without losing one infinitesimal part of his

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own unspeakable glory. As a candle may set alight a million million others and lose no particle of its own brightness, so has the Infinite Love manifested itself in living light in all things in existence. And the task is ours to keep the God-given spark alight, or to go out with it into the blackness from which it emerged for each and all of us at the speaking of the word.

"We who are beginning to realize that we are conscious souls—who comprehend that we are not parts of God but God himself in manifestation, keep the spark alive by our realization of this most glorious truth. How it lifts to real heaven that soul sufficiently conscious of the truth to be able to say comprehendingly 'What Thou art that am I also!' And to know that we, in our real selves (the higher selves that are beyond the plane of mortal error or sin), are wise with the wisdom, good with the goodness, and eternal with the eternity of God.

"There is no irreverence in this, dear children When the word 'omnipresent' is used by your religious teachers—rather let us call them your teachers of religion—I fear they do not make the meaning of the word quite clear to your young minds. 'Omni' is from the Latin word *omnis*, meaning all, every, everywhere; therefore when we say that the Holy Spirit is 'Omnipresent' we mean that there is nowhere in all the universe that He is not, and that each thing that exists does so by the power of that divine law which works for us for good as it works for the Creator himself, when we have reached a true recognition of the godhood that is ours."

"Jesus recognized it, did n't he, when he said, 'My Father and I are one.' But he was the Christ."

"What does the word Christ mean to you, Snowdrop?"

"Why,—the savior, sir—that more than anything."

"The savior of what?"

"Of us—of everybody."

"From what, Snowdrop, please?"

"From sin, from evil doing, and the awful penalties we'll have to pay afterward, you know, sir."

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"You believe that the Christ can save you from all this?"

"That is what we are taught to believe, sir."

"But do you believe what you are taught?"

"Somehow (even though I always felt that I ought to) I could n't exactly believe *that*."

"That the Christ is the savior (in other words the protector from punishment for evil doing) of mankind?"

"Yes, sir. It always has seemed wrong to me that anybody could do ever so wicked a thing, and then be forgiven and taken right into heaven without a bit of trouble, and be made an angel along with the people who had tried all their lives to be good. It always has seemed to me that the sinner ought to suffer for his sins for his own good."

"My child, do you think the evildoer ever is really 'saved' until after the full measure of his penance is paid, and through bitterest remorse he learns not only the extent of his guilt but the lesson of his own soul's responsibility for an act that was possible only because of ignorance? 'Saved'—that is an incorrect word, lassie, for he is not, cannot be 'saved,' that is, 'prevented, delivered, rescued, protected from' nor 'spared' his full measure of suffering for whatsoever crime he may have committed.

"Nevertheless the Christ—*the true Christ in himself*—the Son who recognizes his identity with the Father, and who suffers upon the cross for all sin, when the terrible crucifixion is over at last, and the full penalty paid, shows him the way to heaven—not your conventional heaven, Snowdrop, peopled with winged creatures. 'Conventional,' Pinkie? People 'convene'—that is assemble, come together to decide upon what shall be considered the proper and improper meaning or usage of this, that and the other. Whatsoever is decided upon at this 'convention' (which is usually one of mind, not body) is accepted by the world at large—that is that part of the world which allows another part to decide for it; and it is thereafter known as 'conventional.'

"Your conventional heaven—the sort of heaven described to you

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by the majority of teachers of young children—must have its location in the sky; its streets of gold, its gates of pearl, its harps, its hosannas and its wings. Yet, my Urchins, were I, because of a righteously lived life, to be doomed to pass an eternity in such a place as your teachers would have me believe it to be, it would become, in too short a time, almost the opposite of heaven for me."

"If you might have it your own way, sir, what would *your* heaven be?"

"What it is to-day very nearly, Blooy. The cherished privilege granted me to do what I may to add to the waking world's sum of usable knowledge; the planting of a seed or two of truth here and there in the neglected corners of this particular Garden of Souls, and, most of all, loving and being loved. Why, the mere thought of this is heaven itself to me.

"But let us go back to the Christ-thought, children, for that is a comforting and gladdening one I wish to impress upon your young minds and hearts. The gentle Nazarene, the tender teacher of souls whose words are ever words of blessed comfort alive to the truth, strove to awaken the slumbering world of men to the glorious fact of its own divinity. He longed to make them realize that all that was divine was theirs as well as his own, or after he had declared to them that he was the Way and the Truth and the Life, said, 'I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.'

"Each of us may be a savior to our brother and sister pilgrims. Not by suffering for them but with them; not in relieving them of their more or less heavy responsibilities, but in lovingly sympathizing with and encouraging these carriers of weight, that they may not lose heart, give up, and fall by the way, but struggle bravely and hopefully on with the burdens they must bear until they have grown wise enough to comprehend that all that which they carry they have, by their own ignorance in the past heaped upon themselves.

"Oh, my children, we may not be able to carry the great world's burdens, but we can lighten its dreary load by our love for those

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carriers of weight, who do not understand the whys and wherefores of their lot. Reach out to them with your hearts, and, while you make them feel that their sorrows are your own, teach them the blessed truth that holds within itself the sweetest and most comforting of all heavenly gifts, the positive assurance of their own divinity."

EVA BEST.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

The Tenth Peace Congress, recently held at Glasgow, was in many respects a rather tame affair. Conscientious persons are often very timid, while unscrupulous men are bold and arrogant This fact makes reform up-hill work. Mr. W. T. Stead, however, accentuated the proceedings by exclaiming forcibly: "Damn, damn, damn!" It shocked some sensibilities, but, like a clap of thunder, was followed by a clearer atmosphere. His resolution was carried: "The Hague Conference having recommended four different methods of avoiding war, which are, first, mediation; second, international commission of inquiry; third, special commissions; and fourth, arbitration pure and simple, the Congress declares that any state by refusing to adopt any one of them when proffered by its opponent, loses its right to be regarded as a civilized Power."

Another resolution recognized the duty of every government to protect its own citizens residing abroad, and also law-respecting citizens of other countries residing within its borders; praised the courage and sincerity of missionaries, and affirmed the right of every man to endeavor to induce others to share his convictions—adding significantly an earnest recommendation that "missionaries should vigorously abstain from all action which can even indirectly expose their country to war; should refrain from appealing to their governments to avenge their wrongs; and should rely on the well-recognized power of disinterested effort, and not upon military force, which must always be a hindrance to their service."

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Another resolution expressed gratitude "for the genius and devotion which one of the greatest of living writers, Count Leo Tolstoï, has given the pacific idea as he sees it."

An "Appeal to the Nations" was read in French and then in English, and unanimously adopted. It declared the tendency of European society toward democracy; described the present military condition as "an international anarchy" productive of general poverty; and restricted the general principle laid down at the session in Rome in 1891:

"The right of conquest has no moral existence. The peoples have the inalienable right to dispose of themselves. The autonomy of nations is inviolable."

UNIVERSALISM AND ITS TREND.

The Universalists held their biennial convention at Buffalo in October. They appear to be in excellent condition financially, and take great satisfaction in the fact that large numbers of the clergy and communicants of the other religious denominations are adopting their views. The various orthodox pulpits in Buffalo, were occupied by Universalist preachers on Sunday during the session, and it appears that flourishing missions are maintained by Universalists in Japan and other countries. Two important questions were considered in the Convention. One related to a union with the Unitarians, as there is little difference in belief—the Unitarians being the more genteel and the Universalists more in touch with the "plain people." As the late Thomas Starr King described the matter, the Universalists believed that God is too good to damn mankind, while the Unitarians held that mankind were too good to be damned. The other question related to the continuing of the office of superintendents. The Universalists have been Independents and Congregationalists of "the straitest sect," and this indicates a long step toward Episcopacy. The superintendents remain, and doubtless will yet become actual as well as virtual bishops.

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A NECESSARY FITNESS.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the object. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is prepared; then we behold them.

THE BO-TREE OF CEYLON.

The oldest tree in the world of which we have any record, is the Bo Gaha, or sacred Bo, in Ceylon. It is of the banyan family, and was originally a cutting from the tree at Buddha Gaya, under which Gautama was reposing when he attained Nirvana. When Asoka had embraced the religion of renunciation he sent many thousand teachers to other countries to disseminate the new doctrine. After the king and people of Ceylon had embraced the new faith, in the year 288 before the present era a slip was taken from the sacred pepal-tree at Buddha Gaya, and planted at Anuradhpura, the ancient capital. The king as he placed it n its new home uttered the benedict on: "Here let it flourish and bloom till the end of time." His words are fulfilled; the tree took root and has flourished till the present time, honored by all dynasties, spared by all invaders and the object of veneration to all true Buddhists. In the fifth century, Fa Hian, the Chinese traveler, extended his pilgrimage to Ceylon, and wrote an account of the sacred object and its votaries.

The kingdom of Ceylon has long ceased to exist and the city of Anuradhpura is in ruins, but the famous Bo-tree remains the relic of a period and of a greatness that have passed away. Millions of pilgrims have come thither from all parts of India to pay it their homage It, nevertheless, exhibits the signs of age. Its branches are supported by pillars, and the trunk itself is held up by masonry. It is in an enclosure where priests care for it and attend upon the pilgrims. Altars or tables are placed around the tree to receive offerings. The leaves of the pepal are about the size of a

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hand, and are eagerly gathered and treasured as precious boons.

There are many traditions in regard to the tree. It is said that the Buddha himself visited Ceylon and was present at the planting.

The worship of trees was a characteristic of the ancient religions, whether of the temples of Egypt, the Israelitish sanctuary at Shechem, the Babylonian shrines, or of the gathering-places of the Northmen. Every Greek divinity had a tree, and the early Christian missionaries of Europe everywhere directed their efforts to procure the destruction of the sacred emblems The city of Vienna began its existence beside a holy tree, and the towns of Lombardy each had one. The sacred Bo-Trees remain as the last of them all.

WHAT CURED THAT CANCER?

At the meeting of the Homœopathic Medical Society, of Chicago, September 19 Dr. J. J. Thompson described a case which seems to illustrate the folly that characterizes the insane madness for surgical operations. The statement is given in *The Medical Visitor:*

"I have had no successful experience of my own with remedies in these cases [cancer in the intestinal tract], and so far I have not been able to effect a cure by the use of internal medicine. We hear of some remarkable results, however, from mental healing, Christian Science, and from no science at all. I heard of a case, where the patient came from Ohio to Chicago to be operated on, and where the case had been diagnosed as cancer of the pylorus. He was put on the operating table, the abdomen opened in the median line, but because of the appearance of the mass the wound was sewed up and the patient sent home to die. He stopped taking medicine, and after a time began eating. He commenced to gain in flesh, finally got well and hearty. The physician who reported the case to me says he has seen the patient since that time, and that he is perfectly well. Now the question comes in here, what cured? The case improved from the time of opening the abdomen; he took no medicine, and finally recovered." Galton assigns to cancer mental causes; does not that imply mental curing?

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THE TREND TOWARD METAPHYSICAL STUDY.

In an address delivered to the Unity Club at Jackson, Mich., Dr. James C. Oakshette discussed the question whether during the last twenty-five years the greater progress had been made in the physical or the metaphysical realm. A synopsis of the discourse was given in *The Morning Patriot.*

The speaker began by stating the subject: "Has mankind made greater advancement in the things relating to the material and mechanical so called, or in those comprised within the sphere of mind and spirit?" "When," he remarked, "the achievements of the nineteenth century are reviewed one is fairly astounded. Events crowd each other so fast that the human brain reels and cries: 'Hold, I can grasp no more.' In every department it is the same: Astronomic, microscopic, electrical, mechanical, biological, geological, sociological and physical; all have made rapid strides of progress. From the field and the laboratory, the workshop and the office, the school and the college; from the advance guard in every occupation, comes evidence of exuberant physical life, enjoying means of education, transportation and communication scarcely dreamed of twenty-five years ago."

He then turned to the philosophic or metaphysical field of exploration. Looking back over the wake of metaphysical science, he affirmed that we see it tapering away into a mere line, reaching not very far back into the century which has just been completed. Twenty-five years ago, Kant, Bain, Hamilton and McCosh had it all their own way in the department of mental science in the schools and colleges. How few were the articles in religious journals and newspapers relating to the growth of the soul—the true being! How few the books devoted to that subject! How few the schools and colleges and learned societies!

In the first decade of the nineteenth century the foundations of the Swedenborgian system were laid in the New World. The year 1833 saw the establishment of the Irvingite Church. In 1846 was

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witnessed the founding of secularism. These were but gropings toward the light. The Christian Scientists started in 1867. The Theosophical Society in 1875. The Society for Ethical Culture in 1876, and 1882 gave birth to the Society for Psychical Research. The Free Religious Association of America was founded in 1866. This agency made possible the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in 1893. This, in turn, so inspired Miss Sarah J. Farmer that she established "Greenacre," with its schools and lectures and in 1896 the Monsalvat schools of comparative religions were opened.

Next came the metaphysical movement. Reports show that three millions of our population are interested in this department of thought. There are organizations, schools and colleges established for its propagation, and hundreds of lectures are delivered every year to large audiences. Thousands of books are printed and read. The lists of students in the schools devoted to this new work embrace the names of artists, scientists, educators, sociologists, clergymen and earnest men and women from the various walks of life.

And yet, the speaker demanded, while all this is true, what is it that brings to so very many faces the sneering, cynical smile at the mere mention of the term "metaphysical?" Why do their features take on that peculiar superior-wisdom, pity-the-poor-fool expression when the subject is presented seriously? As human beings we are face to face with certain facts, such as the fact that there is life, that there is thought, memory, being, energy, will-power, of imagining, and forces when set in motion produce changes of feeling in us; of affinity, attraction and love; of antipathy, repulsion and hate. What can the materialists tell us of these? Can the dissector's knife discover them? Can the chemist's reagents analyze them, or his retorts distill them, or his scales weigh them? To whom shall we go?

More and more the scientists are learning and admitting this truth, as in pressing their inquiries to the ultimate they come face to face with the great unknown. As Prof. H. G. Wood has so well

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said: "All profound discernment and analogy lead back to the grand fundamental premise, that behind all manifestations energy is one; that it is an intelligent energy and is therefore omnipresent, mind."

Dr. Oakshette concluded his argument by adducing a mass of evidence showing that the greatest advances have been made in the metaphysical realm, and as a final word quoted Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton as follows: "All reforms, all new movements, call for one supreme development, the evolution of the soul in man. The most wonderful fact in our wonderful century is the beginning of the preparation for this new man—the man of mind and soul. The greatest marvels of our century are not physical but psychical." *E par si muovo.*

EVOLUTION.

The hypothesis of evolution seems to be the chief evangel of the present period. Its apostles appear, while investigating processes, to overlook causes, forgetting that mind is first. It is not possible to work the theory of evolution from the bottom. The term means an unwombing, an unfolding from within; and so, to use the forceful words of James Martineau, "nothing can be evolved that is not first involved." The same concept is found in the words "matter" and "nature," both which signify the mother-principle, and accordingly imply a paternal, causative, omnific will. —*A. W.*

PETER NOT THE ROCK.

Thieves of the very Gospel, which has been tampered with and twisted to suit the times, the conditions and opinions of various phases of priestcraft. Who that has read and thought, and traveled and studied the manuscripts hidden away in the old monasteries of Armenia and Syria, believes that the Saviour of the world ever condescended to "pun" on the word Petrus, and say, "On this Rock (or stone) I will build my church," when He already knew that he had to deal with a coward who would soon deny Him?

—*Marie Corelli.*

If it be true that Evolution has made man an orphan at his birth and an outcast in his destiny, it is a great waste of time to be writing about him. —*J. P. B.*

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SMALLPOX MORTALITY.

OF ALL SERIOUS DISEASES IT CAUSES FEWEST DEATHS, DR. CURTIS SAYS.

ALBANY, Oct. 25, 1901. (Special).—The conference of sanitary officers of the State was continued to-day in the Assembly Chamber, and many interesting papers were read. Dr. H. D. Pease, director of the new State serum laboratory, explained its workings, and a description was given by Dr. George Blumer, director of the Bureau of Pathology and Bacteriology. A paper was read by Professor Walter F. Willcox, of the United States Census office, on some essentials of a registration system. William J. Phillips, secretary of the State Board of Embalmers, gave an account of the new rules governing embalmers. Dr. F. C. Curtis, professor of dermatology in the Albany Medical College, read a paper on the diagnosis of the infectious exanthemata. He said in part:

"It is doubtless true that hardly any disease has caused more dread than smallpox when it has threatened, or been more costly in the outlay for its suppression. But this has not been because of its frequency of occurrence, for of all serious diseases it has been the smallest factor in the mortality of the State. For the seventeen years prior to 1901, which cover the records of the Department of Health, there have been 1,275 deaths from it, ranging from a single death in the year to about three hundred, with an average of seventy-five. Less than .07 per cent. of the mortality has been from smallpox, or about eleven deaths annually per 1,000,000 population. And as 1,138 of the total occurred in New York City, which from its location and size is constantly exposed to the disease from without, there have been but 140 deaths in the State at large, 86 of which fell upon two years, so that for periods of years it has not been known and large areas of the State have never experienced it, and the mass of the medical profession never encounter it.

Scarlet fever is another of the exanthemata which may offer sometimes difficulty in diagnosis from Rötheln or German measles. There have been 21,000 deaths from scarlet fever in the last seventeen years, but for the last six years its mortality has fallen abruptly from a yearly average of 1,600 to one of 800, and it is still falling. Nevertheless, many large outbreaks are reported, so that it must be

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very mild. Measles, which goes in cycles of prevalence and which has caused 17,000 deaths in the seventeen years, is now in a period of active prevalence. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

SWINE AND ASSES.

The statistics of the last census show that Chicago contains more swine than any other city in the United States,—and New York more asses. Philadelphia excels in mules.

TEST OF GOOD SOCIETY.

When wit is kind as well as playful, when imagination knows how to be silent as well as to speak, when good will is shown to the absent as well as to those who are present, we may know we are in good society. —*Sir Arthur Helps.*

THE GREAT INCENTIVE.

Except for the natural hope and expectation of a life to come, man could not properly work out his destiny upon this physical plane. Faith is a perpetual inspiration, while skepticism paralyzes the best efforts. A creed of annihilation saps the spring of human energy. It thwarts the finest possib lities.—*Florence Huntley.*

UNCONSTITUTIONAL INTERFERENCE.

No law can be constitutional in our land which would debar a man from employing any one he might choose as his physician, his carpenter, his school-teacher, or from attending on the preacher of his choice. This and all similar rights belong to the people individually, and were never delegated. —*Z. Hussey.*

To the man who *knows*, the dead body is but the discarded mantle of his friend, one that had served the uses of the soul for the time. As such the body is entitled to due reverence, and is consigned to the earth or the fire without exaggerated grief.

—*Florence Huntley.*

Mrs. Annie Besant says she receives letters from the late Mme. Blavatsky. Probably through the dead-letter office.

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ANTITOXIN FATALITIES.

A general alarm was created in St. Louis during the last days of October, at the numerous deaths from the inoculation with antitoxin. Eight were reported at the end of the month from lockjaw on this occasion, and eleven more were lying at the point of death, seven of whom died afterward. The serum, or the poisonous substance in use had been prepared by the city bacteriologist and many children were inoculated during the previous two months. In one case the child was suffering from diphtheria, and the virus was twice administered, and she was pronounced well, but almost directly afterward tetanus supervened and she died. The attempt was made to show that the virus was infected, and meanwhile the Board of Health immediately voted to abandon the manufacture.

A similar occurrence recently took place in Milan, Italy. Twenty persons were inoculated with serum, and all died.

A new call is now made by many for a new serum to ward off lockjaw, and it is given up; such are the departures of modern medicine. If infecting of individuals with poisonous products from diseased animals has the sanction of the Board of Health, and thus disease is disseminated by those whose office it is to theoretically afford means of protection from it. It will so continue until the majority of an intelligent people put an end to such filthy practice.

THE TYPE-WRITER.

A writer describes the work in the Boston *Transcript:* "What is written with the machine seldom has the ease and expressiveness that the same author's handwriting might have possessed. The special by-word planning that goes with it, be it ever so slight and even unconscious, does get in the way of free expression, and there is a tendency in the writer to think out his sentences less thoroughly, and even to use stereotyped expressions which fill in more conveniently with one's practice. It may require generations for

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type-writing to become as instructive with civilized people as hand-writing is."

GARRISON JUSTIFYING PLAIN SPEAKING.

I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as Truth, and as uncompromising as Justice. On this subject I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to extricate gradually her babe from the fire into which it has fallen, but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch. I know I am right and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead.

ONCE IN SIX THOUSAND YEARS.

Three planets, Jupiter, Saturn and Venus, are to be seen in conjunction in the southeastern sky. They are grouped in the constellation Sagittarius and can easily be found on a clear evening directly after sunset. This occurrence, the astronomers declare, will not take place again in six thousand years, and as that is a good while to wait, Thrifty people will "take time by the forelock" and be promptly at hand to view the spectacle now.

WELL DONE, MR. PRESIDENT.

The President, purchasing horses for his own use, has refused all that have mutilated tails. Both as a matter of beauty and of a noble humanity, he is right. He exhibits a taste and character which we may hope will be both emulated and imitated. The cutting off of the horse's tail is a barbarism and a barbarity abhorrent in a genuine civilization.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

LIFE EVERLASTING. By JOHN FISKE. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

"The soul must be sacrificed," says Winwood Reade; "the hope in immortality must die. A sweet and charming illusion must be taken from the human race as youth and beauty vanish never to return."

In refreshing contrast to this asphyxicating affirmation, we have "The Ingersoll Lecture on the Immortality of Man," delivered at Cambridge, in December last, by John Fiske. It is a survey of the field, with a glance at the different notions entertained, a rebuttal of the materialistic hypothesis, and a statement of reasons for the hope of something better for human beings than an utter extinction. Quoting Euripides who suggests that what we call life is really death, from which what we call death is an awakening, Professor Fiske makes this statement of his belief and confidence:

"The failure of the bodily powers, the stoppage of the fluttering pulse, the cold stillness upon the features, so lately wreathed in smiles of merriment, the corruption of the tomb, the breaking of the ties of love, the loss of all that has given value to existence, the dull blankness of irremediable sorrow, the knell of everlasting farewells,—all this is seized upon by the sovereign imagination of man and transformed into a scene of everlasting glory, such as in all the vast career of the universe is reserved for humanity alone. In the highest of creatures the divine immanence has acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the dissolution of the flesh, and assert an individuality untrammelled by the limitations which in the present life everywhere persistently surround it. Upon this view death is not a calamity but a boon, not a punishment inflicted upon man but the supreme manifestation of his exceptional prerogative as chief among God's creatures. Thus the faith in immortal life is the great poetic achievement of the human mind; it is all-pervasive, it is concerned with every moment and every aspect of our existence as moral individuals, and it is the one thing that makes this world inhabitable for beings constructed like ourselves."

Professor Fiske, of course, accepts the scientific dicta of Evolution —the ape-like progenitors of human beings, and that man is the natural outcome of the whole cosmic process that had gone before. He adds, however, very pertinently, that "the belief in a future life in a world unseen to mortal eyes, is not only coeval with the beginnings of the human race, but is also co-extensive with it in all its subsequent stages of development." Instead of decrying this belief as a relic of previous savagery, he accords to it a foundation in our human endowment. Man is the one creature that expects to survive the event of physical death. "This expectation was

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one of his acquisitions, gained while attaining to the human phase of existence."

Nevertheless, after glancing at the various opinions entertained by the different schools of thought, Professor Fiske makes the admission that "we have no organ or faculty for the perception of soul apart from the material structure and activities which it has manifested throughout the whole course of our experience." The evidence contributed by intermediaries or spiritualistic medium he dismisses with little courtesy, and turns his attention to the materialistic speculations. These he rebuts on their own ground. "Until we can go wherever the testimony may be, we are not entitled to affirm that there is an absence of testimony." He then shows conclusively, we think, that our conscious life forms no part of the closed circle of physical activities, but stands entirely outside of it, concentric with the segment which belongs to the nervous system.

It appears, however, to be the aim of the discourse, to swe p away the arguments against the continuing of existence after death, rather than to prove the actual truth of this persuasion. With his premises this is not to be wondered at. He has succeeded admirably to this extent. The matter is beyond common study. It is not easy to show that a being belonging in the series of ephemerals, can acquire immortal life. The inquiry should take a higher ground. "We are haunted by an ideal life," says the late Phillips Brooks, "and it is because we have within us the beginning and possibility of it." Immortality is proved because its possessor has the witness in himself. —*A. W.*

THE DEATH OF THE GODS. By DMITRI MEREJKOWSKI. Translated by Herbert French. Authorized English Version. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901.

This work is one of a trilogy of historic romances, designed to represent the great religious conflict out of which European civilization was born. It is devoted to the career of the Emperor Julian and his effort to arrest the progress of the great transition by which the former worship and philosophy became merged in the later Christianity. It abounds in incident, setting forth the condition of affairs in the fourth century, and describing important events; and though not as dramatic as Kingsley made his story of Hypatia, it is abundantly deserving of a place at its side. The early days of Julian and his brother at Macellum; the calling of the latter from his retreat by the Emperor, his uncle, to be first enthroned and then murdered; the mental struggles of Julian, leading him into hatred of the new religion and its conflicts; his own elevation, first as Cæsar, then as sole emperor; his endeavors to rehabilitate the former worships under a philosophic garb; the failure, and the fruitless expedition against the Persians, are all depicted as by a spectator of them

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all. The peculiar changes that took place during the transition-period are distinctly shown. The transformation which took place of Grecian gods into Christian saints is illustrated by a mention of Hermes as Saint Mercurius. The *melee* of sects that sprung up with the new religion, whose very designations are now forgotten, is also exhibited, and the fact that they were as bitter and spiteful to one another as toward the worship which they were superseding.

But the life had departed from the former faiths of Greece and Asia, and philosophy had not resuscitated them. The disappointment of the Emperor at this, is vividly depicted. He is described as renouncing the gods, but also predicting a renascence in which a new birth of divinity will develop the real godhead in human beings.

"Stay, Oribazius, I have forgotten something. . . . Ah, yes, yes! . . . It is the chiefest thing of all! Listen. Say not, 'The gods are no more;' but rather, 'The gods as yet are not.' They are not, but they shall exist; not in fables, but on earth. We shall all be gods, all; only to become so we must create in ourselves such daring as no man has yet felt, not even Alexander!"

This sentiment expresses the author's idea, which he further elaborates in succeeding volumes. Like Æschylus, he has his theme in a trilogy, a threefold work. He regards Christianity and the former religion as phases of the same subject, and so describes Julian as discarding the former gods as nonentities and forecasting their genuine manifestation as a drama to be played out in every individual, by which the divinity inherent in him shall come to view greater than deities of Olympus. The translator gives this as the explanation of the sentiment: "That the soul and the senses have an equal right to be respected, that hedonism and altruism are equals, and that the really full man, the perfect man, is he who can ally in harmonious equilibrium the cult of Dionysius and the cult of Christ.'

We forbear to dwell upon the common details of the story. They portray the influences surrounding the prince, his temptations, his constant fear of his treacherous uncle Constantius, his conversations with the philosophers, Iamblichus, Proklos and others, and his ambitions that were never realized.

The two works that follow are "The Resurrection of the Gods," and "Anti-Christ." They fulfill the aims of the author and whoever reads them intelligently will have spent the time to profit.

EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY. By Rosicruciæ. Eualian Publishing Company, Salem, Massachusetts.

Mr. Freeman B. Dowd, the author of this work, has already written several others of kindred tenor and purpose, to promulgate the "Rosicrucian" doctrine. Their purport cannot well be ascertained, except by a careful perusal. Some inkling, however, may be per-

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ceived from the excerpts which are given. Energy is declared to be in its fullness the Great God himself. The soul is a bubble on the ocean of energy, and out of this bubble the spirit issues. There is a point in the soul which moves not, out of which a fire rises whose light is intellect and whose heat is love. Man is by nature a feeling and impulsive being before he is an emotional and reasoning soul; but he is neither body, soul, nor mind, but an undying energy. He is aware of himself through the mind; and as mind is dependent on energy for existence and consciousness, the way to life and immortality must lie along the development of fuller power to receive and radiate energy. Death only changes man from the visible material plane to the invisible material plane; in himself there is no change. If life is desirable at all it is just as much so here as in any other state or world. The fact that we have no recollection of a previous incarnation proves nothing against its probability. No one remembers the events of infancy. No one can get out of himself, nor be other than his thought makes him; he may get out of his human body and still be in his own life, and that life creates a body corresponding to its nature The idea of blood-relationship is the Falsehood of the Ages; each man is here because he chooses to be here; he impels his parents to the act which made his advent possible. Man cannot become a moral being alone; he must be associated with others in order to know the right from the wrong; he must meet pain in order to feel pity. Ideality or imagination is creative, and it is the beginning of immortality. The past belongs to God with all its failures and sins; but the future is man's to mold and fashion as he will, for himself and for the race. Man makes and unmakes himself; "he fails, sickens and dies through feebleness of will."

PERIODICALS.

The Kneipp Water Cure Monthly for October has a leading article by Dr. A. T. Buswell, entitled: "Who Killed our President?" The writer calls the treatment questionable, with greater mystery gathering about it, while the explanations made "cannot satisfy the public mind."

"The professional treatment and the death of the President," he boldly and justly affirms, "is veiled in a secret policy permitted to the medical fraternity, in which they are shielded by State medical laws of their own invention; and the entire truth regarding the case need never be made public if the doctors prefer to withhold the facts, as they have done up to the present time."

"If," he adds, "the lamentable tragedy will serve to awaken the people of this fair land to the far greater crimes that are daily practised by the medical profession, owing partly to the superstitious faith of the people in drugs and unscientific medical methods

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and partly to the ignorance and selfishness of doctors themselves, the President will have died in a noble cause.

"According to recent reports, the pleas are being put forth with the hope of shielding the doctors implicated; one being that they knew the actual condition of the President and misrepresented it to the public at large upon orders from members of the Cabinet, who wished to conceal it for reasons which have not been given. No less an authority than Dr. Pozzi, said to be 'the most brilliant surgeon in France,' asserts, 'for State and financial reasons the doctors deliberately fooled the public.'"

Presuming that the real facts will not be made known, the writer cites several cases, under conditions apparently far more serious, that recovered. One is that of St. Martin, which has been often quoted. He, in 1822, received a charge of powder and buckshot, entering at the back wall of the stomach and making a great hole in the front; besides a hole as large as a man's fist was ploughed in the wall of the chest. Dr. Beaumont treated him and effected a cure; the patient living forty years.

Dr. William T. Bull treated William McElroy in 1884, whose intestines had been perforated seven times by one bullet. The man recovered.

Dr. Park himself successfully treated an Italian laborer who had been shot in the stomach, two inches left of the center, with a revolver of 32-calibre. There were four perforations to be sewed up.

Other cases are also given. The writer admits, however, that the President was in no condition to endure the shock—not because of his age, but on account of his perverse methods of living and "particularly his excessive tobacco habit." Hence "it is not strange that his injury proved fatal." "Nevertheless," the doctor adds, "the medical system has proven itself to be erring in its diagnosis, faulty in its treatment and untruthful in its progress, finally falling into a disgraceful wrangle over the dead body."

The other articles embrace a variety of interesting topics, skillfully treated.

The Theosophist for October begins the twenty-third volume. The fourth series of "Old Diary Leaves" is continued, bringing the history of the Theosophical movement to the death of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky in 1891. It also presents the platform of "Fundamental Buddhistic Beliefs" as prepared by Colonel Olcott and approved by the Buddhists of Burma, Ceylon, Japan and Chittagong. Colonel Olcott deplores the intolerance of the founders of the Theosophical Society toward Christianity and protests against the growing tendency to found a new idolatry. The death of Madame Blavatsky, he thinks, was sudden, although she was an invalid.

"In short," says he, "I do not believe that she meant to die or

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knew she would die when she did. Generally, of course, she knew that she was liable to depart after certain work had been finished, but circumstances make me think she was surprised by a physical crisis, and died before she expected the event. If she had lived, she would have undoubtedly left her protest against her friends making a saint of her or a Bible out of her magnificent, though not infallible, writings. I helped to compile her 'Isis Unveiled,' while Mr. Keightley and others did the same for 'The Secret Doctrine.' Surely we know how far from infallible are our portions of the books, to say nothing about hers.

"She did not discover nor invent Theosophy, nor was she the first or the ablest agent, scribe or messenger from the hidden Teachers of the Snowy Mountains. The various scriptures of the ancient nations contain every idea now put forth, and in some cases possess far greater beauty and merits than any of her own books. We need not fall into idolatry to signify our lasting reverence and love for her, the contemporary teacher, nor offend the literary world by pretending that she wrote from inspiration. . . . As her tried friend, then; as one long ago accepted, though humble agent of the Masters; and, finally, as the official head of the Society and guardian of the personal rights of its fellows, I place on record my protest against all attempts to create an H. P. B. school, sect or cult, and to take her utterances as in the least degree above criticism."

Mr. Stuart's paper on "The Astral Body" will not ail to create general interest, showing, as it does, the reasonableness and even the scientific nature of the argument.

Many other articles are deserving of general perusal.

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LEANDER EDMUND WHIPPLE, EDITOR.

VOL. XV. NO. 6.

DECEMBER, 1901.

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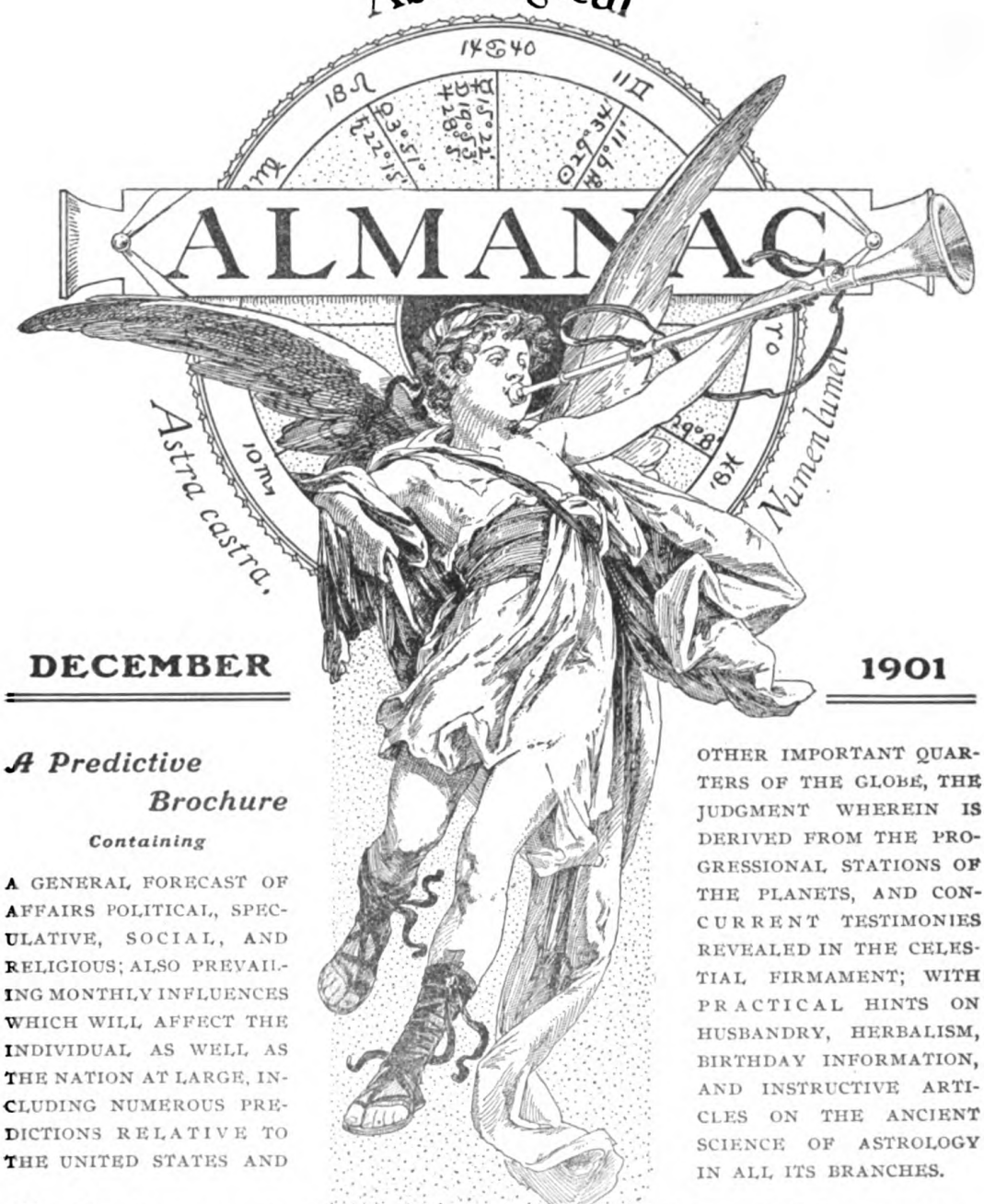
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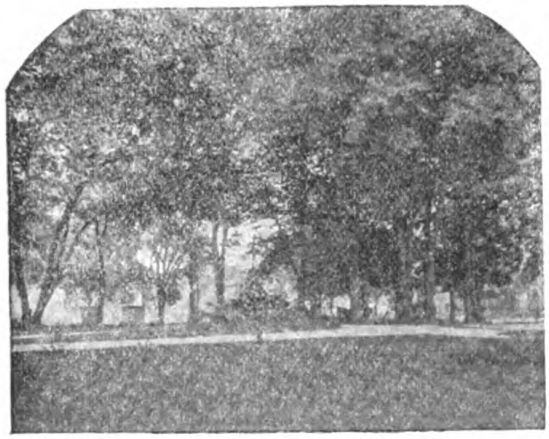
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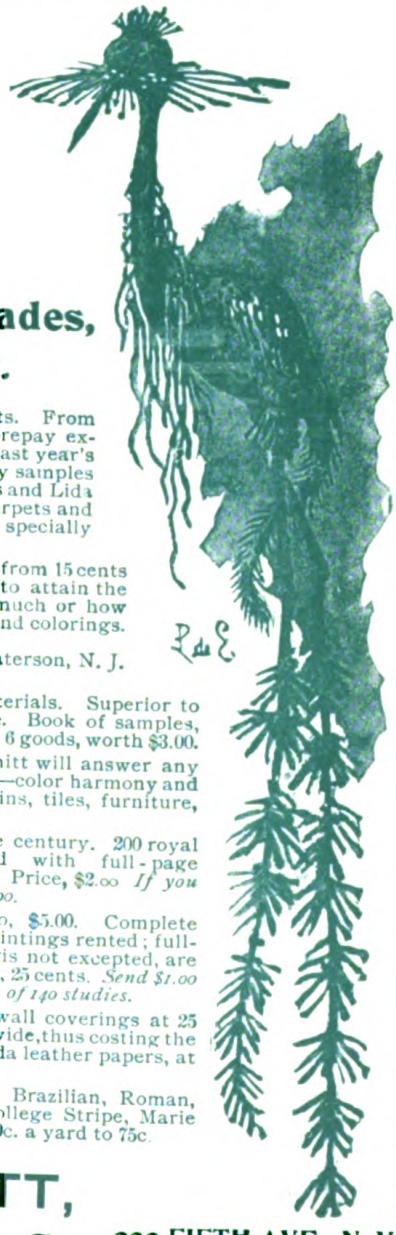
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